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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq.

K

PUBLISHED UNDER THE GRACIOUS PATRONAGE
OF
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

PREPARED FOR THE PRESS BY THE AUTHOR.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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1798.

1798 Kepp

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS

OF
JOHN G. KEENE, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN



THE
THEATRE ROYAL

COVENT-GARDEN

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

LONDON

PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD

1791

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES,

HAVING, in the complacent benevolence of his gracious disposition, condescended to signify his Approbation of these Works, and his pleasure that they might come into the world under his August Protection ; in the hope that the degree of lenity with which his Royal Highness has been pleased to regard them on the Stage, will not be affected by a look over of them in the closet (if such humble productions, unaided by the
advan-

advantages of representation, can ever be admitted to a place even among the lighter engagements of his Royal Highness's leisure moments) they are, laid at his Royal Highness's feet, with all humility, duty, and gratitude, by

THE AUTHOR.

June, 1798.

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To that Gentleman, for this signal instance of generosity, as well as for many other acts of friendship, the AUTHOR, thus Publickly returns his most sincere and grateful thanks.

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* A wish that by chequering and contrasting the pieces, more variety might be given to the Reader, is the reason they are not aranged according to the dates of their first representation.

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* In the first scene of this piece the following essential lines have by mistake been omitted.

Darby. But Captain, what brought you into this foreign Prussian land.

Capt. P. Why Darby, as it was peace, I thought my passing my time here in this excellent school of arms, might give me a better claim, even to half pay, than idly staying at home to shine the fluttering hero of a Hampstead Ball, or a Cork Assembly.

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LIFE'S VAGARIES;

OR,

The NEGLECTED SON.

IN

FIVE ACTS.

**PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,**

IN 1795.

VOL. I.

B

LIFE'S VAGARIES;

OR
THE NEGLECTED SON.

FIVE ACTS

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN.

IN 1793.

VOL. I.

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

AND SPOKEN BY MR. MIDDLETON.

'TIS strange that authors, who so rarely find
Their pray'rs can move an audience to be kind,
Still send, with piteous tone and look forlorn,
The Prologue forth to deprecate your scorn;
Such doleful heralds, which would fain appear
The timid struggles of a modest fear,
The surly Critic views with jealous spleen,
As the dull presage of the coming scene.
In vain, the dread hostility to calm,
E'en potent Flatt'ry tries her soothing balm;
Pity's a crime his lofty soul disdains
And his pride feasts upon the poet's pains.
Yet now no critic rancour need we fear,
For lib'ral candour holds her empire here,
Candour, who scorns for little faults to pry,
But looks on merits with a partial eye.

And sure a bard whose muse so oft has found
The happy pow'r to kindle mirth around,
Though, in her sportive moods, averie to trace,
The rigid forms of *Action, Time, and Place*,
While gen'rous objects animate her view,
May still her gay luxuriant course pursue;
For, mid her whims, she still has shewn the art,
To press the **USEFUL MORAL** on the heart;
With just contempt the worthless to discard,
And deal to **VIRTUE** its deserv'd reward.

So aim'd the bard * (if haply we may dare,
Our humble scenes with noblest strains compare)
The bard whose favour'd muse could joy afford,
That eas'd the cares of Rome's Imperial Lord,
Who in her satire frolicksome and wild,
Gave vice the deepest wounds when most she smil'd.

* HORACE.

B 2

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Augusta,	Miss WALLIS.
Fanny,	Mrs. LEE.
Miss Clare,	Miss STUART.
Landlady,	Mrs. PLATT.

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SCENE, *Suffex.*

LIFE'S VAGARIES;

OR,

THE NEGLECTED SON:

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Parlour in DICKINS's; Breakfast laid.

Enter SIR HANS BURGESS, and ROBIN HOORS.

SIR HANS.

I'LL trust nothing to the errand cart, you must bring up my own waggon; cuts such a figure! a Gentleman's fine team ringing thro' a country town.

Robin. Why it does make folks stare.

Sir H. There's the Duke's cart, Lord Marquis's cart, and why not his Worship's cart? and on it written in capitals, "Sir Hans Burgess! Samphire Hall." A ride of seven miles, after breakfasting at eight as I have, is a kind of Whet; but to find Major Talbot there over his breakfast at eleven! Shameful! Eh, why here's another

another Breakfast at—(*looks at his watch*) twelve ! Scandalous !

Robin. Now you mention that Sir, don't forget, that Squire Miller invites you to dine with him to day.

Sir H. Aye, his dinner hour is two ; you call and tell him, I'll wait on him. [*Exit ROBIN.*] I breakfast at eight, Major Talbot at eleven, this little Shopkeeper at twelve, why a man in his rounds, according to the degrees of fashion, may swallow four or five breakfasts in a morning.—Ah, Dickins is quite spoilt by a Lord's taking notice of him—aping all the absurd impertinence of fashion ; an insignificant cur mongrel, setting himself up for a greyhound.

Enter DICKINS, in a morning gown, &c. tying his neckcloth, sits.

Dick. When one sups at the Castle, no rising next morning (*yawns, not minding Sir Hans.*)

Sir H. The Castle! sup with Lord Viscount Torrendel.

Dick. His Lordship would make me bumper it last night, toasting such bundles of his fine girls ; 'pon my soul I and Torrendel knock'd the bottle about rarely. How his Lordship stared at dinner when I hob nob'd him ; says he, my dear Dickins, are you in earnest? 'pon my soul, said I my dear Torrendel I am, that's poz. I'm used to good old black port, and his Lordship's pink Burgundy has given me an immense head-ach. No getting from him, he's such good company. (*yawns.*)

Sir H. Then I'm not even to be asked to sit down?

Dick. Sir Hans Burgefs! Oh, how do ye do?

Sir H.

OR, THE NEGLECTED SON.

Sir H. Well, this is good, a Gentleman comes to talk about business, and its "Oh, how do ye do."

Dick. Business! true, I ride out with my Lord this morning.

Sir H. Please, Sir, first to step into your shop, and weigh out the sugar and tobacco for my servant, Robin Hoofs.

Dick. (*rising*) Sir, if you don't know how to behave as a parlour visitor to me, as a customer, walk into my shop, and wait there till you are serv'd. Here John, take this person's orders. Weigh tobacco! as you are *now* Sir Hans Burgess, I may yet be Sir Anthony Dickins; I may be knighted for bringing up an address. You made your money by a contract of hats, and an't I making mine by——

Sir H. Your country merchant shop of all sorts.

Dick. My banking-house, agencies, receiver-ships, factorships——

Sir H. And coal-ships. Now I have laid out my money in buying a scope of land, and my grand hobby is to turn it into a fashionable sea-bathing place. I have such a liberal mind to accommodate the publick, I built first there a beautiful house——

Dick. For yourself. As my Lord says, to serve a man's self, has been long the way of doing things for the public good.

Sir H. I raised as pretty an hotel! and the neat row of lodging-houses!

Dick. But to give it a name, you must get a few of us people of fashion down to it. Suppose I say to his Lordship, 'pon my soul Torrendel, now you should take a house from my friend, Sir Hans, he's a good, honest, stupid sort of a soul——why

—why then, says my Lord, nay my dear Dickens, you are too severe. Yes, perhaps I may prevail on Torrendel to take one of your new houses.

Sir H. Not so much good in you, a pity, friend Dickens, my Lord can't admit you for an hour to his table, but it makes you so saucy.

Dick. Proud! a proof my Lord can't do without me.

Sir H. Why you are so clever that I will trust you, because I can't do without you.

Dick. Very civil. (*bows*)

Sir H. I came to consult you.—You know I design to bestow my ward Augusta Woodbine, with her whole fortune, on my son George; but I fear the report of her riches will bring all your flashy, high-titled gentry about her, then—

Dick. Ay! then, indeed, she may be for despising a son of yours. Wa'n't Miss Augusta adopted by her uncle on his discarding his own daughter for a *faux pas* with some man of fashion two and twenty years back?

Sir H. Devil's in your twenty years back! how to bring my son's marriage about now?

Dick. Make your ward think that her uncle has made a second will, and that she's not worth two-pence, then she'll be glad to snap at your George.

Sir H. Eh! that's well, I expect her to-day from London. According to that plan, it will shew too much attention to go myself to meet her—I'll let her down—I'll send any body—will you go, my dear fellow?

Dick. Civil again; (*bows*) it's a doubt to me, if you know how to make a bow, Sir Hans; ha, ha, ha! this morning I, making my bow of leave to his Ludship, sliding back, stumbled upon the
poor

poor Chaplain's toe; my Lud laughed! S'death! cries his Reverence, you've killed me! Huzza, says my Lud, then the parson's dead, and has lost his living, ha, ha, ha!

Sir H. Then you are a retailer of his Lordship's jests too.

Dick. But to meet this Lady, I'll send my daughter Fanny. Here she is.

Enter FANNY, stops short, and makes a low curtesy.

Why, Miss, isn't this your school hour?

Fanny. Yes, papa, but I've stept home for a book; did you see my Pleasing Instructor? (*looks about.*)

Dick. My dear, you must step over to the inn to receive——

Fanny. Lord! papa, what would our Governess say if a young Lady of her school was seen going into an inn? besides its now my reading time; then I have my embroidery; then I must practice my musick; then say my French lesson; then the dancing-master; then, papa——

[*Exit. courtesying. Sir Hans bows.*]

Dick. I must not take her from her accomplishments—I'll go, and in my way drop this parcel at my Lud's, a trivial thing, but was I to send it, it would be, Eh, now, Dickins, why didn't you come yourself, my dear fellow? always happy to see you. Must call, my Lord may think I'm getting proud, pride is so contemptible.

Sir H. So it is, I despise it at this moment.

Dick. Well, good bye.

Sir H. Devil's in your good bye! Introduce me now to Lord Torrendel.

Dick. Why, I don't know, his Lordship sup-

ports vast dignity; but never mind, tho' he is very difficult of access, I'll introduce you, for my Lud says, Dickins, I'll be glad to see some of your people; from my respect to you, you may command any service—never mind their awkward want of breeding, if known to you. Sir Hans, I'll present you to my Lud; expect to see all the importance of genuine old nobility; yet I'm of that consequence with him, that once presented by me, his Lordship and you are hand and glove.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Chamber in LORD TORRENDEL'S

Enter LORD TORRENDEL, and L'ŒILLET, adjusting his dress.

Lord Tor. Then you think, L'Œillet, Lady Torrendel is still in Cumberland. She is too good a wife—I use her ill.

L'Œillet. Oui! mais, mi Lor, dat be de faute of la nature, vich did give your Lorship constitution galante, amoureuse

Lord Tor. No interruption from my wife here, ha, ha, ha! good deception this of mine, to make her believe I'm at Lisbon for the re-establishment of my health; never was better in my life!

L'Œillet. Your Lordship be robuste comme Hercule; vid your spindle shank. (*aside*)

Lord Tor. Lady Torrendel, among the lakes, little imagines that I am retir'd hither to this scene
of

of darling pleasures; a doubt to me if she even knows I've still a seat in this part of the country. She is truly amiable, her mind stored with every delicate refinement, and for personal charms has few superiors; I like people should know so fine a woman chose me;—yes, she seems the only person unconscious of her shining qualities; but I cannot help my irresistible penchant for variety, (*ringing without*) I'm not at home; except it is the little girl, Dickins's daughter Fanny! isn't her name Fanny? an absolute Cherub!

L'Œillet. Ah! oui milor—Fanny Dickins, Fanny Cherub!

Lord Tor. But living beauty cannot banish the sweet remembrance of Emily Woodbine. If her father hadn't disinherited her for coming off with me, and adopted his neice, I shou'dn't now be troubled with this profligate boy of her's, this *Lord Arthur*, as he calls himself—presumes as if my son in real *wedlock*. My fitting him out for the Indies was doing very handsome for a chance child.

L'Œillet. Milor, I did vid money, you give me, furnish him superbement for voyage de mer; but he did make such a sabat affreux in de ship, dat he vas turn'd out—(*aside*) so I did tell you; but your money I have snug dans ma poche.

Lord Tor. He's well enough, I hear, as to his person.

L'Œillet. Oui! il est fait à peindre, l'image of your lordship!

Lord Tor. But mad! I'm absolutely afraid of him.

L'Œillet. Milor, here come de pretty girl.

Lord Tor. *L'Œillet!* how do I look this morning? candid now! I always like the truth.

L'Œillet. Den, en verité, milor, you look not above fifty, tho' you are a quarter past.

Lord Tor. Fifty! *L'Œillet* you are exceedingly coarse.

Enter FANNY.

Ha, my charmer!

Fanny. 'Pon my word, Sir, my Lord I mean, if you talk that way to me, I won't come here any more; I didn't know you were in the room, or I shouldn't have come in I assure you, Sir, my Lord I mean.

L'Œillet. Ah, petite badine. Mamselle Fanny come purpose to see my Lor.

Fanny. Monsieur, how can you say that.

Lord Tor. Do now, my love, declare and make me happy.

Fanny. Then I only came because——

Lord Tor. What, my angel?

L'Œillet. Ah, pourquoi?

Fanny. Because papa says its a boyish play, and all the rooms in our house are so small, and you've such a fine long gallery here, and Jenny the house-keeper's daughter is so smart at—he! he! he!
(*produces battledores.*)

Enter THOMAS, with a parcel.

L'Œillet. (*snatching it.*) Va tén! (*pushes him off.*)

Lord Tor. (*breaks it open.*) Oh, some begging petition. How! my Lady Torrendel's hand! *L'Œillet* do you read, and write some consistent answers; date the letters from Lisbon as usual,

L'Œillet.

L'Œillet. Wile you, milor, play de raquette vid Miss Fanny.

Fanny. What! can you play, Sir, my Lord I mean?

Lord Tor. (aside.) To win a girl one must comply with all her childish follies. (*To L'Œillet*) Say the sprain's not better—can't lift my arm—and all that. (*takes a battledore.*)

Fanny. Ca'n't lift your arm! you flourish it finely, Sir; my Lord I mean.

Lord Tor. Come, my love. (*they play*)

L'Œillet. Ah! bien—trés bien!

[*Exit. admiring.*]

Enter DICKINS, and SIR HANS, who stand amazed.

Fanny. Oh! my Lord, what a rare old beau the King won'd think you now, and if my papa was to see me—oh! (*seeing Dickens, runs, he stops her*)

Dick. So, this is your "Pleasing Instructor."

Sir H. The dignity of "genuine old nobility!"

Lord Tor. Ah, hem! what, Sir?

Dick. I beg your Lordship's pardon, but I brought a parcel, and am come up to save your Lordship's coming down.

Lord Tor. Impudent intrusion this!

Dick. Miss, you step over to the Swan Inn to receive a young lady just arrived from London—go.

Fanny. Lord, Papa!—give my battledores to Jenny. (*apart to Lord Torrendel; goes to door, turns, makes a low courtesey, and exit gravely.*)

Sir H.

Sir H. How finely she holds up her head.

Dick. All the good she's got at the boarding school.

Lord Tor. Once you make free with these kind of people.

Sir H. The devil's in your strutting! why don't you present me?

Dick. Oh, true, my Lord give me leave to introduce——

Lord Tor. Ah! hey! L'Œillet! (*calls and exit. Dickens stands confused*)

Sir H. Dickens, since I have been introduced by you, his Lordship and I are hand and glove, ha, ha, ha!

Dick. Get drunk with a man over night, and in the morning its——

Sir H. Ah! hey! 'L'Œillet! (*mimicks*)

Dick. Hem!

[*Exit.*

Sir H. Stop, my Lord can't do without you.

Enter L'ŒILLET hastily.

L'Œillet. Mon dieu! vere be my Lord to tell him of dis beauty lady stop at de Inn?

Sir Hans. I see the valet's the prime favourite after all. (*aside*) Monsieur, please to accept—(*gives money.*)

L'Œillet. Qu'est que c'est? vat's dis?

Sir H. 'Tis—you are so civil.

L'Œillet. Ah! je vous entends—to make me civil.

Sir H. Sir?

[*Bows and exit.*

L'Œillet. Two guinea! very polite! he vant ma Interest. In his Lordship's service I have been but four year, yet have fav'd two thousand guinea;

guinea; the guinea flow to my coffer in many channel. My Lor fancy watch-trinket, to present as decoy to Lady, I buy at ten guinea, charge him twenty. I wink at de tradesman's bill, ven paid he slip me de guinea:—if tenant want lease renewed, I speak to my Lor, tenant me donne the guinea. De maitre tink we be dere servants, but when we have got into de love-secret, pardi! den de maitre become servant to de valet de chambre. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

A Room in an Inn.

Enter LANDLADY, introducing AUGUSTA.

Landlady. This way madam. [Exit.]

Enter FANNY.

Fanny. How d'ye do, Ma'am, after your journey?

Augusta. Tolerably well, Miss—but, pray, who am I to thank for this obliging enquiry?

Fanny. Why, Miss, a'n't you the great heiress, Miss Augusta Woodbine, Sir Hans Burges's expected down here from London?

Augusta. Where is the good old gentleman?

Fanny. He good! brought papa upon me just now! he, he, he! I was caught—but pray don't you young Ladies in London sometimes play at shuttlecock?

Augusta.

Augusta. Ha, ha, ha! why, Miss, you are very agreeable—what a simple thing! (*aside*) but, how came you to know, or expect me?

Fanny. Papa sent me to receive you.

Augusta. I didn't know Sir Hans had a daughter—Miss Burgefs I presume.

Fanny. He, he, he! no! no! I am not Miss, but I may be Mrs. Burgefs, for young George is quite partial to me; there he's now gone on his travels round Brighton, and Battle, and Hastings, Sandwich, and Margate, and Ramsgate. My dear soul, George Burgefs is a very fine creature, I assure you.

Augusta. I ca'n't doubt his taste, Miss, when I understand he's an admirer of your's.

Fanny. Ah! now I see the difference between you and us down here. You are a true Lady, and we are only conceited figures, and so I'll tell all the Ladies in our school, and I don't care if my French teacher hears me too. 'Pon my honour, with all my finery, I'm but a shabby genteel.

Enter DICKINS.

Dick. If my scheme of letting down our young heirs, can bring about a match with Sir Hans's Son George, by agreement I touch the handsome present.

Fanny. La, papa! why don't you speak to the young Lady?

Dick. Welcome, Miss! (*nods familiarly.*)

Augusta. Sir, (*courtesies*) I wish somebody would call my servant. (*going*)

Fanny. Miss, I'll run.

Dick.

Dick. Stop. Now to let her down. (*aside*)
Miss, I've discharged your servant.

Augusta. How, Sir!

Dick. And, my dear, instead of attendance on yourself, you must learn to attend on others, my dear.

Augusta. Sir! very odd and mysterious; this brutal treatment—(*aside*)—my guardian lives but a few miles—the carriage ready! (*going*)

Dick. Never mind, my dear, you'll be able to walk as far as you've to go; you can walk! (*abruptly*)

Augusta. What can be the meaning!——

Dick. A word, Miss; you have been brought up with the idea of a great fortune. Smoke! your uncle has made a second will, and bequeath'd all his property to a—some Mr. Jackson, or Mr. Johnson, no matter who.

Augusta. I don't know who you are, Sir, but if acquainted in my affairs, surely by my uncle's will I am——

Dick. A man's *last* will is the clincher, tho' he had made fifty before; you are left a trifling legacy, and a handsome education, so must now battle it out for yourself.

Fanny. I could cry for her misfortune, if I wasn't glad at its making us more equal. Before, I admir'd; but now I shall love her, dearly.

Dick. My generosity is such, that at Sir Hans's request, I'll take you into my house to be governess to my daughter Fanny, here.

Augusta. Can this be possible?

Fanny. Then I'm to leave school! (*joyfully*)

Dick. You shall have my protection, you may dine at my table when we have no parti-

cular company. No occasion to acquaint you, my dear, of my property and fortune—first fashion. (*looks at his watch*) My Lord may now have called at my house! but let him call again!

Enter JOHN, with a large Bag.

John. Here, Sir Hans's man says you sold him better moist sugar for 6d. a pound.

Dick. Get you gone, you rascal! (*pushes him out*)

Fanny. La, papa, why don't you mind the business of the shop?

Dickens. Hem! yes, I want a governess for my daughter. What say you Miss?

Augusta. Sir, I am a friendless orphan; no alternative—but such an asylum! (*aside, and weeps*)

Dick. Come, young Lady, don't be cast down.

Augusta. I am surprised—perhaps concern'd; but the prospect of riches gave me little pleasure in the reflection that I was to possess what belonged to an unfortunate relative; the unforgiving spirit of her obdurate parent took the birth-right from his own lamented daughter, cast down! I could be happy was I sure my uncle's wealth would devolve on the offspring of his child's offence; the poor youth, who may at this moment be a wretched outcast, disown'd by an unprincipled father, and no inheritance, but his mother's shame.

Dick. Why, a babe was, I heard, the consequence of your Cousin's slip; a boy—this young

young mad Arthur D'Aumerle, (*aside*) but, dear, nobody knows any thing of the bantling ; it may be dead or drowned, or—well, but, Miss, what think ye ?

Augusta. Sir, I accept your offer.

Dick. Now, I shall have you under my own eye, no more playing shuttlecocks with Lords—but, how are you qualified for this office ? what is your idea of the duties, in bringing up a young woman ?

Augusta. Sir, by the mouth of a parent she receives admonition from Heaven itself ; and when he commits that charge to another, it is indeed sacred. The care of youth is an arduous, and delicate trust of confidence, and honor ; I look upon truth, cleanliness, and frugality, to be the first principles in a lady's education. They preserve to her mind, person, and means, purity, health, and independence of obligation, which latter thro' the devious paths of her future life, to the unsuspecting female, is often the concealed adder, for the destruction of her innocence.

Dick. She set out pretty well about my heavenly authority, and my delicate mouth ; but for her concealed adders—(*aside*) well, in truth, my dear, your quondam guardian, bid me break this affair in a rough way, to lower your spirit to your situation ; but it's my intention to treat you with kindness and respect. (*aside*) This will do me no harm, when she finds she has *still* the fortune.

Enter L'ŒILLET.

L'Œillet. Vraiment oui ! here is de charmante inconnue for milor ; (*aside*) and Miss Fanny ! ah ! ha ! (*with freedom*)

Dick. And Miss Fanny's pa ! pa ! (*interposing*) Monsieur—you want now, I suppose, to engage my daughter in a match of cricket ; but you shall get all the notches on your pate.

L'Œillet. Non ! Monsieur, I did come vid milor's compliments—you ride cavalcade vid him dis morning.

Dick. What ! after his affronting me !

L'Œillet. Affront pah ! votre intérêt.

Dickens. True ! interest is the gold-beater's leaf, for my wounded pride. Come, Miss, be cheerful ; you'll dine with us—dinner on table at fix.

Fanny. Why, papa, we always dine at one.

Dick. Fanny, to amuse you, will shew you our town here.

L'Œillet. I vill shew de Lady de town. (*bowing*)

Dick. (*Bowing*) Don't you believe it. After you, s'il vous plait, Monsieur.

[*Exit, with L'Œillet.*

Fanny. Yes, papa, I'll take Miss Augusta to the cathedral, the play-house, and shambles, the beast-market, and assembly-room, and she shall see the fine gallery of pictures, in my Lord's castle too.

Timo'in. (*Without*) Give me my own big bottle of old claret, in my own fist.

Fanny.

Fanny. A man! oh! Lord! I must take care of my governess. [Exeunt.]

Enter TIMOLIN, with wine and glass, and Landlady.

Timolin. Puppies! but they couldn't read in my face, that I was gentleman to a Lord.

Landlady. Here, porters, fetch up his Lordship's, and the Gentleman's trunks, let Dick and Tom Ostler give a help; take care how you turn the stairs.

Enter WAITER, with two small bundles.

Waiter. Here, Ma'am, is the luggage.

Landlady. And call for claret! (*aside*) Your master, Sir, is ———?

Timolin. The Honorable Lord Arthur D'Aumerle.

Landlady. The Honorable Lord——

[Exit with Waiter.]

Timolin. (*taking papers out of his pocket*). I hope my Lord w'on't find out, that I collected all these tradesmen's bills, which he ran up in London; he'd never have thought of them himself. This claret is neat—since he did call for it, I may as well drink it; for he has run out of the house. If his father, this Lord Torrendel wo'n't do something, no going back to London, for us!

Enter WAITER.

Waiter. Sir, the other gentleman is calling for you, and making a great noise.

Timolin.

Timolin. Noise! aye, that's quite himself. Then, Sir, this gentleman will wait on that gentleman, and that may happen to save all the bottles and glasses in your house.

Waiter. He has just taken lodgings, at the jewellers over the way.

Timolin. What may the price be?

Waiter. I think, they let them at three guineas a week.

Timolin. (*Whistles, Waiter stares*) Don't be frighten'd, it's only a little new tune I was humming.

Waiter. Sir, he desires his luggage to be brought to him. (*Timolin ashamed, looking at the bundles, whistles*) Sir!

Timolin. What's the matter with you now? luggage! have you good strong porters here, and a big cart?

Waiter. For what, Sir?

Timolin. For—hem! only Sir—I'm afraid our luggage will break down the landlady's stair-case. "And there was three travellers—travellers three."

[*Exeunt. Timolin, singing.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Before LORD TORRENDEL'S

Enter LORD TORRENDEL.

LORD TORRENDEL.

NO, the phaeton: (*calling off*) I may see this little girl in the evening, and after an hour on horse-back; my limbs, not quite so supple, appear rather older than such a young creature should think one; but, true—I asked this Dickins to ride out with me to-day. One should hold these sort of people at arm's length, till we want to turn them into some use.

Enter TIMOLIN, who takes papers from his pocket, and thrusts them into LORD TORRENDEL'S hand.

Timolin. There! now you have the whole kit of them.

Lord Tor. Who are you, Sir? what's all this? bills!

Timolin. Yes, and by my soul they're not bank bills, and that's the worst of them; and, they're
not

not play bills, and that's the best of them; for there's not a gaming debt in the whole cluster.

Lord Tor. But, friend, you should have delivered them to my banker, Mr. Dickins.

Timolin. A banker! he'll give me the money! (*joyfully*) by finding you so good, oh! how you've disappointed me. (*going*)

Lord Tor. Stop! (*looks at bills*) "Lord Torrendel, debtor, for goods delivered to Lord Arthur;" — who is Lord Arthur D'Aumerle?

Timolin. Now don't be in a passion, why, I am his servant.

Lord Tor. But who is he himself?

Timolin. Come, be aisy my Lord, don't go to pretend to know nothing of your own child.

Lord Tor. How dare any fellow assume—— Lord Arthur!

Timolin. He has the honor of being your son.

Lord Tor. 'Tis false.

Timolin. Well, he has no honor in being your son,—Will that content you.

Lord Tor. A rascal! run about, contract debts, send in his bills to me! I won't pay a shilling to save him from perdition.

Timolin. Perdition! some new-fashion'd name for the King's Bench.

Enter GROOM.

Groom. My Lord, am I to saddle the chesnut mare for Mr. Dickins? he insists upon having it.

Lord Tor. Yes, yes, scoundrel! (*walks*).

Groom. She cost your Lordship two hundred guineas; he's a bad rider, and if she should get any hurt——

Lord Tor.

Lord Tor. Don't trouble me with your quarrels.

[*Exit Groom.*]

Timolin. Refuse his child a few pounds, a bit of beef, a feather bed, and a hat and a pair of shoes, or so; yet mounts a Mr. Dickins on a horse cost 200 guineas!

Lord Tor. Can't keep within the allowance that I —

Timolin. What allowance, My Lord?

Lord Tor. An extravagant —

Timolin. He is extravagant; wicked; he's a devil! but, it's all your fault, my Lord, as a father; not noticing and bringing him up with a sense of duty to himself and his neighbours. Call to mind how you loved his mother, and inveigled her from her friends, tho' you wasn't married to the poor unhappy lady, that doesn't make the child's little finger a bit less your son.

Lord Tor. Emily! (*takes out his purse*) for her dear sake —

Timolin. Then blessings on you! besides, Lord Arthur is such a gay —

Lord Tor. Lord Arthur again! not a guinea!

Timolin. And as like your lordship as a sprightly young buck is like — an auld shambling baboon. (*aside*)

Lord Tor. I know nothing about him.

Timolin. These they call gallantries, to bring a living creature into the world and then leave him like a wild beast to prey upon society. (*Lord Torrendel walks about enraged; Timolin following.*) Now, my Lord, only see him.

Lord Tor. Begone.

Timolin. I'll tell you what—you'll drive him desperate; he'll do some hellish thing or other; he'll commit a suicide upon either himself or me, for,

when once he thinks any thing, he immediately does it, without thinking at all about it.

Lord Tor. Harkye, you scoundrel! if I hear of your lord Arthur, or yourself, being seen about my door, I'll have you taken up.

Timolin. Well, a small man taken up, does'nt cut such a pitiful figure, as a great man taken down. [Exit.

Lord Tor. This eternal moment!

[Exit disturbed.

Enter DICKINS, dressed in an uniform of Hunt, and JOHN.

Dickins. Yes, John, I think I'm very well equipp'd to ride out with my lord.

John. Well, fir, you had a hundred guineas fee with me, and the day may yet come, for my crossing a hunter.

Dickins. It may, John; when I was 'prentice in Barbican, and like the house dog, slept in the shop; promised the watchman a pint, to rouse me, to go to the Easter Epping Hunt; five a clock and a fine morning! thump comes the pole against the shop door; tingle, tingle, goes the little bell behind it; up starts me, from my bed under the counter; on with my buckskin and jemmy jacket; jumps into my two boots; mounts my three and sixpenny nag; but, first I put my spurs in my pocket; hey off we go, thro' Hackney, Hammerton—I saw the stag once, but then heard the hounds all the way; find I've a short and a long stirrup: dismount to put them even; forgetting to buckle the girt, down comes me, and the saddle at-top of me; by this I was flung out; but to prove I was in at the death, presents my kind
mistress

mistress with a piece of the stag's horn, which horn she gives her husband for a tobacco stopper, with ah my dear hubby, I wish you were as good a sportsman as your 'prentice Tony Dickins, ah he's the smart fellow, ha! ha! ha! and so I was, and dem it so I am still.—John you needn't wait dinner, I shall dine with Torrendel.

[Exit John.]

Sir Hans! curse it, I can't be plagued with such a silly old fool now.

Enter SIR HANS.

Sir H. Hollo, Dickins! so you have seen my ward, Miss Augusta.

Dickins. Yes, yes, I have humbled her rarely, but pray don't delay me now, I'm engaged to ride out with my lord. I, and Torrendel, may first take a turn or two down the Street, arm in arm, right side, so don't hide the star! my dear Hans don't stop to talk to me; if you've people with you, and you should bow, I'll return it.

Re-enter LORD TORRENDEL.

Lord Tor. Call himself my son; keep servants too.

Dickins. Well, my lord, here I am: whip and spur.

Lord Tor. Desire the porter not to admit either of them. (*calls off*)

Sir H. Not admit either of us!

Dickins. Poh! hold your tongue. (*pushing him*) My lud, I had a little head ache from our bout last night; you look vastly well, but a little chevy will do us both good.

Lord Tor. Pray, Sir, what are you talking about?

Dickins. Why, my lord, you sent for me to—

Lord Tor. Poh! poh! man, I sha'n't ride out to-day. [Exit.]

Dickins. Go to the expence of dressing! view'd by every body in the town, walking out in my leathers, and——

Sir H. Why, Sir, you are equipp'd in your leathers.

Dickins. Poh! poh! man, I sha'n't ride out to-day. [Exit.]

Sir H. And, pray, man, who cares whether you ride or walk? big little nobody! I'll introduce myself—Gad's curse! a'n't I a Knight, and if I can effect this marriage with Augusta and my George——

Arthur. (*Without*) Timolin! (*Enters in slippers*) Where's Timolin? Sir, I ask pardon. My rascal dare loiter and had only to come and bring me a couple of hundred guineas from my father; I'll see my lord myself. (*rings violently at the gate*)

Sir H. Some young fellow of fashion!

Arthur. I'm run out in slippers; all asleep here.

Sir H. Yes, Sir, they were at a jovial party last night; Mr. Dickins told me.

Arthur. Who? aye, my father keeps it up here, and I without the price of a bottle.

Sir H. (*aside*) A little civility might make this Gentleman take lodgings at Samphire-hall.

Arthur. So, I'm not to be let in! then I'll have some of you out. (*rings*)

Sir H. Are you in this way, Sir! (*offering snuff-box, which Arthur dashes through a window.*) the devil's

devil's in you, Sir! what sort of mad trick's that, to knock a Gentleman's snuff-box. [Exit.

Enter a MAN, with Boots.

Arthur. Whose boots are these? what do you ask for these boots?

Man. They are bought already, Sir, I'm bringing them home to my Lord Torrendel.

Arthur. My father; (*aside*) you could make me a pair?

Man. Certainly, Sir.

Arthur. These are about my size. (*kicks slippers off, and puts on the boots.*)

Man. Don't put them on, Sir, I can take your measure.

Arthur. My dear fellow, why should I give you that trouble, when here is a pair ready made? that fits, now this, the whole world is made up of this, that, and t'other, I have this, and that, and t'other I don't want, for two boots will do for me as well as fifty.

Man. Lord, Sir, don't walk about in them, his lordship wo'n't have them.

Arthur. A paradox! his lordship cannot have them, and his Lordship has them already.

Re-enter SIR HANS.

Sir H. Only the pebble knocked out of the lid! never saw such a strange——

Man. The boots are now unsaleable, his lordship wo'n't take them off my hands.

Arthur. Nor off my lordship's feet.

Sir H. Lord! then I'll pocket my broken box.

Man. They are two guineas, Sir.

Arthur.

Arthur. (to *Sir Hans*) Sir, I beg you a thousand pardons for my inadvertency.

Sir H. Inadvertency! a man of rank, by not knowing what he does.

Man. We never book such trifles, Sir.

Arthur. Well then set them down to me, to Lord Arthur D'Aumerle; or, carry the Bill to my father; or, Timolin will pay you; or, any body will pay you; or, John Bull will pay you; honest John pays for all.

Man. I'll see if the law wo'n't make you pay me. [Exit *Man.*

Sir H. Sir, I presume you are Lord Arthur D'Aumerle.

Arthur. Right—who are you? (*aside*) oh! Sir Hans Burgefs! that old fool they were laughing at in the shop yonder—I hear an immense character of you, Sir Hans.

Sir H. Pray, my Lord, what do they say of me?

Arthur. Ha! ha! ha! what I ca'n't say to your face: that's my father's house.

Sir H. Indeed! why we didn't know Lord Torrendel had a son.

Arthur. He doesn't like my coming about him—he affects to be thought so very young, to recommend him to the Ladies: you understand me, Sir Hans?

Sir H. Not see you! he's a very unnatural father.

Arthur. And yet I'm quite a natural son.

Enter THOMAS.

Thomas. Sir, my Lord is very much alarm'd,
and

and begs you will not commit any more outrage, or attempt to see him.

Arthur. Did he give the money to my servant?

Thomas. Why, Sir, I did see his Lordships purse——

Arthur. Then he has, my profound duty—I ask his pardon. (*exit Thomas*) He's a tolerable father after all—I'll now pay my debts and be a man again.

Sir Hans. I wish my son had your fire.

Arthur. You've a son? I'll shew him how to knock your cash about!

Sir Hans. Good morning to you, Sir. (*going*)

Arthur. Not so, Sir Hans! come and breakfast with me.

Sir Hans. Two o'clock! Why my dear Sir, I broke my fast six hours ago.

Enter ROBIN HOOF.

Robin H. Sir, here bes Squire Miller's man to tell you dinner bes on table. [*Exit.*

Arthur. Psha—come and breakfast with me.

Sir Hans. But I'm going to dinner.

Arthur. Well, you shall have Hams, Tongues, Tea, Coffee, Chocolate, Anchovies, Eggs, and Rashers. Come along——

Sir Hans. Ha, ha, ha! You hit my humour—I'm very wise and cunning—I'd do any thing to get money: but all only to see my son make a blaze.

Arthur. Blaze! a conflagration! I have a bachelor's house—that is, I lodge at the jeweller's yonder; I like to have things about me; I've ordered in wine's and relishes—I want your opinion of a horse I've bought just now. How I'll curve it

it before noble dad's door! he shall see I can spend his money like a gentleman.

Sir Hans. What a noble lad, I could never get my son to buy a jack-ass.

Arthur. Come, old hock's the word.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

ARTHUR'S lodgings. [*New cloaths, linen, saddle, hat, &c. lying on chairs.*]

Enter TIMOLIN.

Timolin. Oh, melancholy is our new home here. I'd wish to keep up my poor master's spirits, but he'll see an empty pocket in my dismal countenance. If his papa had only given him as much as would have taken us back to London—well, we have no debts to lay hold on us in this town, however—(*sees the things*) oh thunder and zounds! whats here;—been shopping on the strength of the expected money! Ordered in wine too! Oh, ho, then not a cork shall be drawn 'till it is paid for. (*Locks the cupboard and takes the Key.*)

Arthur. (without) This way, Sir Hans. Oh, very well ma'am; but where's my servant?

Timolin. Bringing company too!

Enter a Maid-servant, with Tea-things, &c.

Maid. Sir, your master is returned, and is bringing a gentleman to breakfast.

Tim-

Timolin. Instead of a little civil basin of tea, he has brought the whole Bedford Coffee-house about us!

Enter ARTHUR, and SIR HANS.

Arthur. Pray Sir, walk in—be seated—so we've touched? (*joyful*)

Timolin. Yes! we shall be touched. (*dismal*)

Arthur. Timolin, my friend here has breakfasted, so get Sandwiches, and Old Hock.

Timolin. Old Hock! I believe you're jumping out of your leather.

Arthur. Ha! ha! ha! very well, Timolin. Sir Hans, that fellow's a treasure: but, when he does any thing clever, such as bringing a man a couple of hundred, it makes him so pert—

Sir H. Yes! my Lord, when once a servant knows he's an honest man, he begins to be an impudent rascal.

Timolin. Poh! what talk's that! Was the devil busy with you, Sir, to send in all these new things from the tradesmen?

Arthur. Ha! ha! ha! very well—Timolin, the wine! Sir Hans, I never drink in a morning, dem'd vulgar and unfashionable; but I know you old codgers of Port-foken Ward: You're a Citizen, Sir Hans, I've heard of your gillings round the Royal Exchange.

Sir H. Why if I drink in a morning, it makes me stupid all day.

Arthur. Oh, Sir Hans, impossible to make you stupid.

Sir H. Sir. (*bows*)

Arthur. Come Timolin, unlock.

Timolin. Indeed I wont.

Arthur. No! Sir Hans, this is the secret history of Old Hock, (*pointing to the cupboard*) and this (*touching his leg*) is the key to it. (*Bursts the door, and brings out wine.*)

Timolin. Broke open the cupboard—Oh, he'll get us both hanged.

Arthur. Sir Hans, without expedient a man's nothing.

Sir H. You and your servant, my Lord, put one in mind of a couple of ghosts. You are all spirit, and he is no body—ha! ha! ha!

Arthur. Bravo!

Timolin. My Lord, let me send these things back to the honest people.

Arthur. Send yourself out of the room.

Timolin. Only hear me.

Arthur. I'll give you such a beating.

Timolin. Well, so you do but hear me, beat me as long as you like.

Arthur. Lay the money upon my bureau and go to the devil: (*Puts him out*) The fellow is so puffed with doing a petty service—Give me leave to stand Lady, and make tea for you.

Sir H. My Lord, I hope for the honour of seeing you down at Samphire Hall, an infant scheme, merely for the health and convenience of the gentry in this part of the country. I've converted a naked beech into as commodious a sea-bathing place—

Arthur. Then your principle object is—

Sir H. The main ocean!

Arthur. Psha! you want to establish it into a fashion? Its done, I'll be seen there upon your stein or esplanade; my physician shall recommend all his patients from Brompton, and Paddington;

dingdon; a variety of gambling tabbies, honourable black legs, and rickety children.

Sir H. I'll describe to your Lordship, exactly this situation of mine.—Here, suppose the edge of this Tea-board is the beach, the top of the Coffee-pot, here rises the look out—

Arthur. Yes Sir, this is the pour-out. (*Overflows Sir Hans's cup.*)

Sir H. Then Sir, here's the Sea—eh!—I'm scalded!

Arthur. Aye Sir, the scalding tea.

Sir H. These cups are one of the Rows of Lodging-houses, this Sugar-bafon, the Chapel and my House—

Arthur. Yes, yes, the sweetest place for yourself.

Sir H. The Saucers are too large, to shew you the arrangement of the Machines; but, however, suppose each of these Guineas a House. (*Takes out his Purse, and arranges Guineas.*)

Arthur. A Guinea a House! very cheap, I'll bring all my Friends.

Sir H. Ha! ha! ha! a pleasant joke!

Arthur. And here's the cream of the jest.— (*Dashes Cream over Sir Hans.*) Ha! ha! ha! This is a most sociable Breakfast.

Re-enter TIMOLIN, with THOMAS.

Timolin. You told him! then untell him; for he won't hear me at all at all.

Arthur. There again! then, dam'me! now you shall bring me some brawn and anchovies.

Timolin. Now don't make quite a kiskawn of yourself.

Thomas. Sir, I thought when I told you that my Lord's purse—

Arthur. Yes! I'm grateful for good news, here. (*puts his hand on his pocket*) Not at home—all abroad. (*snatches a few guineas from the table, and gives them to Thomas.*)

Sir H. But my Lord, my guineas.

Arthur. Yes, Sir, a guinea a house, neat cottage, stable for six horses, coach-house, gardens before and behind, pantheon stoves, Adelphi windows, geometrical cork-screw stair-case, kitchen on ground-floor, and fine prospect from attic story.

Sir H. Bravo! capital for my advertisement.

Arthur. Here's—I'll reward you. (*taking the guineas*)

Sir H. Stop, you've given him lodging-houses enough, here my honest fellow is the look-out for you. (*gives the Coffee-pot*)

Arthur. Ha, ha, ha! true citizen, sharp look-out on the guineas.—Tom you shall have a bottle. (*gives him one and places him at table. Timolin stares, then runs to take it from him.*) What! don't be quite so busy;—sit still. (*to Thomas*) You march. (*pushes Timolin out*). Sir Hans, Timolin will pay you your guineas.

Sir H. What a fine model for my son! Come, my Lord, I'll give you a patriotic toast—Here's success to all my undertakings.

Arthur. Patriotic and disinterested indeed, Sir Hans! here's—

Thomas. Success to my undertakings!

Arthur. Right, little pigeon—finish your bottle by yourself, and, if you quarrel with your com-

company, I'll kick you both out of the room. Have you advertised this place at Samphire-hall?

Sir H. I fancy advertising might make it better known; for newspapers are a sort of thing that's read.

Arthur. Why, yes, Sir Hans, people do read newspapers; how the deuce did you find out that? Come, I'll draw you up a flourishing advertisement.

Sir H. I employed a famous auctioneer to draw up one for me. (*takes a paper and peruses*) Mind how he describes the beauties—"To the right, the bold cliffs and high bluff heads—at the foot, Sir Hans has built an elegant strait row of houses, called the Crescent"—Eh! that's very foolish.

Arthur. Why, yes! your crescent is a little in the full moon order, ha, ha, ha! no no, I'll try at it. (*gets pen and ink.*)

Enter TIMOLIN, walks about with his arms folded.

What do you mean by walking in here with your executioner's face?

Timolin. Well, I didn't run in debt for my face. Step in here, all of you.

Enter several Trades-people.

1st Man. Sir, the horse you bought—I'll be satisfied with a draught on Mr. Dickins, our banker, for the 50 guineas.

2d Man. Neighbours, your goods are undamaged: but, I insist on being paid for my boots.

Arthur. Timolin!

Timolin. Oh! I know nothing at all about it.

Arthur.

Arthur. Pay the people this moment.

Timolin. With what?

Arthur. What! the two hundred my father gave you.

Timolin. He didn't give me a Manx rap half-penny.

Arthur. No! why, I thought—by Heavens! I'll get into the house myself.

Sir H. (rising) Oh! my Lord, a thought strikes me of great consequence, in the present case.

Arthur. Well—Sir—quick?

Sir H. That here, instead of curlews, he should have said sea-gulls. (*looking at paper.*)

Arthur. Damn your sea-gulls, Sir! see a nobleman baited, by a parcel of mechanical——

Timolin. There's all your goods for you again—what more do you want? (*they take up all their several goods.*)

Arthur. Every one of you, lay down my property this moment, in the very spot from whence you took it. I'll pay you the first money I receive; but now, begone, or I'll murder you.

Timolin. Go good people, whatever he says he'll do.

Thomas. Here's gaiety and innocence! (*drinks*)

Arthur. True, it was you who told me first, that the money—I'll make you gay, you innocent dog. (*whips him off*)

Sir H. Oh! what a model for my son. (*Arthur gives him a stroke.*)

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Gallery in LORD TORRENDEL's bung with whole length Pictures of Women.

Enter LORD TORRENDEL, and L'ŒILLET.

Lord Tor. So very lovely?

L'Œillet. Une beauté celeste! et pauvre—poor, derfore no danger from relations. So, my Lord, think no more of the rich mechanic Dickens's daughter.

Lord Tor. Why, their sturdy Citizens may be troublesome; but you say this young Lady is coming with Fanny to see my pictures.

L'Œillet. Oui, my Lor.

Enter FANNY.

Fanny. This way, Miss Augusta.

Lord Tor. L'Œillet! (*winks, exit L'Œillet.*) well, you have brought your new friend, to see my paintings?

Fanny. Oh yes, Sir, my Lord I mean, but I didn't think you'd be in the way.

Lord Tor. Don't let her be alarmed at my presence.

Fanny. Oh true, I'm not to let out you are a Lord?

Lord Tor. Fanny! I should like to have your picture here.

Fanny. No, my Lord, sure you woudn't?

Lord Tor. And you shall have mine for a locket.

Fanny. You think me a silly girl, but I know enough, never to give tokens, or accept presents,
but

but from my papa, and one besides, a certain—
not an old Lord! but a young man. As my
new song says,

AIR—*Fanny.*

Lasses all are simple,
So the wise one's say:
Caught by blush or dimple,
Who is filly pray?
The ribband, and the star,
One smile brings on a par,
With rustic maid, in her stockings blue:
Squeezing the hand, is the lasses cue.
For ting, ting, ting, ting,
I can dance, and sing.
(*Step Minuet.*)

II.

When the boy we fancy
Jolly comes to woo:
Lady gay or Nancy.
All know what to do.
Tho' mantling cheek denies,
And language of the eyes,
When the tongue gives you words unkind,
Take in her silence the lasses mind.
With our ting, ting, ting,
I can dance and sing.
(*Quick Step.*)

Re-enter L'ŒILLET.

L'Œillet. Here, my Lord, be de beauté *Lady.*
Fanny. What a monkey you are, I don't know
what you mean, by making so much of my go-
verness.

Enter AUGUSTA.

Augusta. Oh, are you here *Fanny*, the pictures
in that room are so fascinating.

Lord Tor.

Lord Tor. L'Œillet has good taste, she's a lovely creature; (*bows*) servant ma'am.

Augusta. Sir! (*curtsies*)

Fanny. Miss! never mind this old gentleman, he's only the house steward.

Lord Tor. Old!

Augusta. (*looking round*) Something in the manner of the beauties at Hampton Court—true, I've been told what he is.

Fanny. What do they say of my Lord? he, he, he! she's going to abuse you. (*apart*)

Augusta. Fancy habits, or drawn in their real characters?

Lord Tor. Both, madam, they are Ladies that his Lordship's heart has at times been devoted to.

Augusta. And his Lordship, I presume, has flattered himself into the idea, that he was at times in possession of their hearts. (*Lord Torrendel bows.*)

Fanny. Now, what do you bow for? Miss wasn't speaking of you, Mr. Old Steward.

Augusta. I was told he's very vain.

Fanny. Yes! he's quite a conceited figure, and as grey as a badger—isn't he, Mr. Old Steward? (*apart*) I said she'd abuse you.

Augusta. What a sweet expression in that countenance! (*pointing to a picture*)

Lord Tor. Her loss, madam, makes a chasm in his Lordship's heart, never to be filled but by a face, the lovely emblem of this collected group of charms. (*bows to her*) That is Miss Emily Woodbine.

Augusta. My cousin! then am I in the house of her base destroyer!

Lord Tor. What's the matter Madam?

Augusta. Not much, Sir, I'm not very well.

Come, Fanny! a star! heavens! have I been talking to——

Lord Tor. Stay, my divine girl!

Augusta. My Lord, it ill becomes my youth, and humble life, to offer admonition, where age should be the monitor of inexperience; and exalted rank *only* illustrious in virtuous example. The veil of delicacy drops between my mind and tongue—I cannot say what I think you; but the bitter reproach will yet reach your heart, when your only hope lies in pardon for a bad life, from, perhaps, a too late repentance. [Exit.]

Fanny. What, has my governess run away! why Miss! Miss! [Exit.]

Lord Tor. Her words have peirc'd me—but I must have her—the only being worthy to supply the place of my lost Emily, and banish all other pursuits from my mind; from her good sense I shall enjoy rational society—and from her beauty—yes, L'Ceillet must finish, what he has so well begun. [Exit.]

Enter THOMAS and ROBINSON.

Robinson. But how can I help this crazy Lord's getting in.

Thomas. You never strove to help it, you're a rare porter for a Nobleman!—Walk away from the Lodge leave the door open, and let people in that my lord has ordered to be kept out.

Robinson. Well, for my part, I couldn't see that any body had a greater right than a child, to come into his father's house.

Thomas. A blessed babe this! he treated me with a bottle of wine just now, but by the Harry he made my back day the reckoning.

Arthur.

Arthur. (without) Pack of scoundrels!

Thomas. Aye there he is running from room to room.—What a row we shall have, I'll keep out of the scrape however. —*[Exit.]*

Enter ARTHUR.

Arthur. Prevent a dutiful son from seeing his honor'd parent! where's my father?

Robinson. Why Sir, my Lord is within that's certain; I'm the porter, and I'm afraid I shall get at the wrong side of the door, for letting you in.

Arthur. Indeed! you're not fit for a great man's porter—you're too honest—when a poor man comes to his gate, your hand upon the churlish key obeys the voice of pity—begone! you shall live with me—you shall be my Almoner, and distribute my whole roasted oxen, and butts of ale—you shall give away a couple of thousand a year—when I get them—but its dangerous for you to know me now. Go. —*[Exit Robinson.]*

Yes, oh by heaven my father shall see me, I'll convince him I'm a good boy—and I will be his comfort, and, though he commands me to be gone, I'll stay with him to prove my obedience.

What a pity that the omission of saying a few words, before I was born, should prevent me from being lawful heir to this castle! perhaps the pride of my father! the darling of the tenants! favourite of the neighbours, and friend to the poor! now, a wretched outcast, shunned like a savage, foe to mankind, and man at enmity with me! no establishment! profession! friend, or character, no gentle word, no complacent smile, every tongue is the vehicle of coarse reproach, and

every face meets me with a chilling frown. Oh! my father, where are you? (*looks round with grief*) do not shun me, I'll kneel, till you spurn me from you—that face! (*looks at a picture*) it is my mother. I heard of his lordship's gallery of beauties—quite an exhibition for every starrer: but my dear mother shall no more be dishonoured, by making one in this unhappy collection—no, by heavens! her misfortunes shall be no longer the topic, for the sneering comments of vulgarity and ill nature. (*lifts the picture down*) Timolin! why don't you come up? Timolin!

Enter LORD TORRENDEL, and L'ŒILLET.

Lord Tor. What uproar is this in my house?

L'Œillet. Sacristie! by dis meeting milor will find out, I did keep all de money, he did give me for his son's support.

Lord Tor. Have you any business with me, Sir? who are you?

Arthur. (*falls on his knee, and points to picture*) Sir, this was my mother. (*Lord Torrendel looks at both, puts his handkerchief to his eyes.*)

L'Œillet. Diantre! he is softened, and I am ruined—milor, here be Miss Augusta in de hall still. (*apart*)

Lord Tor. Begone! (*pushes him off angrily, walks slowly and then turns*) My son, the child of Emily! [*Exit in great emotion.*]

Arthur. This our first interview since my infancy! my father not to speak to me! now where to turn—I think I have—some honour but I have wrong'd the industrious tradesmen—what must they think of me?—so sanguine in my hopes!—all blasted by this father's cruelty—he is cruel, thus

thus to abandon me to the horrors of contempt, shame, and poverty.—Many have been banished their country for what I have done—I deserve it—it may come to that.—Distraction! Oh! my father, hear, save me!—no, no, no! he's deaf to the voice of nature.—Now the storm's up, and let it blow me as it will.

Enter TIMOLIN.

Timolin. Well, and you saw your papa? (*joyfully*)

Arthur. Take that picture to my lodgings—farewell father. (*Calling off at the side, turns tenderly to the picture,*) Oh! my mother. (*bursts into tears*)

[*Exeunt. Timolin with the picture.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter SIR HANS BURGESS.

SIR HANS.

CRAM a fine dashing fellow into their prisons for hats and shoe-buckles! Sha'n't. What a bright model this Arthur for my son George! yet if he had but life and soul to shew it, George is a compleat and finish'd pattern for most of our young men. I don't know any one thing that my boy is not perfect master of, music, dancing, fencing, languages, a magazine of accomplishments: set him to country sports, he excels every body; he's as keen as an attorney, has the courage of a mastiff, generous as the Man of Rofs! but hang it, all his shining qualities clouded by want of spirit to dash! Oh, if I could but see him a bold free dasher!

Enter

Enter ROBIN HOOFS.

Robin H. Sir, who should pass me just now but the young squire.

Sir H. What, my son George whisk'd by you in a phaeton? a chaise and four? a tandem?

Enter GEORGE BURGESS.

George, why, what the devil's this sort of figure?

George. Sir, how are you? (*calmly*)

Sir H. Spare no expence for you to appear like a prince; give you money to flash in a shining tour, to be here and there, before any body can tell where you are, and when I expected you to come, tearing up the pavement, in a phaeton as high as the clouds, over chickens, old women, and pigs, all the people jumping out of the way, with huzza for the young Squire, here you sneak into town, limping like a lame Highlander on a march, covered with dust as if you had been dancing in a cannister of Scotch snuff. 'Sblood, Sir! what do you mean by this behaviour?

George. Sir, on my leaving home you gave me a five hundred pound note, and six guineas; there's your note—I've still one pound five and seven-pence in bank. (*touching his pocket.*)

Sir H. Devil's in you and your seven-pence! I wish you were both in the stocks you pitiful cur. Damn me if I havn't a mind to disinheret you, and adopt Robin Hoofs. Robin, go to the Rose inn, and bespeak the best dinner they can provide for I and George and the gallant Arthur, if we can find him.

[*Exit Robin H.*

George.

George. Why, Sir, I am a little hungry. (*takes something from his pocket.*)

Sir H. By the Lord! a son of mine knawing a crust in the open street!

George. Sir, as I paid for it at the last alehouse where I supp'd——

Sir H. Supp'd at an alehouse!

George. Yes, Sir, a neat little place, sign of the Goat in Boots.

Sir H. And perhaps some of my friends, in their coaches. saw you?

George. Yes, Sir, Lady Beechgrove, and the two Miss Sandfords, drove by in a coach and four; they didn't see me at first, but I saluted them.

Sir H. Salute ladies from the Goat in Boots! Where did your noble honour dine? (*ironical*)

George. Sat upon the mile-stone this side Salisbury. (*Sir Hans stares.*) Sir, I had no occasion to shut myself from the open air, as I had a couple of hard eggs in my pocket.

Sir H. And I suppose you brought salt in your pocket?

George. Yes, Sir, and a penny roll.

Sir H. His penny roll has choak'd me! and where did your honour take your bottle? (*bows ironical.*)

George. True, Sir, I slipp'd off the bank into the river, as I was getting a little water in the brim of my hat.

Sir H. The devil take them that took you out again!

George. Father, the walking got me an appetite; after my repast, I was neither dry nor hungry; I drank no wine; but then I was free from an headache,

ache, and, without mixing in company, my heart was chearful.

Sir H. (aside) This gay Arthur will make him another thing. But Dickins will have the constables after him. George, you'll give me what information you've picked up in your tour; how they manage their machines and lodging houses; what they do, and what they don't do, that I may know what I ought to do.

George. Ca'n't make up that other six-pence—oh! the halfpenny to the boy for opening the gate!

Sir H. Dem the boy; come polish yourself up a little, my ward Miss Augusta Woodbine's come from London, and I've a certain reason for her thinking well of you. If she should see you so—*(takes an handkerchief, and whisks the dust off)*—such an appearance, by the Lord seems as easy and satisfied, as if dressed for a ball. Can nothing make you ashamed?

George. I'll take care to do nothing that can make me ashamed.

Sir H. Here's the Lady—I'll try what effect an accidental meeting may have. Now to know what they have done with the gay Arthur! *[Exit.*

George. I fear I've lost my clothes brush.

Enter FANNY.

Fanny. Bless me! where can she be? if she has run home, and told papa, I shall have it in stile.

George. Fanny! how do you do, my love?

Fanny. My dear George! when did you come? Lord! I'm so glad!

George. You look as charming as ever.

Fanny. Thank'ye; but, upon my word, you don't look so charming.

George. I should make myself a little decent.

Fanny. Then run home, and change your dress.

George. Oh, no occasion, I've my clothes-brush in my pocket. (*retires, brushing his coat.*)

Enter AUGUSTA.

Fanny. Oh! governess, I've been running about after you.

Augusta. What could induce you to bring me into Lord Torrendel's house? sure you know that he is a very dangerous character.

Fanny. Lord, its no such thing, who could have told you that? his Lordship has no more pride! he's not aham'd at making one in a game of romps, even with his own servant maids.

Augusta. Ah, Fanny, when our superiors of the other sex condescend to affability, instead of exalting, it is for the purpose of degrading us to a state of the most pitiable humiliation.

Fanny. Now don't be angry with me, I'll introduce you to——

GEORGE—advances.

Augusta. Oh, no more of your introductions, pray.

Fanny. I will, tho'; Miss Augusta, this is—

Augusta. A Mr. young Steward, I suppose.

Fanny. Ha, ha, ha! George you don't know what we're laughing at—(*apart*) Miss, don't go tell him that I play at shuttlecock with my Lord in the great gallery.

Augusta. A piece of his lordship's condescension I didn't

I didn't know before. My guardian's son, I presume.

George. The description of Miss Augusta Woodbine falls short of what I have the happiness to behold. (*bows*)

Fanny. There I told you he was a smart fellow sometimes. Come, George, you shall be our chaperon about the town, but you are an odd-looking beau.

George. I'll attend you on your rambles—Madam—Fanny will you honour my arm.

[*Fanny takes his arm.*]

Enter ARTHUR.

Arthur. Ha! odds. Madam, my arm is at your service. (*to Augusta.*)

Augusta. Do you know this Gentleman? (*to Fanny.*)

Enter a Man with fruit.

Fanny. Lord, true, this is Assembly night.

Man. Gentlemen, treat the Ladies.

George. The Ladies don't want—shall we walk?

Arthur. Quite a hound! ha! nectarines so early! Madam. (*offering fruit.*)

Man. Six are a guinea.

Arthur. There! (*gives money.*)

Augusta. Oh! Sir, by no means.

George. Miss, an apple—Fanny! (*offering*)

Arthur. These are Angels, not Eves, to be tempted by your paltry pippins. (*knocks them about.*)

George. Sir, what d'ye mean? (*angry*)

Enter a Woman and Child.

Woman. Good Gentlemen and Ladies, I've a sick husband lying in prison.

George. For debt? what is it? (*apart*)

Woman. Above eighteen shillings.

George. (*loud*) Pray go—don't teize people; their distress is only the consequence of idleness. I'd never encourage beggars—there, go—(*gives money apart.*) plaguing one.

Woman. Sir, it's a guinea!

George. Well, don't trouble one now. (*loud*) Get your husband out of prison, and comfort your child. (*apart; sings carelessly, and puts them off.*)

Augusta. What's this?

Fanny. Bless you, governess, he is always doing these kind of things. He'd grudge himself a penny cheesecake, yet maintains and clothes half the poor round; he's king of a small island near his father's seat, who is such a stingy old curmudgeon.

Arthur. What a pitiful scoundrel am I. My guinea nectarines, and little penny-worth of pippins, with the benevolent heart of a god! Sir, if I dare beg the honour of your acquaintance—I haven't a card, but I'm over at—

George. Sir, I'll put down your address; (*takes out his pencil*) points broke (*takes out pen-knife*) cutting it away—wastes—(*puts up both*) Oh, Sir, I'll remember.

Fanny. What signifies your bowing there? come and pay some attention to me.

Arthur. (*looking at Augusta.*) How charming! what a block am I, talking half an hour to a lady, and never look at her!

Augusta.

Augusta. Fanny, we must be walking towards your papa's.

Fanny. But you hav'n't seen our ball-room here.

Arthur. Ball-room! Ladies, do you know I'm a most capital dancing-master? harkye, my worthy friend, a word.

George. Oh! Sir, as many as you please.

[*Exeunt.*]

Fanny. Lord! that rattle there has dragged George up into the Assembly-room; I hope its not to fight—if he goes to fight, George will kill him. (*a fiddle heard above.*) That's he! I know his sweet little finger.

Augusta. What an astonishing resemblance! Fanny, did you ever see any likeness of this strange gentleman?

Fanny. Ah! the image of Miss Woodbine's picture! its Lord Torrendel's great boy.

Augusta. The neglected son of my unhappy cousin!

Enter TIMOLIN.

Timolin. To drive him in sorrow from his doors! my poor master now is sunk in grief and woe.

Arthur. (*without*) Bravo! (*enters singing*) Ladies, 'pon my word, my friend is an excellent stick; his respects to you, Miss, and my most humble adoration to you, Madam, we'll have a little dance above.

Augusta. Oh, Sir! no, no! come Fanny.

Fanny. Lud! it would be fine fun, governess don't you see how cloudy it gets; I'm sure there will be a shower, and if I walk thro' the rain, you, as my governess, ought to be very angry with me.

Arthur.

Arthur. Fye, Ma'am, wou'd you spoil your drefs? we shall have a dashing shower.

[Fanny holds out her band.]

Augusta. No, indeed! come Fanny.

Arthur. You, Sir, where's my mother?

Timolin. With your father. I left the picture in the porter's lodge; for the Frenchman has turn'd away the porter for letting you in.

Arthur. Go back, and bring it to my lodgings, or I'll massacre you. *(a fiddle beard without)* we'll be with you, boy.

Fanny. But, Sir, as that young man plays, where's my partner?

Arthur. I'll whistle, sing, and dance, all in a breath. *(puts an arm round each, and runs in.)*

Timolin. *(whistles)* A pity that Christians hav'n't a laughing and crying side to their faces; for in a comfortable fit of sorrow, up starts something to give us an he, he, he! and when the mouth's opened for a grin, up goes the finger in the eye with an ho, ho, ho!—but my face must take the humour and fortunes of my master; in the road of life the small must follow the great, and that's the reason the big coach-wheel runs after the little one. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

The Inn.

Enter LANDLADY, introducing LADY TORRENDEL, and MISS CLARE.

Landlady. Won't you please to rest, Ma'am?

Lady Tor. I thank you, but so long shut up in

a carriage, one should rest walking. Miss Clare, will you be so kind as to ask the footman if I've left my memorandum-book in the coach? (*exit Miss Clare*) Some handsome equipages about here! have you many gentry in the town?

Landlady. Oh, yes Ma'am, we've a Lord, and Knight, and a power of Squires.

Re-enter MISS CLARE.

Miss Clare. Here, Ma'am, is the book.

Lady Tor. Oh! I thank you.

Landlady. I'll hasten the horses. [*Exit.*]

Lady Tor. My Lord had a seat in this part of the country, and I think a banking agent of his lives in this town, (*looks in the book*) Mr. Dickins, yes, very true.

Miss Clare. This seems a charming place, my Lady!

Lady Tor. It is! I wish my Lord hadn't parted with it! the castle and its delightful environs were the tranquil scenes of my most happy hours! after marriage our first years were pass'd here, and tho' there was title on his side, and great wealth on mine, yet ours was not a match of fashion! neither ambition on my part, or (I think) avarice on his; very young to be sure, but then I was a little philosopher, tho' bred in the full brilliant certainty of every dazzling joy that riches cou'd bestow, yet my sight was proof against the glare of splendor. My Lord was gay, accomplish'd, and the generosity of a youthful mind repell'd all idea of advantage in our union.

Miss Clare. Ah, Madam! any Gentleman must think himself possess'd of every advantage in a union with your Ladyship.

Lady

Lady Tor. I wish I had myself gone to Lisbon with my Lord; this journey seems so tedious, and then the uncertainty of the seas; thro' his indisposition he may want that tender cordiality, his claim from me; I'm all anxiety to proceed.

Enter COACHMAN.

Coachman. Madam the horses are too, but does your Ladyship know my Lord's here?

Lady Tor. Here! how! what do you mean?

Coachman. In this very town my Lady, I met our old Martha.

Lady Tor. Impossible! return'd to England! something very mysterious—

Dick. (without) Well, what is it?

L'Œillet. (without) I cannot talk my Lor's business in public entré.

Lady Tor. Eh, why—sure that is my Lord's valet.

Miss Clare. It certainly is, Madam.

Lady Tor. Hush, step this way, Heavens! oh, my heart—well—Martha you say—tell me—*(agitated)*. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter DICKINS and L'ŒILLET.

Dick. Really, since my Lord's lofty conduct to me, I shall give up his affairs. I've my agencies, and my bank to mind.

L'Œillet. Bank! vat! de little till in your boutique? you had better send challenge to mi Lor—swell and puff! ma foi! c'est comique ça! let mi Lor take his money out of your bank, den vat is your bladder of consequence.

Dick. 'Sblood I don't want any body to take their money out of my bank.

L'Œil-

L'Œillet. Here be a fresh packet of letters.

Dick. Which I am to forward, as usual, to Lady Torrendel in Cumberland.

L'Œillet. I have date 'em, so as to make mi Lady believe my Lor still at Lisbon.

Dick. To keep the unsuspecting wife cool amongst the lakes there, whilst the gallant husband enjoys his rose-buds in his pleasure grounds here.

L'Œillet. Mi Lor, to spare himself from writing, still finessè de sprain hand, and trouble me vid de vife—so dere I ave writ dat whole bundle for her at vonce. I ave upon my mind des affaires d'importance to get de pretty girl for mi Lor.

Dick. And I, as a magistrate, have to send this young dog to prison, who has been taking up the tradesmen's goods.

L'Œillet. Magistrate! si donc! petit bourgeois—you huff about pah! *[Exit.]*

Dick. Who cares for your paw, or your four claws, you outlandish cockatoo! I must send these one by one, which first?

Re-enter LADY TORRENDEL (unperceived).

Lady Tor. My Lord in England all this time!

Dick. Dated this day—to Lady Torrendel. *(reading.)*

Lady Tor. How's this! *(aside)*

Dick. Then to give time for her to suppose it came from her Lord at Lisbon, where he has not been at all, her Ladyship shall have this in about a month.

Lady Tor. A little sooner, if you please, Sir. *(advancing.)*

Dick. My Lady herself! *(drops the letters and*

exit confused. Enter Miss Clare; picks them up and presents.)

Lady Tor. (opening one) Separate himself from me by such a complicated series of invention, and by fallacious accounts of his ill-health, keep me in perpetual uneasiness! cruel man! make me believe he had sold his estate here, yet retain it only for the base purpose of converting a spot (that brings to my mind the sweet recollection of delight, and innocence) into a contaminated retreat for licentious, guilty, sordid pleasures! you charg'd the coachman not to mention who I am? but I fear that now is too late.

Miss Clare. No, Ma'am, for his own discretion suggested the necessity of that, before I mentioned it to him.

Lady Tor. Do you think too, if the people of this house know it, I can engage them to keep my arrival a secret.

Miss Clare. The woman promises that, for tho' my Lord spends so much money, he's no favourite in the town, from the knowledge of his ill usage to your Ladyship.

Lady Tor. I wou'dn't have him despised; but how to gain full and certain proofs? to put beyond all doubt his motive for secreting himself here?

Miss Clare. So far I have taken the liberty of anticipating your Ladyship's wish. I have ask'd Martha——

Lady Tor. My good friend! a thousand thanks! I'm charm'd with your zeal. Yes, it is my wish; what! Martha will convey me privately into the Castle? delightful! I think none of his servants know me here, but his French Secretary. Write to me by a servant! not open my Letters! unkind!

kind! ungrateful! but then, to steal upon him, it's a severe trial—I'm faint! but I must summon fortitude! they'll see I've been weeping; come—

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Parlour in DICKINS's: large Books lying on the table.

Enter JOHN and TRADESMEN.

John. Step in, only stop a moment, my master will be in directly, and take all your informations. You know I can do nothing in it.

[*Exit.*]

1st Man. The young Gentleman is thoughtless and wild, but I believe's there not much harm in him.

2d Man. I don't think I can find in my heart to prosecute, if the affair is likely to affect his life.

3d Man. He's but a bad one I fear, yet I'd not hang a man for all the boots I'm worth.

Enter DICKINS.

Dick. So, the Lady has got into the Castle. she'll trim his gay lordship—yes, she has stole a march upon him—he sha'n't hear of it from me. Oh what curtain lectures, perhaps a divorce, then maybe he'll marry my Fanny. (*aside*) A pretty business this young buck—

2d Man. If he can raise the money to pay me I don't wish to hurt him.

Dick.

Dick. Pay you, oh! I shall lose my fees! (*aside*) You selfish man, would you compound a felony: Some revenge upon the father, to have the great family-name of D'Aumerle down in a Mitimus.

Enter CONSTABLE.

Fellow, where's your pris'ner?

Const. Please your worship, he be dauncing—he desired me to gi' you this bit of paper.

Dick. I send you for a thief, and you bring me a bit of paper!—he be dauncing! (*reads*) “Lord Arthur D'Aumerle's compliments to Justice Dickins, is now engaged with some Ladies, but after another dance will wait upon”—dance!

Const. Yez, there bes young Squire Burges got fiddling, and Miss Fanny, they be jigging it up rarely.

Dick. My daughter! is this the first lesson from her new Governess! but you stupid scoundrel, I suppose you took a bribe.

Const. Noa, Sir, I only took Half-a-crown.

Dick. How dare you, only a Constable, meddle with the Justice's business. A notorious offender; charged with crimes of life and death! he come! no! he'll abscond—we sha'n't see him in a hurry.

Arthur. (*without*) I want the Justice!

Dick. Why, that's he, but you find no Justice here (*aside*) I must examine the culprit in form; you, firrah! John, what are you about in the shop, when I want you in my office? weighing raisins and pepper; down with the scales and balance, and bring my great books, and my ink-stand, aye! and I'll take my chocolate here.

(*Cho-*

(Chocolate, &c. brought in; Dickins places books, puts on wig, and sits.

[Exit Constable.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arthur. I've finish'd our Coranto in a quick step, and, with a kiss hand to the Ladies, have flown to receive your commands.

Dick. (aside) Now, is this folly, impudence, courage, or generosity?

Arthur. Upon the information of the butter'd muffins, Justice Dickins, I presume——*(sits on the table, and eats.)*

Dick. Sir, upon the information of the Constable, a great rogue I presume—but 'pon honor I didn't expect you.

Arthur. Oh! then Sir, your most obedient!
(going)

Dick. Stop! stop! is this the man that took your goods?

Tradesman. Yes!

Dick. Enough! write his mittimus—you all prosecute; what's your name Mr. ——

Arthur. Lord Arthur D'Aumerle.

Dick. Alias Duke of Dunstable, alias Captain, alias Major.

Arthur. Was my father still in the army, I'd have enlisted a common soldier in his own regiment—then the world might have said, there's Lord Torrendel's son carrying a knapsack—but now let it say, a parent suffers his child to lie in prison for the necessaries of life. Couldn't you carry me to gaol by the castle?

Dick. Constable, you have my authority, take him.

Enter

Enter SIR HANS.

Sir H. No man in England shall take him. My prince of bold actions, what are they going to do with you?

Dick. Conduct him to prison!

Sir H. I'll bail him.

Arthur. Pray be quiet, Sir.

Sir H. I wo'n't be quiet, Sir.

Dick. But, here's an assault and battery—must be bound over to keep the peace for a year and a quarter—no, a year and a day.

Sir H. I'll answer for him! aye, two thousand pounds! there's my name; fill up the instrument. (*signs*)

Dick. Oh! very well: he'll save his neck, and you'll lose your money—let him out now, and catch him again if you can.

Arthur. Does your little rascally soul conceive I'd let a friend suffer for an act of benevolence, and to myself? No! human laws may punish other crimes; but, let the hottest bolt of heaven strike ingratitude.

Timolin. (*without*) Sweet Mr. Constable, 'pon my salvation I didn't—

Re-enter CONSTABLE, with TIMOLIN (prisoner).

Const. Measter, here be's an accomplish.

Timolin. I'm not accomplish'd, I'm quite a bog trotter. (*crying*)

Const. The picture that was robb'd out of—

Dickins. What, you found it upon him?

Const. Upon his very head.

Dick. You notorious criminal!

Timolin.

Timolin. My master to be jumping about with Ladies, and leave me—oh! my dear Sir (*runs to Arthur. Tradesmen whisper. Timolin, pointing to Sir Hans*) did he! then please your honour, will you be bound bail for me too?

Sir H. For you! pardon me.

Timolin. No, Sir! ask them to pardon me.

Enter GEORGE.

George. Mr. Dickins, I'm making up a small sum,—there was change coming to me yesterday when I bought the half-pound of Six-shilling Souchong, I'll thank you for it, it was nine-pence.

Dick. Confound your nine-pence, Sir, come into Court for your nine-pence.

Sir H. And burn your Souchong.

Arthur. Come, Come, my super-excellent friends, you should know each other.—I have not the honor of knowing your name, Sir, but give me leave to introduce you to Sir Hans Burgess, an exceeding worthy Gentleman, who has a son, a mean spirited young soaked sot that gets tipsy with water, and dines on bread and cheese at the Goat in Boots.—Sir Hans, this is Mr. — however, he has a soul to relieve poor Debtors out of prison, yet has a father, the very devil of an “old avaricious Curmudgeon.”

George. Now, Sir, Give me leave to introduce my father,—(*pointing to Sir Hans*)

Sir H. My Lord, My Son, (*presenting George*)

Arthur. Eh! (*surprised and confused*)

George. Oh, my friend, where's the fine picture I saw on your head, (*to Timolin.*)

Dick. There he saw it on his head,—Swear it. (*to George*)

Sir H.

Sir H. Get along you rascal, an Informer too.
(*pushes him off.*)

Dick. Take away your prisoner.

Arthur. I'll bail my servant.

Dick. You! a rare shadow! ah! friend, I know you. Thanks to the noble Lord Torrendel's gallantries, we've twenty such Lords cutting cabbages, and drudging for oysters, down at Sandgate Island---but because your mother had a pretty face, a great fortune, and no virtue---

Arthur. Throw a reflection on my honour'd parent! defame the sacred memory of the dead---the only universal epitaph should be---oblivion to the frailties of humanity!--I'll murder him, by heavens!

Timolin. No occasion to swear, you've said it, and you'll do it.

Sir H. Hold! the devil's in you; break the peace, and I lose my two thousand pounds.

Arthur. True, my dear friend.---oh! I burn with fury---but your Worship's wig can't swear a battery. (*twirls it*) There's Burn's Justice, Blackstone, and Coke upon Littleton. (*knocks books about*) Come along, Timolin,

Timolin. Master, stay for me---take me---

Sir H. Oh! what a bright model for my son George!

[*Exeunt all, Constable with Timolin.*]

END OF ACT THE THIRD.

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

An antique Room in LORD TORRENDEL'S

Enter CONSTABLE, and L'ŒILLET, pushing in TIMOLIN.

L'ŒILLET.

THERE, you stay fast, coquin! such audace--- of robbery, take furniture and pictures out of my Lor's house!

Timolin. I'm more guilty than my Master, as the receiver is worse than the thief.

Const. Who is your master, the receiver? speak!

Timolin. Friend, you may take me for a robber, if you will; but you shan't prove me an informer, because I've a regard for my character.

L'Œillet. Stay there till we find Mr. Dickin, de justice, to send you to jail; be merry with that table and chair; sorry to disgrace--make a

brown bear of my chamber---there sit and sing
—"de charge is prepared, de lawyers are met."

[*Exit singing.*]

Timolin. I wish they had crammed me into a jail at once, and not thrust me into this dismal top of a castle. Oh did my poor mother ever think that, before I died, I should get myself hanged for a thief? Lord Arthur! Lord Arthur! unlucky was the day that Mr. Felix Timolin hired to be your servant man. (*looks at the table*) Here's letters and papers, scribble scrabble, eh! why, this is my Lord's own hand I remember it by one of his Franks—"To Monsieur L'CEillet." What does he write to his servants; but what's all this to me; no way to get out of window, may be in this closet. [*Retires.*]

Enter at a private door, LADY TORRENDEL, and MARTHA.

Martha. (surprised) Why, I vow my Lady, this is the valet's room, and none of us ever knew this door to it.

Lady Tor. I think, Martha, I remember the castle better than you, who have lived in it so long. Out of that door there's a stair-case to my Lord's dressing-room, where I'll wait till he comes in. I'd wish to know a little more before I see him. Rather mean this lurking about and tampering with servants—but no hope of reclaiming him, except he's certain I know what then will be out of his power to deny. (*aside*) My Lord rode out you say; seemed discomposed? well, not a word that I'm here,—(*Exit Martha*) this house seems all wild, no regularity, peace, or the comforts of a home, but the gratification of

of passions which reason and nature now should subdue, reconciles him to inquietude, meanness, and dishonour. So, this room now belongs to his vile agent! it was formerly put to a better purpose—this is the very room that I converted into a school for the poor infant rustics. Here the young mind was trained to virtue and industry—here now, are, perhaps, plans laid to corrupt and destroy the sweet rose of innocence! Eh, who's here!

Re-enter TIMOLIN.

Timolin. No, looks into a deep court. Oh, I'm very high up, they've double locked the door. (*trying it*) Oh dear! oh dear! (*sits*)

Lady Tor. Dos'nt seem one of the family! (*aside*)

Timolin. This letter, from my Lord to Monsieur, I've a strong curiosity to see.

Lady Tor. How! as I'm here on a voyage of discovery, the sight of that might prepare me better for this dreaded interview with my Lord. (*aside*)

Timolin. It's ungenerous to look into another man's letter, only I'd like to see the tastiest mode of writing. I'm told its not the fashion now to cross the t's, and put little tittles on the i's; no harm to see that sure—(*reads*) "The sight of this boy has troubled me exceedingly!"—Boy! oh, that's my master; (*reading*) "Probably, I shan't be home before evening, but if you can contrive to get Augusta into your power, the better. She may be brought down to Sandgate island"—Oh, here's villany! here's villany!

Lady Tor. (aside) Some poor intended victim! My coming at such a time is highly fortunate.

Timolin (reads). "Pray have an eye upon that Arthur's ill-looking Irishman"—Oh, that crowns his rogueries—"No harm to keep Augusta under lock and key." I'll keep this proof of their wickedness, and if they talk of hanging me for a bit of an old picture, I'll bring it out to their shabby red faces—ill looking Irishman. (*sees Lady Tor.*) What! then they have locked you up? you most unhappy beautiful soul.

Lady Tor. He takes me for the present object of pursuit! by giving into this mistake, I may discover some more of my husband's achievements. (*aside*) Are you his Lordship's emissary?

Timolin. I, Miss! I despise such doings:

Lady Tor. I believe it; your face speaks honesty.

Timolin. Then it speaks truth, and the devil himself shan't make it tell a lie.

Lady Tor. But, who are you?

Timolin. My master is his Lordship's son that's at this instant shifting about, and can't get a beef-steak without venturing his neck for it.

Lady Tor. True—Martha told me of this unhappy destitute youth—Oh, husband! false to me, and unnaturally cruel to the offspring of your follies,

Timolin. Miss, I'll assure you, Lord Arthur is as brave a little boy—

Lady Tor. And bears his forlorn state with meekness and resignation?

Timolin. Oh yes, Miss, he's as meek and gentle—ah, hem!

Lady Tor. (aside). Poor youth, he has a father, and yet an orphan! Then he shall find a friend

friend in me—though not mine, he belongs to the man I still love! but to continue this deception—cou'd you contrive any means for me to fly this mansion of shame and ruin? (*a noise without*)

Timolin. Offer to touch her, and, by the mighty powers of heaven, I'll slay you. (*snatches up a chair*).

Lady Tor. Ah! (*runs in. The door burst open.*)

Enter ARTHUR.

Arthur. Suffer me to perish, and imprison my faithful squire for his attachment! Put your arms a-kimbo, firrah, stump down those great stairs with your hat on, and let me see who dares squint at you—Oh! that lovely divine Augusta!

Timolin. What! then you've seen her, Sir—(*winks, and points off where Lady Torrendel went.*)

Arthur. What do you stand winking and making faces there, firrah? come out.

Timolin. But there's somebody else loek'd up.

Arthur. Kick up your legs boldly, no matter whose shins are in the way.

Timolin. But, Sir—

Arthur. By'r leave there for Mr. Timolin.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter SIR HANS, and GEORGE.

Sir. H. Aye! and well George? (*joyful*)

George

George. We had a dance, Sir.

Sir H. As if he had said we had a funeral. 'Sblood! man, say—we had a dance. (*capers*) Arthur was master of the ceremonies—you shuffled it away? eh, boy?

George. Yes, Sir, I was'nt afraid to shuffle, for I had my thick walking shoes on.

Sir H. Shoes! asses' hoofs! I believe they're half an inch thick.

George. Sir, they're near an inch. (*aside*) I must see if the poor woman has released her husband.

Sir H. George, then 'twas you rasp'd up the fiddle for them?

George. Yes, Sir, so we had no fiddler to pay.

Sir H. Psha! I'd hire Handel's anniversary band to see you dance the Cameronian Rant with Augusta. This scheme of leaving her at large wo'nt do—she'll be snapt up. Gad, yonder she is—I must clench this business. Why do you put on that dismal look, firrah?

George. I was thinking, father, of the cruelty in keeping people in prison for small debts above a twelvemonth however; liberty's so sweet, they'd purchase it if in their power, if not, hard to punish a man for only being unfortunate.

Sir H. Here comes Miss Augusta, Devil's in your thick soal'd shoes!

Enter AUGUSTA, and FANNY.

Augusta. That man certainly whispered something disagreeable that caused the abrupt departure of Lord Arthur.

Fanny. Dear no, he's a very civil soul, why 'twas papa's constable. Oh if here is'nt George.

Sir H. Your waistcoat's buttoned all crooked

—NO

—no powder in your hair—by the lord! you look like the dustman. (*apart*) Well Miss, how do you like your new situation?—stop, I want to speak to you.

Fanny. Stop, he wants to speak to us—how do you do, George?

Sir H. Ha! very free with George! (*aside*) Miss Woodbine, I've your good at heart. Your uncle's whim, in taking his fortune from you, makes you an object of compassion.

Augusta. Many would rather be an object of envy—but, to my thinking, an humble state is preferable to affluence, built upon the ruins of unmerited adversity.

Sir H. (*aside*) Made for each other! George, to her in her own way—out with your handkerchief, and cry for the poor debtors. (*apart*) My son, Miss is so happy to see—to be with you—

Fanny. Happy to see her? but I'm sure its no such thing.

Sir H. He expressed great joy at your coming so opportunely:

George. Opportunely indeed! (*looking at his stocking*) Miss, could you lend me a needle and thread?

Sir H. Go along, fortune! I'll bind you apprentice to a taylor.

Augusta. You're happy, Sir, in having a son of so much frugality for his years.

Sir H. Frugal ma'am! he's the most extravagant—

Fanny. I see now he only wants them to like each other; I must prevent this.

Sir H. Why, look now, with his coat over his
his

his knuckles; he has on lace ruffles at three guineas a pair. Pull down your ruffles. (*pulls George's wristbands down*) by the lord! he has got into a hopfack. What have you done with all the fine linen and lace I sent you?

George. The lace was too fine for use—but the Holland made soft child-bed linen for a poor curate's wife.

Sir H. Yes, madam, the bishop's lady was the good woman in the straw. He is very frolicksome—it's a shame for you to be such a buck.

Fanny. Miss, George is no buck! he's a mere milk sop, an't you George?

Sir H. Get away you little devil, who wants your prate. (*apart*) Miss, we'll conceal your loss of fortune from my son—he's so proud—see how he throws his head about. (*apart*) George, with Augusta's cash, you can do such pretty charities! Son, this lady is worth one hundred thousand pounds.

Fanny. George, she's only my governess, and as poor—borrowed five shillings from me just now to release her box from the waggon—say you did. (*apart to Augusta*)

Sir H. Get along you little busy thing. (*apart to Fanny*) You know, ma'am, you're an immense fortune.

Augusta. Sir, I am neither ambitious of compassion or ridicule.

Sir H. George, never mind—she's very rich.

Augusta. Oh no, Sir!

Sir H. Madam, you're a Jew.

Fanny. My governess is not a Jew, she has more religion than the bishop.

Sir H. The devil's in me, if I don't make your father pull your ears! Miss, my son has
a most

a most liberal mind, a soul of magnificent extravagance.

George. Madam, my father is only jesting.

Fanny. True, George, now that's very good, of you, Sir Hans is always making his fun of every body.

Sir H. Overthrowing my whole scheme. (*aside*) Hop home you little magpie! (*to Fanny*)

George. Madam, be assured, I esteem œconomy the first virtue.

Sir H. Then the devil's in you both! but it's you, you prating monkey, has done it all; you, you rascal, with your œconomy and asses' hoofs, truss down to Sampshire Hall; and you, Miss, stalk with your poverty to Mr. Dickins, the banker's.

George. Madam, your humble servant! (*bows and exit*)

Sir H. Civil scoundrel! some mad gander will tuck her and her fortune under his wing, and fly off to Gretna Green.

Fanny. George sent down to the rocks, oh! oh! then I know where somebody will go. (*aside*) Sir Hans, your most obedient, good morning to you, Sir! (*curtsys and exit*)

Sir H. Oh very polite Ma'am, but I wish you had dropt your curtsy half an hour ago.

Augusta. (*looking out*) The forlorn thoughtless Arthur! Sir, tell me—is Miss Woodbine's son my uncle's heir? then why not instantly extricate him, from the embarrassing perplexities that must end in his destruction.

Sir H. What son? (*looking out*) The gay Arthur! true, Lord Torrendel's; (*aside*) oh oh! I suspect there's love here—this was her dancing partner

partner. My dear, as to affection and all that, this Arthur.—

Augusta. Sir, I am only interested for him, on account of my cousin Woodbine.

Sir H. Right! for his heart is engaged to a girl—he told me all over a glass of hock. (*Augusta agitated*) (*aside*) Yes! she likes him—then, in one word, Miss Augusta, my dear, I'll not part with you, till I see you and my son fairly coupled.

Arthur. (*without*) Sir Hans! (*enters*)

Sir H. Yes, Sir! past three. (*exit with Augusta*)

Arthur. Past three! Don't much like his avoiding me, and taking the lady. His bail-bond may keep me from limbo—but mustn't rob me of paradise either.

Enter TIMOLIN.

Run, firrah, after Miss Augusta, and ———

Timolin. Back again to your father's?

Arthur. You *will* persist, we left Augusta there; (*tears a leaf from his pocket-book, and writes with pencil*) if I can but obtain the love of this charming girl, she's so beautiful, elegant—but then, very modest; I must engage her affections—Timolin, run with this letter.

Timolin. With what?

Arthur. Stop to ask questions with your hows and whats—run, take this letter to the young lady.

Timolin. I'll give no letters to ladies. Do you want, Sir, to carry on your father's profligate rigmarols? but you don't make a French Moun-
feer

feer of me—for the spirit of Mr. Timolin is a peg above that, I assure you.

Arthur. Walk back, if you please, into Castle Quod.

Timolin. Then 'pon my word, I won't.

Arthur. How! do you object to go into prison when I desire you? begone! I discharge you.

Timolin. Oh! Sir, I discharge myself, and there's a receipt for my wages. (*snaps his fingers*) I'd hazard my life, to procure you what you might again repay—but, helping you to take the innocence you can never return, is beneath the soul of Mr. Felix Timolin. [*Exit*

Arthur. I've lost him. I had no conception of this mighty Irish honour of his brave soul. He has had moral, from his rustic parent in his mud cabin; but, I never knew a father's kind precept or good example.

Enter COACHMAN, surveys ARTHUR at a distance.

What does this fellow eye me for.

Coachman. My lady sent me to know his person—yes! that's he, very well. [*Exit.*

Arthur. You're no Coachman, my friend, you're a bailiff—they take all disguises. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Walk near Lord Torrendel's

Enter L'ŒILLET.

L'Œillet. To divert mi Lor from de thought
of

of dis tapageur son of his, I must get off Miss Augusta for him; but, to see more of this letter of instruction, (*feeling his pockets*) eh! oh! I have left it on the table in my room—Thomas have borrow Sir Hans's livery to carry her sham message; but, if dere be danger, we yet want some strong, able, desperate—

Enter TIMOLIN, melancholy.

Timolin. I could be contented with one dinner in three days, because it's a thing I've practis'd with some success—but, my poor dear master—

L'Ceillet. Oh! you be got out, where I did lock you—

Timolin. Here, lock me up again; for now I've lost my master, I don't care where I am.

L'Ceillet. I suppose you be not overcharg'd vid money, and I take it you be fripon—in your character, roguery be the leading feature.

Timolin. I judge that your nose is your leading feature—so I take it. (*advancing*) I, a rogue! produce a proof that I'm one.

L'Ceillet. Here be a stirring proof. (*shows money.*)

Timolin. So, because you've money, you've a right to call a poor man out of his name.

L'Ceillet. (*gives it*) Dere now, call me out of my name.

Timolin. (*looking at it*) Then, you're an honest man and a genteel noble lad. If I can find my-lord, this will carry us back to town. (*going*)

L'Ceillet. Arreté! dat is for service you vill do me. (*looking out*) Milor! go! dat footman vill tell you vat it be. Besides, more reward, if you should be taken up again for little peccadilloz, milor's interest vill release you. Allez!

Tim-

Timolin. Paid for doing good before hand! I've gold and a clear conscience, two companions that are seldom together now a day's.

[*Exit.*

Enter LORD TORRENDEL.

Lord Tor. That fellow of Arthur's still lurking about here!

L'Æillet. Arthur's servant! peste! quelle balourdise! I have made fine confidante in my Lor's scheme. (*aside*)

Lord Tor. I hope you hav'nt let this affair go further than those already concerned?

L'Æillet. Oh! no, my Lord! if he knew I had employed this Irishman, I am undone. (*aside*)

Lord Tor. You've warned the porter how he admits them again?

L'Æillet. Ah, my Lor, he vill find hard to admit himself.

Lord Tor. L'Æillet, I've improved upon your plan. Thomas's being in Sir Hans's livery may not be sufficient to persuade Augusta, that she is really set for by him—now if you could borrow Sir Hans's post chaise, that would effectually remove suspicion—make any excuse, he'll be glad to oblige me.

L'Æillet. Here I go for Sir Hans's coach to carry off Miss Augusta, and have set Thomas and de Irishman to take her off vid horses. (*aside*)

Lord Tor. Why, you don't seem over hearty in the cause now?

L'Æillet. Oh! I'm devote to your Lorship's service.

Lord

Lord Tor. Once wheedled into the carriage, a pretext is soon found to get her to Sandgate Island.

L'Œillet. Ah! mais cest que cest excellent ca!

Lord Tor. About it now—I shall be there before you. [Exit.

L'Œillet. Pardi! dis is lucky—for now I vill do it myself. I vish tho' I cou'd meet vid dis marouffe, to hinder him meddle in de affair—dat malheureux Irish tief vill do me some mischief. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

A Road.

Enter TIMOLIN, and THOMAS, in SIR HANS'S Livery.

Timolin. Well, Mr. Thomas, I know all your plan, now you've told me. So here you've borrowed Sir Hans's livery from one of his servants, and you're to go and tell Miss Augusta, he has sent you for her—but, as you may be a cowardly kind of a chap, the Mountseer has bid me assist you with my tight bit of an arm. Hush! here she comes.

Thomas. I thought she was a little girl just left school.

Timolin. I don't know, whether she goes to school or no—but, this is the very Miss Augusta, that was lock'd up in the castle with me.

me. (*aside*) Oh! I'll make a neat example of ye all. [*they retire.*]

Enter LADY TORRENDEL, and COACHMAN.

Lady Tor. My mind is in a state of the most tormenting solicitude! I wish I knew where to find this young lady, and apprize her of my Lord's designs. Whether to return and wait for him? I dread the interview, unkind upbraiding often shakes the very basis of affection. Yet I know he'll endeavour, by some artful evasion, to slip from my charge, except I can bring it to a full conviction—but first to afford this poor young man assistance.

Timolin. Young man! that must be me—the faw I was in distress. (*aside*)

Lady Tor. Deliver this to him, without letting him know who it comes from. (*gives a pocket-book to Coachman*) [*Exit Coachman.*]

Timolin. Stop! I'm here.

Lady Tor. Oh, his servant.

Timolin. Now, this goodness to me, has determined me, in what I was resolved upon; to save her from all danger. (*aside*)

Lady Tor. Perhaps I may now learn, who this young lady is.

Timolin. (*to Thomas*) Go you, and stay with your horses—I'll deliver the message to her myself.

Thomas. But you're not in Sir Hans's livery—It wo'n't take. (*apart*)

Timolin. How d'ye do, Miss Augusta?

Lady Tor. (*aside*) My trusty champion's mistaking me for her, I find, continues.

Thomas. Miss, your guardian, Sir Hans Bur-
gefs,

gefs, hopes for your company down at Samphire-hall—he has sent horses.

Timolin. I'll whisper a few words, that shall bring her directly. Harkye, Miss! don't go, this is a rogue, that wants to coax you again into the mouse-trap. (*apart to Lady Terrendel*)

Lady Tor. You mistake—I'm not the person. (*to Thomas*)

Timolin. That's a good thought to deny yourself—I'll second it, (*apart*)—are you sure you never saw Miss Augusta before now?

Thomas. Not I.

Timolin. Then this is not she—so go about your business.

Thomas. What!

Timolin. He wants to inveigle you, to Lord Torrendel. (*apart*)

Lady Tor. Indeed! this is charming, as I supposed! the most lucky opportunity to do good, prevent evil, save the innocent from ruin, and overwhelm the guilty in the blushing shame of his own base intentions. (*aside*) I was apprehensive of some error—you've brought horses you say—very well, I'll—wait on my guardian. (*to Thomas.*) [*Timolin stares, and whistles.*]

Thomas. Then you are Miss Augusta. Why, what did you mean just now by saying it was not. (*to Timolin*)

Lady Tor. Yes, yes, you're right enough.

Timolin. If they take you for a Lady, that will fly off to an old libertine, they're right enough indeed; but I was wrong, when I thought you a bit of an angel.

Lady Tor. Come. (*going*)

Timolin. A word, ma'am! your intentions just now about me, were good—but, since you give your-

yourself up to this old reprobate, I scorn your assistance, and if a little turn of virtue, should ever make you repent of your nonsense, don't expect any defence from the soul of Mr. Timolin.

Lady Tor. Heavens! I leave a shocking impression on the mind of this worthy creature. (*aside*) Well, well, we shall find a time to clear my character. [*Exit with Thomas.*]

Timolin. An old rotten potatoe for your character! bye and bye, when you're seen flourishing in curricles, with a different gallant every day, stuck up at your elbow, you'll still be chattering about your character, to all the turnpike-men.

Enter ARTHUR, (hastily).

Arthur. Yes! it is a bailiff—he's at my heels. Timolin, do you see any door open? stand in that spot, you scoundrel!

Timolin. Oh Sir! if any more of those compliments pass between you and me, it's a toss up who's to pay them.

Arthur. If he don't touch me, it's no caption.

Timolin. He's returning with the money, the gay Miss gave him for me.

Re-enter COACHMAN.

Coachman. I've had a good chace after you, Sir.

Arthur. Attempt to give me the tip, and——

Coachman. (*taking papers from his pocket*) Here it is—this bill for three hundred——

Timolin. If it was ten thousand, I wou'dn't accept it.

Arthur. You villain, do I want you to accept bills for me?

Coachman. It's a good note, and your own too.

Arthur. Well, I know I have notes and bonds enough out—but if I pay one of them, I'll be damn'd.

Timolin. Sir, don't frighten yourself, about what doesn't concern you.

Arthur. Hold your tongue, firrah; of my own accord, I came from our dance, when old Wig-hum, the justice, sent for me; but, compell'd I will not be; so let the plaintiff carry the bills to my father;

Coachman. Now, Sir, you're too nice. I promised to do the business, and I will. (*offers papers.*)

Arthur. Aye! he only wants to touch me. (*slips round Timolin.*)

Timolin. Arrah! what signifies your dancing round me, like a couple of May-poles?

Arthur. Timolin, knock him down—I wonder whether it's a capture if I touch him.

Timolin. What are you at with your caps, and hats? The English of the thing is—Miss Augusta, I despise.

Arthur. Speak so of my divine charmer!

[*strikes him, and runs off, Coachman follows.*]

Timolin. Oh! if he discharges me, and comes once a day to give me a knock in my cheek, I'm to have a blessed life of it—tho' my honor wou'd not suffer me to take relief from this
Miss

Miss Augusta, yet I'll try and get the reward from Mounseer, for, if I was to preach in a pulpit as high as Patrick's steeple, the ladies, and gentlemen, would be running after one another, and, till they give roast beef for nothing, to mere honesty, a guinea is convenient in an empty pocket.

[Exit.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

 A C T V.

SCENE I.

*Samphire-hall: SIR HANS's, and other Houses:—
A view of the Sea, bathing Machines, &c.*

Enter SIR HANS, and ROBIN HOOFS.

SIR HANS.

A Month since I've been down here at my favourite rocks. How do the lodging-houses go on? I hope they keep low with their prices, till the place is known. Aye! I may yet see Samphire-hall eclipse Brighton, Weymouth, and Scarborough.

Robin H. Yes! your honour; for the young Squire has set up a staple commodity of trade, and already the volks bes so merry about'n. You know Humphry Grim, the stone-mason, is famous in the letter cutting way—Measter George has gi'n the freedom of the quarry, and he has established a manufacture for tomb-stones.

Sir H.

Sir H. Tomb-stones to make people merry!

Robin H. He has finished half a dozen choice epitaphs with:

“Afflictions zore

“Long time I bore

“Physicians were in wain.”

(*SIR HANS walks up enraged.*)

Enter GEORGE.

George. That was certainly Lord Torrendel turn'd into the green lane—muffled up, and seem'd hiding his face. Robin gave me a hint of his designs upon Fanny.

Sir H. A sweet morning concert for the rooms, of chipping and sawing! Tell Master Grim, he must depart in peace with his merry monuments. Did you hire a new postillion?

Robin H. Yez, Sir.

George. Oh, Robin! my scheme of settling the poor artificers here, requires a kind of agent or superior, to regulate it in my absence; a sensible person of good nature and probity—that I can trust—I've fixt upon a man—he's now over at Sandgate illand, you must acquaint him—no only tell him I'd speak with him.

Sir H. (*seeing George*) Don't come near me—get a tin pot and a bit of stick, and pick up cockles on the beach—you haven't a soul above a cockle-gatherer, you cursed otter. Robin! have they put up the shelves in the raffling shop?

George. Sir, the men are working at their looms.

Sir H. Looms!

George.

George. Instead of encouraging frauds, cheating strangers with paltry toys, I have erected looms, that will give bread to two industrious families. (*loom heard without*)

Sir H. Why, they're Weavers!

George. Yes, Sir, weavers of stockings, gloves, and mittins.

Sir H. A stocking loom in the place of my elegant raffling shop!

George. There's a ribband loom too. This was the first wove in it; for the motto's sake, put it into your hat.

Sir H. (*reads*) "Success to Commerce, and a speedy peace." Well, let Industry throw the shuttle to this motto with all my heart. What smoke's that yonder? clinking of hammers! by the lord it's a forge.

George. Yes, Sir, the forge I built for poor old Grimes.

Sir H. What, a smith?

George. Yes, Sir, a worthy blacksmith.

Sir H. Within the very walls of my cold bath, old Grimes blowing his bellows!

George. What use for a cold bath just on the verge of the ocean? and the farmers want the necessary tools for agriculture.

Sir H. I banish you for ever, from my fashionable bathing-place. You barbarous young savage! after my high puff advertisements of cold ladders, neat wines, circulating libraries, baths, concerts, balls, billiards, machines, and bathing-caps, to expect to drag people of fashion down here, amongst stocking-looms, tombstones, and bellows-clinkers!

George. Father, my little colony was furnish-
ing

ing on Lord Torrendel's island. Since I have brought them here, in pity don't disturb them.

Sir H. A fine ragged colony you've planted.

George. Consider, Father, industry is a flower that should be encouraged by the genial warmth of patronage.

Sir H. By the the lord! the fellow's only fit for a plowman, or a weaver.

George. Well, Sir, the one gives bread, the other cloathing; as a plowman and a weaver are the most useful characters, I know of none more noble.

Sir H. Ah! don't talk to me, my very servants will despise you, I dare say not one of 'em would stir a stump to save your soul and body, you young Beaver.

Enter ROBIN HOOPS.

Robin H. Your purse, Sir—I found it on the road. (*to George*)

George. Thank you, Robin:

Sir H. George's purse! how much was in it?

Robin. More than I can tell—once I knew it to be master George's, I never put finger on the cash it held.

Sir H. Suppose it had been my purse?

Robin H. Ecod! your honor, you might never have seen it again: Gold's a tempting thing, and I don't set up for more honesty than my neighbours; but young Squire's money already belongs to the poor, and he bez a bad man indeed that wou'd take, what the generous heart is so ready to give.

George. You've been playing tricks, knocking
it

it about—its all broke—stupid fellow, I dare say you'd take better care of your own!

Robin H. La, Sir, I have no purse, only a little bit of a leather bag, to divide a few shillings from the halfpence. (*showing the bag, George takes it.*)

George. Whole, and sound—tearing one's property—there's my broken one, I shall keep yours. (*flings it to Robin Hoofs*)

Robin H. But, Sir, the gold's in it.

George. Never mind, keep it Robin, you're an honest fellow; honesty is a true diamond, and should be set in gold. (*puts him off*)

Sir H. My generous boy, George, build up and pull down, just as you please; I see now the rich man's safest guard, is the blessings of charity; but gold is the grand staple of your trade of benevolence—I've brought Miss Woodbine, and her fortune; go and entertain her.

George. Isn't that Lord Torrendel's Frenchman. (*looking out*)

Re-enter ROBIN HOOPS.

Robin H. Your honor, Mounseer's come from his Lord, to borrow your post-chay—going on a visit, and his own be broke.

Sir H. Here's an opportunity to oblige my Lord. He shall have it, and hansom my new postillion too.

George. (*aside*) Some knavery in this post-chaise borrowing! Robin, a word.

Sir H. Here still! go to the Lady! hold, here she is.

Enter

Enter AUGUSTA.

Augusta. 'Twas certainly Arthur cross'd the road. (*aside*) Sir, I've walk'd out, to see your charming place here. (*to Sir Hans*)

Sir H. Hem!—I bid him speak to the Lady, and by the lord he's whispering Robin; George, address her with rapture.

George. Yes, Sir! Madam, the great pleasure of—Robin. [*Exit, talking with Robin Hoofs.*]

Sir H. The great pleasure of—Robin! oh! the devil's in you, for a fine amorous scoundrel! Stop, you Sir. [*Exit.*]

Augusta. This young gentleman is an unadorned casket, enclosing the most delicate springs of sensibility; but that heart is not for me; or rather mine is not for him. I must not cherish an hopeless passion for Arthur; if, as Sir Hans tells me, another possesses his affections.

Enter FANNY.

Fanny!

Fanny. My dear governess, I've got down to you; I'm only come, because you are here—where's George.

Augusta. You only come because I'm here—where's George! Ah, Fanny!

Fanny. I've made papa bring me too—by a monstrous story though. I've told him, Sir Hans wants him on most prodigious business.

Enter ARTHUR, (running).

Arthur. Distanced the nabber! my lovely partner! who could expect to find you here,
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like a sea-nymph sent from old Neptune's palace, to make mortals plunge into the ocean, enamoured from this divine specimen of aquatic beauty.

Augusta. Most heroically gallant indeed, Sir.

Fanny. Now for something gallant to me—
How d'ye do, Sir? (*curtesies*)

Arthur. Ah! little titmouse, suppose, my love, you step and gather a few honeysuckles from the hedge yonder.

Fanny. George might have had the manners to meet, and make nymphs of other people. Titmouse, indeed! [*Exit.*]

Arthur. Madam, you see before you, a fellow the most wretched—(*aside*) shall I venture to declare my love? no—farewell.

Augusta. Whither, Sir, are you going?

Arthur. The truth is, Madam, tho' Great-Britain's large, I'm driven to the water's edge, where I'll step into, and push off the first fishing boat I can find; for abandon'd by my father, and pursued by—England, Madam, is no home for me. If I can get across the channel, amongst camps, and batteries, my empty scone may keep a bullet from a head that has brains in it.

Augusta. Your fortunes, Sir, are not, perhaps, so desperate—your mother was—

Arthur. How! Madam, have you heard?—she is I hope an angel—and you my heaven. (*kneels.*)

Enter COACHMAN.

Coachman. Overtaken you at last!

Arthur. I'll be damn'd if you have though.
(*runs off, Coachman pursues.*)

Augus-

Augusta. Unhappy youth! they'll pursue him to despair; but I'm usurping a concern that belongs to the mistress of his heart; yet, tho' I must not love, am I to reject all feelings of humanity.

Re-enter FANNY.

Fanny. (*joyfully*) Oh! governess, I have asked the postillion to give us a roll on the beach—you don't know half this sweet place.

Augusta. In the chaise I may have a better chance of seeing which way he takes. (*aside.*)

Fanny. (*aside*) Mustn't tell 'twas my Lord's valet proposed our ride, she's so squeamish.

Augusta. Does Sir Hans know of this jaunt?

Fanny. Very true—he may not let us go; I have it, sit in the chaise till I come; I'll fetch your hat and cloak. [*Exit.*]

Augusta. Is this prudent, but no time for reflection, Arthur may be lost for ever. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A parlour in SIR HANS'S.

Enter DICKINS.

Dick. Devilish good place the Knight has got here; a fine prospect of the sea; a pretty mortgage, and I may pick up such a bit as this, with Torrendel's interest.

Enter

Enter FANNY; looking about.

Fanny. My Governess is so giddy—where can she have left her hat.

Dick. Oh, Fanny, where's your friend Augusta? you seem all upon the fidgets.

Fanny. (confused) Oh no, Sir.—The two old boys will be running after us—what can I think of to keep them here? oh, true. *(aside)* Papa, I wonder why Sir Hans has sent for you; do you know?

Dick. No, child, but I shall if I can get to see him.

Fanny. Here he is, ha, ha, ha! *(aside)* only look papa, what a fine prospect at that window; you can see, I believe, to the Isle of Wight.

Dick. Oh no; but very fine, *(looks out of window.)*

Enter SIR HANS.

Sir H. Fanny, where's your papa?

Fanny. He's there, Sir, but his head is so full of this serious affair, he's come down to tell you about. *(in an under tone)*

Sir H. Oh, very well,

Fanny. He, he, he! now each will be so full of expectation of the other telling, when there is nothing to tell, it may bring them into a squabble, and that will keep them as close as a game backgammon—but where's Augusta's hat? *[Exit.*

Sir H. Ah, Dickins! how do you do?

Dick. (turning) Oh, Sir Hans, well, I've trundled down to you.

Sir H. Then the affair is very urgent? sit down.

Dick.

Dick. Of consequence, I hope; for I had a good deal to do.

Sir H. And so?

Dick. Well.

Sir H. Well? so sudden, I was alarmed! but does it concern me much?

Dick. That you best know.

Sir H. How should I know!

Dick. (*peevishly*) Well then, when you tell me, perhaps I may know.

Sir H. When you tell me, perhaps I may not know. But come.

Dick. Aye?

Sir H. He's afraid of being overheard I suppose; come, I'll fasten the door.

Dick. Oh, if it is of so much consequence, and secrecy, I'll fasten this door too. (*both rise and go to opposite doors*) There now, we are quite safe. (*sits down*) aye?

Sir H. Aye? (*they put their heads together as listening*)

Dick. What do you sit gaping for, why don't you out with it?

Sir H. Why do you sit staring and stretching your neck? why don't you tell it at once?

Dick. You sent for me down about your business—and, zounds! what is it? that I may go about mine.

Sir H. I send for you! you came here to tell me of something of great importance—tell it, and shorten your visit, when you please, Sir. (*both rise*)

Dick. Sir, your ill manners, in your own house, are equal to your impudence in bringing me into it for nothing.

Sir H. Impudence, you vulgar man! it's well
you

you are in my house, or by the hand of this body, I'd pitch you out of window.

Dick. Pitch me, you hard-headed old fool! if Torrendel was to behave so, I'd——

Sir H. I shall choak.—(*rings*) You're under my roof—so say what you will—Robin Hoofs!

Dick. Damn your hoofs, and your horns, Sir! I can quit your house myself. You're as impudent as Torrendel. (*puts on his hat, and gloves*)

Enter FANNY, crying, with Augusta's bat.

Fanny. Oh George! George! my Governess has run away with George! false fellow! to dress himself up as the new postilion, and drive off with my Governess, when I only returned to fetch her hat and cloak.

Sir H. My son drive off with Augusta! Huzza! he's a dasher.

Fanny. And then Lord Torrendel's valet, to jump up behind the chaise—'twas all a pack'd thing to deceive me. (*cries*)

Sir H. What! the Frenchman gone off with my ward.

Fanny. Yes, they'll surely be married.

Dick. What, the Frenchman?

Fanny. No! George!

Dick. But where are they gone?

Fanny. Rattled down the beach, towards Sandgate Island.

Sir H. Robin Hoofs, John, the devil, I've lost my ward. [*Exeunt Dickins, and Sir Hans.*]

Fanny. Yes, I heard Sir Hans brought her down here to marry George; a demure looking thing, she knew better than to take the mad young

young Arthur; and I myself to introduce her to my George; this is female friendship indeed, here's my friend's hat, and my friend's ribbands, oh that I had herself here.

[Exit tearing the hat.]

SCENE III; *and last.*

Sandgate Island; one shattered house, and a few wretched cottages.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arthur. The ferryman not to run his boat boldly in the creek—oblige me to dash through the water! If I could but get over to the continent, I'd fight like a true volunteer—the first Ensign that dropt, pick up his colours—I wish I had a few shillings, to pay my passage in some fishing smack.

Enter COACHMAN.

There again—by heavens! you sha'n't have all the bailiff-work to yourself—we'll have a tussle for it—if you are stronger, I go—if not, I commit your body to master shark—begone, or into the sea I fling you.

Coachman. Then, there Sir, is three hundred pound, Bank of England note—now I've at last done my job.

[drops it, and exit.]

Arthur. (picking it up) It is—and I to mistake my bright angel for the blackest of all imps, a catchpole! three hundred! now they shall see who

who is Lord Arthur D'Aumerle—who from? my kind father, doubtless. Now I've cash, where is my poor faithful Timolin.

Enter ROBINSON, (out of livery.)

A dreary Island, but one house,—you live yonder, master.

Robinson. Live! ah, Sir! (*sighs.*)

Arthur. Complain! Why, in the winter here, you've storms in high perfection—snow, hail, rain, lightning and thunder, neat as imported—no door to your house, and scarce a house to your door! the splanged canopy your bed-testers, and for a clear prospect no glass to your windows! nor a tree on your island, because you would not harbour noisy rooks to discompose your slumbers!—nor even a bush! but that's vanity—that you might have it to say, you challenge the globe round to shew a spot more desolate.

Robinson. He doesn't recollect me. (*aside*) I've only come to-day, Sir, but here I believe I must abide till better times. This house belongs to a brother of mine—all poor enough and yet but for the charity of Mr. George Burgess, they must be worse. The squire has unpeopled this island, and settled them comfortably near his father's. Since Lord Torrendel, the landlord, leaves them to his Frenchman and that Master Dickins, my brother wishes they'd take the house off his hands.

Arthur. They'll be taking it presently from about his ears——

Enter ROBIN HOOF.

Robin H. (to Robinson) I believe it's you I wants
—You're

—You're to come over to-morrow noon to Samphire-Hall, my young Master wou'd speak to you, eh!—Sure I know you, why wasn't you porter to Lord Torrendel? (*looking stedfastly at Robinson*)

Aribur. Indeed !

Robin H. It is—Now I understands the whole affair—Squire George is always himself.

Arthur. Were not you discharged from Lord Torrendel's for admitting me into the Castle?

Robin H. He was and that he might not lose by his good-nature, Master George was going to give him a place of 50*l.* a year, but Sir Hans has knock'd up that plan, and wo'n't let the newcomers settle there.

Arthur. A man turn'd a-drift into this cursed world, for a most kind action towards me, and I stand, prating here with 300*l.* in my hand: no pennyworth of pippins sha'n't have all this work to himself—there, (*gives the note*) that will buy you cakes and ale till you get a place.

Robinson. Sir!—

Arthur. Don't talk, I hate talking; I'm absolute in that particular, Old Crusoe. (*puts them off*) Ha, ha, ha! I'm tickled with a strange ambition—I'll be king of this Island from my father's sole inheritance. I'll enchant this house from the court of poverty, to the castle of comfort.—This island is now my territory—here am I king! oh! for my queen! but plague of my palace.

[*Exit into house.*]

Enter L'ŒILLET, and BOATMAN.

L'Éillet. Now dat your comrade has brought
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lady over in toder boat, let no one else cross but Milor.

[*Exit Boatman.*]

Ah! quel bonheur to find Augusta myself! now Monsieur Thomas and dat villain Irish terrier may hunt her for deir own recreation—dis solitary isle—here milor have no person to interrupt.

[*Retires.*]

Enter AUGUSTA.

Augusta. The desire of seeing my cousin Arthur once again, before it is too late, can scarcely reconcile me to this step—altogether this island wears a most forbidding aspect—I'll return, and sit in the chaise, till Fanny comes. (*going*).

L'Éillet. Ah! ma chere (*preventing her*) You must wait for Milor.

Augusta. He here! heavens! I'm betrayed—I now see my folly.

L'Éillet. I was your laquais, mon ange, and did sit behind de chaise, and you did not know it.

Augusta. Pray, Sir, suffer me to go.

L'Éillet. Oui, to Londres! dere Milor vil buy you fine cloaths and jewels, and you vill shine at operas and ball and concert, and he vill kiss your hand dus. (*offers to kiss her hand*)

Enter ARTHUR.

Arthur. How! (*strikes him.*)

L'Éillet. Diantre! (*runs off. Arthur pursues. A plunge, as if in water, is heard without.*)

Re-

Re-enter Arthur.

Augusta. Heavens! sir, what have you done?

Arthur. Only cast my bait into the sea—Lucifer will always bite at a scoundrel.

Augusta. Sir, he'll be drowned.

Arthur. He's already a pickled dog—don't be alarm'd—you're safe now from even the shadow of insult. How came you here in this remote place? speak—but no matter—you seem distress'd, Madam.

Augusta. (*aside*) Vice should not humble the father in the opinion of the son.

Arthur. Lean upon me, ma'am—holloo! old Crusoe, where's your dame? come madam:
(*leads Augusta in.*)

Enter LORD TORRENDEL.

Lord Tor. Should L'Ceillet bring my Augusta safe, here is no accommodation; I thought I had some tenants on this Island! they've let the place run strangely to ruin. Confusion! Sir Hans!

Enter SIR HANS, DICKENS, GEORGE, and ROBIN HOOFS.

Dick. But 'squire, why disguise yourself; sure you could'n't be a confederate with my Lord's pandar, to steal my daughter's governess?

Sir H. Aye, George, where was the necessity of using artifice, to run away with Augusta, the very girl I wanted to give you.

George. Then to explain the mystery—some base designs of others, have sunk me into a schemer of stratagems. My lord, my name is Burgefs.—I'm no professed knight-errand, yet I openly avow that I will endeavour henceforth to protect female innocence from your lordship's dishonourable purposes. *[Exit.]*

Sir H. Bravo! He has been drinking hock with Lord Arthur.—My lord, I'll talk to you. *[Exit.]*

Dick. My lord, to you I'll talk. *[Exit.]*

Lord Tor. Then no shelter from open shame, but to turn champion myself! besides, the storm once blown over, my seeming her protector wins her love by gratitude.

Enter TIMOLIN.

Timolin. Oh, my lord, here flies the sweet creature to you with her character under her arm.

Lord Tor. Then, that villain L'Œillet, has made my son's servant a party in this business.

Enter LADY TORRENDEL, veiled, and THOMAS.

Timolin. So Miss, you wou'dn't be warn'd by me, you wou'd run headlong to the devil. And there he stands, ready to receive you. *(apart to Lady Torrendel)*

Lord Tor. What's your purpose, you scoundrels, in bringing the lady to this lonely place?

Timolin. Our purpose! well, that's very high!—

Lord Tor. Madam, rely upon my protection.
I am

I am bound by honor to defend you from every insult.

Lady Tor. Certainly, my lord! every gentleman should be the protector of—his wife. (*discovers herself.*)

Lord Tor. Lady Torrendel!

Timolin. The Lady herself! then 'twas to her husband she was running, oh! here's a wonder, and a blunder! [*Exit.*]

Lady Tor. My Lord, I see you are confuted, yet could I hope your present humiliation proceeded from a sorrow that promised repentance, and consequent reformation, my heart's feelings for the man I did love and honor, should melt me to compassion! (*weeps*) but no! take my resentment! my deserved, and bitter reproach! grief cannot reach a breast so callous as your's! it is only the stings of a wounded pride, and disappointed purpose, that now agitates you; reflect! return an humble gratitude to heaven for having made my unexpected arrival here the means of snatching you from the repetition of a crime the most hostile to society. A selfish, transient gratification, that must banish for ever an unhappy female from the paths of honor! shun'd thro' life by the best part of her own sex!—and even despised by you! the author of her shame! your wrongs to me are nothing, but your meditated tricks and plans, which you call gallantries, reflect only disgrace on the dignity of manhood!

Lord Tor. Lady Torrendel—I confess I'm altogether somewhat shocked, and with—I'm very unhappy to see—that is—I'm unhappy at your suspecting——

Lady

Lady Tor. Oh, you mistake, my lord! I have no suspicions! mine are all certainties—but even if you consider my throwing the past into the shade of oblivion, any indulgence, I shall insist upon a few conditions, and the first—turn your countenance and protection to your poor deserted youth! you as a parent, are responsible for every violation that your neglect has occasioned him to make on the laws of propriety; if you refuse, I will be his parent, and henceforth regard your poor friendless son, with all the care and tenderness of maternal affection.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arthur. Huzza, the joy that laughs on me, shall smile on all around; sir, I thank you for your bounty, but——

Enter COACHMAN.

Coachman. My Lady, I gave Lord Arthur the money,

Lady Tor. Well, well!

Arthur. How! was that 300*l.* sent me by you, Madam.

Lord Tor. Did you give countenance and relief, where wives, in general, look with contempt and even hatred? Madam, can you pardon?

Lady Tor. My Lord, your conduct renders you rather an object of pity, than resentment—you have implicitly delivered up your fortune, your character, nay more, my Lord, your honor, to be the sport and property of an infamous

mous parasite—your confidential favourite, your Valet, counteracted the rectitude of your intentions, by embezzling the sums he had for purposes dictated by duty and nature. Oh! why will those who possess the godlike power of doing good, delegate a base, unworthy agent, for the kind purposes of humanity.

Enter SIR HANS, DICKINS, GEORGE, and AUGUSTA.

Sir H. Here, boy, take Augusta. (*advancing*).

Arthur. (*advancing*) Thank ye, Sir Hans! (*takes her hand*)

Sir H. Thank ye, indeed, for that! George, will you lose your wife so?

George. I've one ready at hand—father, with your leave and her own consent.

Enter FANNY, and TIMOLIN, at the back.

Dick. To be sure, I consent—and we all consent.

Fanny. Oh! yes! we all consent—my dear governess, are you going to be married? It seems I'm going to be married. He, he, he! eh! George?

Sir H. To see my son taken before my face, with an he, he, he! s'blood, sir! let the girl go, he, he, he, indeed.

Dick. Then I discover your tricks, Sir, oh, oh, oh! indeed!—Madam, (*to Augusta*) no matter what he says—you are still heiress to your uncle Woodbine's fortune. Throw it into my bank, chuse me your guardian, I'll recover—I'll send Sir Nob a sheet of cracklin ramskin, that shall

shall reach from Chancery-lane, to Westminster-hall.

Augusta. Well, even so the property of the mother should devolve to the son, and to him I resign it.

Arthur. No! sooner than take it from you, my generous cousin, Timolin and I will buffet the world again—and, rather than commit further depredations on honest tradesmen, I'll turn to any thing, any one thing in life, except a Poet. Where are you old Bargatrot Castle?

Timolin. I'm here, your honor, dead or alive—we'll jump into our boots, before they're bought—away, master! I'm your man, thro' thick and thin, fire and smoke.

Arthur. I could force myself to accept this fortune—that is, with a certain sweet'ner—Will you, my Augusta, accompany it?

Augusta. Then, Sir, for paltry gold, you'd quit your love! oh! fie!

Sir H. Devil's in you, child! I was only joking about the girl over the hock, to make you marry George.

(Arthur kisses her hand.)

Lord Tor. Why, this is right. Lady Torrendel, your unexampled liberality will reclaim me into a husband and a father.—My boy, were blessings mine, you should have one from me.

Timolin. Then, as you're not worth a blessing, show'r a bundle of yellow-boys upon us both.

Dick. A good motion, throw them into my bank.—Eh! is that Monsieur shaking his ears like a water dog? *(looking out)*

Arthur. My Lord, father, and you most adored Augusta, if I am destined to affluence, here is

is my model, (*to George*) who can forego the comforts of life to bestow its necessaries on the indigent!

Sir H. Why, my most magnificent Arthur, I thought you were to be George's model, and that like you he'd have grace enough, to play the devil.

Arthur. So he shall—we'll kick Care out of the window, our abode shall be the House of Joy, and the first card of invitation shall be, to the Man of Sorrow.

My faults how great! but as no soft'ring care
Did ever smile upon misfortune's heir!
The outcast oh receive! your pardon give,
And in your favour, let him happy live!

THE END.

THE
CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA.

IN THREE ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,
IN 1782.

THE MUSICK BY DR. ARNOLD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don Scipio,	Mr. WILSON.
Don Cæsar (or Capt. Ramirez),	Mr. REINHOLD.
Fernando,	Mr. MATTOCKS.
Don Juan,	Mr. FEARON.
Alphonso,	Mrs. KENNEDY.
Pedrillo,	Mr. EDWIN.
Spado,	Mr. QUICK.
Sanguino,	Mr. MAHON.
Calvette,	Mr. THOMPSON.
Rapino,	Mr. BOYCE.
Philippo,	Mr. BRETT.
Vasquez,	Mr. STEVENS.
Lopez,	Mr. LEDGER.
Victoria,	Miss HARPER.
Lorenza,	Signora SESTINI.
Isabella,	Miss PLATT.
Catilina,	Mrs. WILSON.

BANDITTI, SERVANTS, &c.

SCENE, *Spain.*

THE
CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Cavern with winding Stairs, and Recesses cut in the Rock; a large Lamp hanging in the Center, a Table, Wine, Fruits, &c.—At the head DON CÆSAR, on each side SPADO, SANGUINO, RAPI-NO, and others of the Banditti.

CHORUS.

HERE we sons of freedom dwell
In our friendly, rock-hewn cell;
Pleasure's dictates we obey,
Nature points us out the way
Ever social great and free,
Valour guards our liberty.

AIR.—*Don Cæsar.*

Of severe and partial laws,
Venal judges, Alguazils;
Dreary dungeons's iron jaws,
Oar and gibbet---Whips or wheels
Let's never think
While thus we drink
Sweet Muscadine!
O life divine!

Chorus. Here we sons of freedom dwell, &c.
Don C.

Don C. Come, Cavaliers, our carbines are loaded, our hearts are light, charge your glasses, Bacchus gives the word, and a volley makes us immortal as the rosy god.—Fire! (*all drink*)

Spa. Ay, Captain, this is noble firing, Oh, I love a volley of grape-shot—Are we to have any sky-light in our cave? (*looking at Sanguino's glass*)

Don C. Oh, no! a brimmer round. Come, a good booty to us to-night. (*all drink*)

Spa. Booty! I love to rob a fat Priest.—Stand, says I, and then I knock him down.

Sang. My nose bleeds. (*looks at his handkerchief*) I wonder what colour is a coward's blood!

Spa. Don't you see it's red?

Sang. Hah! call me coward, (*rises in fury*) Sirrah! Captain! Cavaliers! but this scar on my forehead contradicts the miscreant.

Spa. Scar on your forehead! Ay, you will look behind you when you run away.

Sang. I'll stab the villain—(*draws stiletto*) I will, by heaven.

Don C. Poh, Sanguino! you know when a jest offers, Spado regards neither time, place nor person.

All. (*interposing*) Don't hurt little Spado!

Spa. (*hiding behind*) No, don't hurt little Spado.

Sang. Run away! Armies have confess'd my valour—the time has been—but no matter! (*sits*)

Don C. Come, away with reflection on the past, or care for the future; the present is the golden moment of possession; let us enjoy it.

All. Ay, ay, let us enjoy it.

Don C. You know, Cavaliers, when I enter'd into this noble fraternity, I boasted only of a little courage sharpen'd by necessity, the result of
my

my youthful follies, a father's severity, and the malice of a good natur'd dame.

Spa. Captain, here's a speedy walk-off to old women.

All. Ha, ha, ha! (*drink*)

Don C. When you did me the honor to elect me your captain, for two conditions I stipulated—Tho' at war with the world abroad, unity and social mirth should preside over our little common-wealth at home.

Spa. Yes, but Sanguino's for no head—he'll have ours a common-wealth of fists and elbows.

Don C. The other, unless to preserve your own lives, never to commit a murder.

Spa. I murder'd since that—a bishop's coach-horse.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Don C. Hand me that red wine.

AIR.—*Don Cesar.*

Flow, thou regal purple stream,
Tinted by the solar beam,
In my goblet sparkling rise,
Cheer my heart and glad my eyes.
My brain ascend on fancy's wing,
'Noint me, wine, a jovial king.
While I live, I'll lave my clay,
When I'm dead and gone away,
Let my thirsty subjects say,
A month he reign'd, but that was May.

[*thunder.*

Don C. Hark, how distinct we hear the thunder through this vast body of earth and rock—Rapino, is Calvette above upon his post?

Rap. Yes.

Don C. Spado, 'tis your turn to relieve the centinel.

Spa.

Spa. Relieve ! why what's the matter with him?

Don C. Come, come, no jesting with duty—'tis your watch.

Spa. Let the wolves watch for me—my duty is to get supper ready—(*thunder*) Go up ! Od's fire, do you think I am a Salamander ? D'ye hear !

Sang. No sport I fear.

Don C. Then call Calvette, lock down the trap-door, and get us some more wine from the cistern.

Spa. Wine ! Ay, Captain, and this being a night of peace we'll have a dish of olives.

Sang. No peace ! we'll up and scour the forest presently. But well thought on, a rich old fellow, one Don Scipio has lately come to reside in the castle on the skirts of the forest—what say you to plunder there ?

Don C. Not to night—I know my time—I have my reasons—I shall give command on that business. But where's the stranger we brought in at our last excursion ?

Rap. He reposes in yonder recess.

Spa. Ay, there he lies with a face as innocent as an angel, thought he fought like seven devils. (*aside*) If my fellow-rooks wou'd but fly off—I'd have the pidgeon here within all to myself.

Calv. (*appears at the top of the winding stairs with a lantern*) Captain !

Sang. Good news, Cavaliers ; here comes Calvette.

Calv. A booty !

Sang. What ? where ?

Calv. Soft—but one man !

Sang. Is he alone ?

Calv. Quite.

Spa.

Spa. One man and alone—that's odd!

Calv. He seems in years, but his habit, (as well as I could distinguish,) speaks him noble.
(*descends*)

Don C. Then he'll fight. My arms!

Spa. Oh, he'll fight.—Get my arms—no, my legs will do for me. (*aside*)

Sang. Come, my carbine—quick!

Don C. To the attack of one man—paltry! Only you Calvette, and Spado go, the rest prepare for our general excursion.

Spa. Captain, don't send me; indeed I'm too rash!

Don C. Come, come, leave buffoonery and to your duty.

[*CALVETTE ascends, the rest go in at several recesses, SPADO, ascends slowly.*]

Enter ALPHONSO:

Alph. I find myself somewhat refresh'd by sleep—at such a time to fall into the hands of these ruffians, how unlucky! I'm pent up here; my rival Fernando, once my friend, reaches Don Scipio's Castle, weds my charming Victoria, and I lose her for ever; but if I could secure an interview, love should plead my cause.

AIR.—*Alphonso.*

The hardy sailor braves the ocean,
Fearless of the roaring wind;
Yet his heart, with soft emotion,
Throbs to leave his love behind.

To dread of foreign foes a stranger,
Tho' the youth can dauntless roam,
Alarming fears paint every danger
In a rival, left at home.

SPADO returns down the stairs.

Spa. (aside) Now for some talk with our prisoner here—Stay, are they all out of ear-shot? How the poor bird sings in its cage! I know more of his affairs than he thinks of by overhearing his conversation at the inn at Lorca.

Alph. How shall I escape from these rascals!—Oh, here is one of the gentlemen. Pray, Sir, may I take the liberty—

Spa. No liberty for you here—Yet upon certain conditions, indeed—give me your hand.

Alph. (aside) Impudent scoundrel!

Spa. Senor, I wish to serve you, and serve you I will; but I must know the channel before I make for the coast, therefore to examine you with the pious severity of an holy Inquisitor, in heaven's name, who the devil are you?

Alph. A pious adjuration truly! *(aside)* Sir, my name is Alphonso, and I am son of a banker at Madrid.

Spa. Banker! I thought he sung like a young gold-finch.

Alph. Perhaps by trusting this fellow I may make my escape—

Spa. I'll convince him I know his secrets, and then I hold his purse-strings.

Alph. You won't betray me?

Spa. Honor among thieves.

Alph. Then you must know when your gang attack'd me yesterday evening—

Spa. You were potting full gallop to Don Scipio's castle on the confines of the forest here.

Alph. Hey! then perhaps you know my passion for—

Spa-

Alph. Then you know that he's contracted—

Alph. True, while I am pent up in this cursed
vern, but how you got my story, I—

Alph. And will you?

Alph. Your comrades have not left me a piaf-
tre.

Alph. You shall have it.

Spa. A bargain. I'll secure your escape.

Don C. How's this!

Don C. What's the matter?

Alph. Here's a rascal !

Spa. Rascal! D'ye hear him? he has been
Q 2 abusing

abusing me this half hour, because I would not convey him out without your knowledge. Oh, what offers he did make me! but my integrity is proof against Gallions, Escurials, Peru's, and Mexico's.

Don C. Begone instantly to your comrades.

[*Spado ascends.*]

Senor, no occasion to tamper with my companions; you shall owe your liberty to none but me. Some particulars of your story, which I had from Spado, have engaged me in your interest—to be free, up in the open air would you venture—ha, ha, ha!—not afraid of a sprinkle of rain or a flash of lightning—no, no. Well, without consulting my brethren here, as soon as they fall forth, I'll convey you to the cottage of the vines, belonging to the peasant Philippo, not far from Don Scipio's castle; there you may rest in safety to-night, and——

Alph. Ah, Captain! no rest for me.

Don C. Look ye Senor, I am a ruffian, perhaps worse, but venture to trust me—A pick-lock may be used to get at a treasure—don't wish to know more of me than I now chuse to tell you, but if your mistress loves you as well as you seem to love her, to-morrow night she's yours.

Alph. My good friend!

Don C. Now for Philippo—I don't suppose you wish to see any of our work above, ha, ha, ha!—Well, well, I was once a lover, but now——

AIR.

AIR.—*Don Caesar.*

On by the spur of valour goaded,
 Pistols prim'd and carbines loaded,
 Courage strikes on hearts of steel;
 While each spark
 Through the dark
 Gloom of night,
 Lends a clear and cheering light,
 Who, a fear or doubt can feel?

Like serpents now, through thickets creeping,
 Then on our prey, like lions, leaping!
 Calvette to the onset lead us,
 Let the wand'ring trav'ler dread us!
 Struck with terror and amaze,
 While our swords with lightning blaze. (*Thunder*)
 Thunder to our carbines roaring,
 Bursting clouds in torrents pouring,
 Each a free and roving blade,
 Ours a free and roving trade,
 To the onset let's away,
 Valour calls, and we obey.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Forest, (a stormy night).

Enter FERNANDO.

Fer. Pedrillo! (*calling*) What a dreadful night, and horrid place to be benighted in! Pedrillo!—I fear I've lost my servant, but, by the pace I rode since I left Ecceija, Don Scipo's castle can't be very far distant—this was to have been my wedding night, if I arrived there—and as for my charming bride—Yet I cannot regret my

my separation from beauties, that I can only imagine.

AIR.—*Fernando.*

Serenely smooth the moments run,
With him, who from his natal hour,
Has ne'er beheld the splendid Sun,
Nor sovereign Nature's genial power.

But by the bolt of Jove struck blind,
Thus shut from every ray of light,
What poignant grief o'ercasts his mind,
Who once hath known the joys of Sight.

But what keeps Pedrillo, Pedrillo! Pedrillo!
(*calling*)

Ped. (*within*) Sir!

Fer. Where are you?

Ped. Quite astray, Sir.

Fer. This way.

Enter PEDRILLO, (groping).

Ped. Any body's way, for I have lost my own
—Do you see me, Sir?

Fer. No, indeed! (*lightning*)

Ped. You saw me then, Sir. (*thunder*) Ah, this
must frighten the mules, they'll break their brid-
dles; I tied the poor beasts to a tree.

Fer. Well, we may find 'em in the morning,
if they escape the banditti which I am told in-
fests this forest.

Ped. Banditti! (*a shot without*) Ah! we are
dead men.

Fer. Somebody in trouble!

Ped. No, somebody's troubles are over.

Fer. Draw, and follow me.

Ped.

Ped. Lord, Sir! ha'nt we troubles enough of our own?

Fer. Follow! who can deny assistance to his fellow-creature in distress? (*draws*) [*Exit.*

Ped. What fine creatures these gentlemen are! But for me, I am a poor, mean servant—so I'll ev'n take my chance with the mules.

AIR.—*Pedrillo.*

A master I have, and I am his man,
Galloping, dreary, dun,
And he'll get a wife as fast as he can,
With a haily, gaily, gambo raily,
Giggling, niggling,
Galloping galloway, draggle tail, dreary dun.

I faddled his steed so fine and so gay,
Galloping, dreary dun,
I mounted my mule, and we rode away.
With our haily, &c.

We canter'd along until it grew dark,
Galloping, dreary, dun,
The nightingale sung instead of the lark,
With her, &c.

We met with a friar, and ask'd him our way,
Galloping, dreary, dun,
By the Lord, says the friar, you're both gone astray,
With your, &c.

Our journey, I fear, will do us no good,
Galloping, dreary, dun,
We wander alone, like the babes in the wood,
With our, &c.

My master is fighting, and I'll take a peep,
Galloping, dreary, dun,
But now I think better, I'd better go sleep,
With my, &c.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III:

*A thicker part of the forest. Large tree and stone
cross near the front.*

*Enter SPADO, runs round terrified, and climbs into
the tree.*

*Enter DON SCIPIO, attacked by SANGUINO, RAPI-
NO, and CALVETTE.*

Sang. Now, Rapino, lop off his sword-arm.

Don S. Forbear! there's my purse. (*throws it
down*)

Sang. Fire!

Spa. (*peeping from the tree*) No, don't fire.

Sang. I am wounded, hew him to pieces! (*as
Don Scipio is nearly overpowered*)

Enter FERNANDO.

Fer. Ha! what murderous ruffians! (*engages the
Banditti who precipitately disperse several ways*)

Spa. Holloa! the forest is surrounded with
Inquisitors, Alguazils, Corrigidores, Hangmen,
and holy fathers.

Don S. Oh, I hav'nt fought so much these
twenty years.

Spa. Eh, we have lost the field, cursed dark;
tho' I think I could perceive but one man come
to the relief of our old Don here.

Don S. But where are you, Senor? approach
my brave deliverer.

Spa. So here's a victory and nobody to claim
it! I think I'll go down and pick up the laurel.
(*descends*) I'll take the merit of this exploit, I
may get something by it.

Don

Don S. I long to thank, embrace, worship this generous stranger as my guardian angel.

Spa. (*aside*) I may pass for this angel in the dark—Villains, scoundrels! robbers, to attack an honest gentleman! but I made the dogs scamper! (*vapouring*)

Don S. Oh, dear! this is my preserver!

Spa. Who's there? Oh, you are the worthy gentleman I rescued from these rascal banditti.

Don S. Noble, valiant stranger—I—

Spa. No thanks, Senor, I have sav'd your life and a good action rewards itself.

Don S. A gallant fellow faith—Eh, as well as I could distinguish in the dark, you look'd much taller just now? (*looking close at him*)

Spa. When I was fighting? true, anger raises me—I always appear six foot in a passion; besides my hat and plume added to my height.

Don S. (*by accident treading on the purse*) Hey, the rogues have run off without my purse too.

Spa. O, ho! (*aside*)—What, I have sav'd your purse as well as your precious life! Well, of a poor fellow, I am the luckiest dog in all Spain.

Don S. Poor! Good friend, accept it as a small token of my gratitude.

Spa. Nay, dear Sir!

Don S. You shall take it.

Spa. Lord, I am so awkward at taking a purse. (*takes it*)

Don S. Hey, if I could find my cane too I dropt it somewhere hereabouts when I drew to defend myself (*looking about*)

Spa. Zounds! I fancy here comes the real conqueror

queror—no matter—I've got the spoils of the field. (*aside chinks the purse and retires*)

Don S. Ah, my amber-headed cane! (*still looking about*)

Re-enter FERNANDO.

Fer. The villians!

Don S. Ay, you made 'em fly like pigeons, my little game-cock!

Fer. Oh, I fancy this is the gentleman that was attack'd. Not hurt, I hope, Sir,

Don S. No, I'm a tough old blade—Oh, gadso, well thought on—feel if there's a ring on the purse, it's a relick of my deceas'd lady, it's with some regret I ask you to return it.

Fer. Return what, Sir?

Don S. A ring you'll find on the purse.

Fer. Ring and purse! really, Sir, I don't understand you.

Don S. Well, well, no matter—A mercenary fellow? (*aside.*)

Fer. The old gentleman has been robb'd, and is willing that I should reimburse his losses. (*aside*)

Don S. It grows lighter: I think I can distinguish the path I lost—follow me, my hero, and—(*going suddenly turns and looks stedfastly at Fernando.*) Zounds, Senor, I hope you are not in a passion, for I think you look six foot high again.

Fer. A strange, mad old fellow this! (*aside.*)

Don S. These rascals may rally, so come along to my castle, and my daughter Victoria shall welcome the preserver of her father.

Fer.

Fer. Your daughter, Victoria ! Then, perhaps, Sir, you are Don Scipio, my intended father-in-law ?

Don S. Eh ! Why ! is it possible that you can be my expected son, Fernando ?

Fer. The same, Sir, and was on my journey to your Castle when benighted in the forest here.

Don S. Oh, my dear boy ! (*embraces him.*) Damn'd mean of him to take my purse tho'—(*aside.*) Ah, Fernando, you were resolv'd to touch some of your wife's fortune before-hand.

Fer. Sir—I—

Don S. Hush ! You have the money and keep it : aye, and the ring too ; I'm glad it's not gone out of the family—Hey, it grows lighter—Come !

Fer. My rascal Pedrillo is fall'n asleep somewhere. (*a whistle without*)

Don S. No, we're not safe here—Come then, my dear—brave valiant—Curs'd paltry to take my purse tho'. (*aside.*) [Exeunt.

Spa. (*who had been listening, advances.*) So then our old gentleman is father to Victoria, my young banker Alphonso's mistress, and the other is Fernando his dreaded rival—this is the first time they ever saw each other too.—He has a servant too, and his name Pedrillo—a thought strikes me, if I could by cross paths but get to the castle before 'em, I'd raise a most delicious commotion—In troubled waters I throw my fishing-hook—(*Whistle without.*) Excuse me, gen—I'm engag'd.

[Exit opposite side.

SCENE IV.

An apartment in DON SCIPIO'S castle.

Enter VICTORIA and CATALINA.

Cat. Nay, dear madam, do not submit to go into the nunnery.

Vic. But, Catalina, my father desires I should take the veil, and a parent's voice is the call of heaven!

Cat. Heav'n! Well, tho' the fellows swear I'm an angel, this world is good enough for me—Dear Ma'm, I wish I could but once see you in love.

Vic. Heigh ho! Catilina, I wonder what sort of gentleman this Don Fernando is, who is contracted to me, and hourly expected at the castle!

Cat. A beautiful man, I warrant—But, Ma'm, your'e not to have him. Hush! Dame Isabel, not content with making your father by flights and ill-usage, force your brother, poor Don Caesar, to run about the world in the Lord knows what wild courses, but she now has persuaded the old gentleman to pass her daughter on Don Fernando for you—There, yonder she is flaunting, so bejewell'd and be-plum'd—Well, if I was you, they might take my birth-right—but my husband—take my man—the deuce should take them first! Ah, no! if I ever do go to heav'n I'll have a smart lad in my company. Send you to a nunnery!

Vic. Was my fond mother alive!—Catilina, my father will certainly marry this Dame Isabel;
I am

I am now an alien to his affections, bereft of every joy and every hope, I shall quit the world without a sigh.

AIR.—*Victoria.*

Ah, solitude, take my distress,
My griefs I'll unbosom to thee,
Each sigh thou can'st gently repress,
Thy silence is music to me.

Yet peace from my sonnet may spring,
For peace let me fly the gay throng,
To soften my sorrows I sing
Yet sorrow's the theme of my song.

[*Exit Victoria.*

Cat. I'd quit this castle as soon as ever Donna Victoria enters a nunnery—Shall I go with her? No, I was never made for a nun—Aye, I'll back to the vineyard, and if my sweetheart Philippo, is as fond as ever, who knows—I was his queen of all the girls, tho' the charming youth was the guitar, flute, fiddle and hautboy of our village.

AIR.—*Catilina.*

Like my dear swain, no youth you'd see
So blythe, so gay, so full of glee,
In all our village who but he

To foot it up so featly---

His lute to hear,
From far and near,
Each female came,
Both girl and dame,
And all his boon
For every tune,

To kiss them round so sweetly

While

While round him in the jocund ring,
 We nimbly danc'd, he'd play or sing,
 Of may, the youth was chosen king
 He caught our ears so neatly.

Such music rare,
 In his guitar,
 But touch his flute
 The crowd was mute,
 His only boon
 For every tune,
 To kiss us round so sweetly.

[Exit.

Enter VASQUEZ, introducing SPADO.

Vas. I'll inform dame Isabel, Sir—please to wait a moment.

[Exit Vasquez.

Spa. Sir!—This dame Isabel is, it seems, a widow-gentlewoman, whom Don Scipio has retain'd ever since the death of his lady, as supreme directress over his family, has such an ascendancy here, that she has even prevail'd on him, to drive his own son out of his house, and, ha, ha, ha! is now drawing the old Don into a matrimonial noose, ha, ha, ha! I am told, rules the roast here in the castle—Yes, yes, she's my mark—Hem! Now for my story, but my scheme is up if I tell a single truth—Ah, no fear of that.—Oh, this way she moves—

Enter Dame ISABEL and VASQUEZ.

If. Don Scipio not return'd! A foolish old man, rambling about at this time of night! Stay, Vasquez, where's this strange, ugly, little fellow you said wanted to speak with me?

Vas. (confused.) Madam, I did not say ugly—

Spa. No matter, young man—Hem!

[Exit Vasquez.

If. Well,

If. Well, Sir, pray who are you?

Spa. (*bowing obsequiously.*) Madam, I have the honour to be confidential servant and secretary to Don Juan, father to Don Fernando de Zelva.

If. Don Fernando! Heav'ns! is he arrived? Here, Vasquez, Lopez, Diego! (*calling.*)

Spa. Hold, madam; he is not arriv'd! Most sagacious lady, please to lend your attention for a few moments to an affair of the highest importance to Don Scipio's family. My young master is coming—

If. Well, Sir!

Spa. Incog.

If. Incog!

Spa. Madam, you shall hear—(*aside*) Now for a lie worth twenty pistoles—The morning before his departure, Don Fernando calls me into his closet, and shutting the door, Spado, says he, you know this obstinate father of mine has engag'd me to marry a lady I have never seen, and to-morrow, by his order I set out for Don Scipio her father's castle, for that purpose; but, says he, striking his breast with one hand, twisting his mustachios with the other, and turning up his eyes—if, when I see her, she don't hit my fancy—I'll not marry her, by the —!! I shan't mention his oath before you, madam.

If. No, pray don't, Sir.

Spa. Therefore, says he, I design to dress Pedrillo, my arch dog of a valet, in a suit of my clothes, and he shall personate me at Don Scipio's castle, while I, in a livery, pass for him—If I like the lady, I resume my own character, and take her hand, if not, the deceit continues, and Pedrillo weds Donna Victoria, just to warn parental

rental tyranny how it dares to clap up marriage without consulting our inclinations.

If. Here's a discovery ! so then, it's my poor child that must have fall'n into this snare—*(aside.)* Well, good Sir !

Spa. And, continued he Spado, I appoint you my trusty spy in this Don Scipio's family ; to cover our designs, let it be a secret that you belong to me, and I shan't seem even to know you—You'll easily get a footing in the family, says he, by imposing some lie or other upon a foolish woman I'm told is in the castle, Dame Isabel, I think they call her.

If. He shall find I'm not so easily impos'd upon.

Spa. I said so, madam ; says I, a lady of Dame Isabel's wisdom must soon find me out were I to tell her a lie.

If. Ay, that I should, Sir.

Enter VASQUEZ.

Vas. Oh, Madam ! my master is return'd and Don Fernando de Zelva with him.

[Exit Vasquez.]

If. Don Fernando ! Oh, then, this is the valet, but I'll give him a welcome with a vengeance !

Spa. Hold, Madam ! Suppose for a little sport, you seem to humour the deceit, only to see how the fellow acts his part, he'll play the gentleman very well I warrant ; he is an excellent mimic, for, you must know, Ma'am, this Pedrillo's mother was a Gypsy, his father a Merry Andrew to a Mountebank, and he himself five years Trumpeter to a company of Strolling Players.

If. So,

If. So, I was likely to have a hopeful son-in-law—Good Sir, we are eternally indebted to you for this timely notice of the imposition.

Spa. I have done the common duties of an honest man—I have been long in the family and can't see my master make such a fool of himself without endeavouring to prevent any mischance in consequence.

If. Dear Sir, I beseech you be at home under this roof, pray be free, and want for nothing the house affords.

Spa. (*bows.*) Good Madam! I'll want for nothing I can lay my fingers on. (*aside.*)

(*Exit Spado.*)

If. Heaven's! what an honest soul it is! what a lucky discovery! Oh, here comes my darling girl!

Enter LORENZA, (magnificently dress'd.)

Lor. Oh, cara Madre! See, behold!—Can I fail of captivating Don Fernando? Don't I look charming?

If. Why, Lorenza, I must say the toilet has done its duty, I'm glad to see you in such spirits, my dear child!

Lor. Spirits! ever gay, ever sprightly, cheerful as a lark—but, my dear mother—

If. Mother! Hush, my love! you forget you are now to pass for Donna Victoria, Don Scipio's daughter; and for that purpose, I had you brought from Italy—It seems your young Madrid Lover, Alphonso too, thinks you Victoria, but you must forget him, child.

Lor. Yes—but how shall I forget my Florence Lover, my dear Ramirez? I love him, Alphonso

loves me, and here for the sake of Fortune must I give my hand to this Don Fernando, when there can't possibly be any love on either side.

If. I request, my dear, you'll not think of this Ramirez—ev'n from your own account of him, he must be a person of most dissolute principles—fortunately he knows you only by your name of Lorenza, I hope he won't find you out here.

Lor. Then, farewell, loving Alphonso—Adieu, belov'd Ramirez! In obedience to your commands, Madam, I shall accept of this Don Fernando; and as a husband, I will love him if I can—

AIR Lorenza.

Love! gay illusion!
Pleasing delusion,
With sweet intrusion,
Possesses the mind.

Love with love meeting
Passion is fleeting;
Vows in repeating
We trust to the wind.

Faith to faith plighted,
Love may be blighted;
Hearts often slighted
Will cease to be kind.

Enter VASQUEZ.

Vas. Madam—my master and Don Fernando.

If. Has Don Fernando a servant with him?

Vas. No Madam.

If. Oh, when he comes, take notice of him.

Enter

Enter DON SCIPIO and FERNANDO.

Don S. Oh, my darling dame, and my delicate daughter, bless your stars that you see poor Scipio alive again—Behold my son-in-law and the preserver of my life—Don Fernando, there's your spouse, and this is Donna Isabella, a lady of vast merit, of which my heart is sensible.

Fer. Madam! *(salutes Isabella.)*

If. What an impudent fellow! *(aside.)*

Don S. Dear Fernando, you are as welcome to this castle as flattery to a lady, but there she is—bill and coo—embrace, carrels her.

(Ferdinand salutes Lorenza.)

Lor. If I had never seen Ramirez, I should think the man tollerable enough! *(aside)*

Don S. Ha! ha! this shall be the happy night—Eh, Dame Isabel, by our agreement, before the lark sings I take possession of this noble tenement.

Fer. Don Scipio, I hop'd to have the honour of seeing your son.

Don S. My son! Who, Cæsar? Oh, Lord! He's—He was a—turn'd out a profligate—Sent him to Italy—got into bad company—don't know what's become of him—My dear friend, if you would not offend me, never mention Cæsar in my hearing. Egad—Eh, my dainty dame, is not Don Fernando a fine fellow!

If. Yes, he's well enough for a trumpeter.

Don S. Trumpeter! *(with surprise)* what do you mean by that? Oh, because I found his praise; but, Madam, he's a cavalier of noble birth, title, fortune, and valour—

If. Don Scipio, a word if you please.

(takes him aside)

Lor.

Lor. (to *Fernando*) Si, Signor, our castle here is rather a gloomy mansion when compared to the beautiful Cassino's on the banks of the Arno.

Fer. Arno! true, Don Scipio said in his letter, that his daughter had been educated at Florence. (*aside*)

Lor. You have had an unpleasant journey, Signor.

Fer. I have encountered some difficulties by the way, it is true, Madam; but am amply repaid by the honour and happiness I now enjoy. (*bows*)

Lor. Sir!—I swear he's a polite cavalier. (*aside*) Won't you please to sit, Sir? I fancy you must be somewhat weary. (*they sit*)

Don S. Eh, sure—what this fellow only Don Fernando's footman! how! it can't be!

If. A fact; and presently you'll see Don Fernando himself in livery.

Don S. Look at the impudent son of a gypsey—Sat himself down—By St. Iago I'll—

If. Hold! let him play off a few of his airs.

Don S. A footman! Ay, this accounts for his behaviour in the forest—Don Fernando would never have accepted my purse—(*taps Fernando on the shoulder.*) Hey, what, you've got there!

Fer. Will you please to sit, Sir? (*rises*)

Don S. Yes, he looks like a trumpeter. (*aside*) You may sit down, friend. (*with contempt*)

Fer. A strange old gentleman!

Enter VASQUEZ.

Vas. Sir, your servant Pedrillo, is arriv'd.

[*Exit Vasquez.*]

If. Servant Pedrillo! Ay, this is Fernando himself. (*apart joyfully to Scipio*)

Fer.

Fer. Oh, then the fellow has found his way at last. Don Scipio—Ladies—excuse me a moment.

[*Exit Fernando.*]

Lor. What a charming fellow!

Don S. What an impudent rascal!

Ped. (*without*) Is my master this way?

Don S. Master! Ay, this is Fernando.

Enter PEDRILLO with a Portmanteau.

Ped. Oh, dear! I've got among the gentle-folks, I ask pardon.

Jf. How well he does look and act the servant!

Don S. Admirable! Yet I perceive the grandee under the livery.

Jf. Please to sit, Sir. (*with great respect*)

Lor. A livery servant sit down by me!

Don S. Pray sit down, Sir. (*ceremoniously.*)

Ped. Sit down. (*sits*) Oh, these must be the upper servants of the family—her ladyship here is the housekeeper, I suppose—the young tawdry tit, lady's maid—(hey, her mistress throws off good clothes) and old Whiskers Don Scipio's butler. (*aside*)

Enter FERNANDO.

Fer. Pedrillo! how! seated? what means this disrespect?

Ped. Sir. (*rises*) Old Whiskers the butler there, asked me to sit down by Senorita Furbelow the waiting-maid, here.

Fer. Sirrah!

Ped. Yes, Sir.

Don S. Sir, and sirrah! how rarely they act their parts. I'll give them an item tho' that I understand the plot of their comedy. (*aside*)

AIR.

AIR.—QUINTETTO.

D. Scipio.

Senor! (*to Pedrillo*)
 Your wits must be keener,
 Our prudence to elude,
 Your fine plot,
 Tho' so pat,
 Will do you little good.

Pedrillo.

My fine plot!
 I'm a sot,

If I know what

These gentlefolks are at.

Fernando.

Past the perils of the night,
 Tempests, darkness, rude alarms;
 Phœbus rises clear and bright,
 In the lustre of your charms.

Lorenza.

O, charming, I declare,
 So polite a cavalier!
 He understands the duty,
 And homage due to beauty.

D. Scipio.

Bravo! O bravissimo!

Lorenza.

Caro! O carissimo!

How sweet his honey words,
 How noble is his mien!

D. Scipio.

Fine feathers make fine birds,
 The footman's to be seen.

But both deserve a basting!

Pedrillo.

Since morning I've been fasting.

D. Scipio.

Yet I could laugh for anger.

Pedrillo.

Oh, I could cry for hunger.

D. Scipio.

I could laugh.

Pedrillo.

I could cry.

D. Scipio.

I could quaff,

Pedrillo.

So could I.

D. Scipio.

Ha, ha, ha! I'm in a fit.

Pedrillo.

Oh, I could pick a little bit.

D. Scipio.

Ha, ha, ha!

Pedrillo.

Oh, oh, oh!

Lorenza.

A very pleasant party!

Fernando.

A whimsical reception!

D. Scipio.

A whimsical deception!

But master and man accept a welcome hearty.

Fernando.

} Accept our thanks sincere, for such a welcome

Pedrillo

hearty.

END OF ACT I.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Castle.

Enter DON CÆSAR (with precaution.)

DON CÆSAR.

THUS far I've got into the Castle unperceived—I'm certain, Sanguino means the old gentleman a mischief, which nature bids me endeavour to prevent. I saw the rascal slip in at the postern below; but where can he have got to! (*A sliding pannel opens in the wainscot, Enter thro' it SANGUINO.*) Yes, yonder he issues like a rat or a spider.—How now, Sanguino!

Sang. Captain Ramirez!

Don C. On enterprize without my knowledge! What's your business here?

Sang. Revenge! Look—(*shews a filletto.*) if I meet Don Scipio—

Don

Don C. I command you to quit your purpose.

Sang. What, no satisfaction for my wound last night, and lose my booty too?

Don C. Your wound was chance—Put up—We shall have noble booty here, and that's our business—But you seem to know your ground here, Sanguino?

Sang. I was formerly Master of the Horse to Count D'Olive the last resident, so am well acquainted with the galleries, lobbies, windings, turnings, and every secret lurking place in the castle.

Don C. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I have hope o'er our booty here, we can afford to laugh at past dangers.

AIR.—*Don Cesar.*

As homeward from the neighb'ring fair,
His grain well sold, dispell'd his care,
With jocund haste the thrifty swain
Trips o'er the mead and skims the plain,
He stops! He views—Oh, dire amaze!
His stock, his cottage all a blaze!

But hast'ning on he looks around,
The heath's on fire—to clear his ground,
His jovial friends to meet him come,
To chaunt the cheerful welcome home;
With heart-felt joy the sound he hears,
And laughs away his former fears.

I mist Spado at the muster this morning—did he quit the cave with you?

Spa. (without) As sure as I'm alive it's fact, Sir,—

Don C. Isn't that his voice?

Sang.

Sang. Impossible!

Don C. Hush! (*they retire.*)

Enter Don Scipio and Spado.

Don S. Yes, I've heard of such places; but you say you've been in the cave where these ruffian banditti live?

Spa. Most certainly, sir; for after having robb'd me of five hundred doubloons, the wicked rogues barbarously stripp'd, tied me neck and heels, threw me across a mule like a sack of corn, and led me blindfold to their infernal cavern.

Don S. Poor fellow!

Spa. There, Sir, in this skulking hole the villains live in all manner of debauchery, and dart out upon the innocent traveller like beasts of prey.

Don S. Oh, the tygers! just so they fastened upon me last night, but your fellow servant Pedrillo, our sham Fernando, made 'em run like hares; I gave him my purse for his trouble tho'.

Spa. And he took it! what a mean fellow!—you ought not to have ventured out unarm'd—I always take a blunderbuss when I go upon the road—the rascal banditti are most pitiful cowards.

Don S. What a glorious thing to deliver these reprobates into the hands of justice.

Spa. Ah, Sir, 'twould be a blessed affair—Oh, I'd hang 'em up like mad dogs!

Don S. Well, you say you know the cave?

Spa. Yes, yes, I slipp'd the handkerchief from my eyes and took a peep, made particular ob-

servations of the spot; so get a strong guard, and I'll lead you to the very trap door of their den.

Don S. then we'll surprize them, and you'll have the prayers of the whole country, my honest friend.

Spa. Heav'n knows, Sir, I have no motives for this discovery but the publick good, so I expect the country will order me a hundred pistoles as a reward for my honesty.

Don C. Here's a pretty dog! (*apart.*)

Sang. Ay, ay, he han't long to live.

(*apart.*)

Don S. An hundred pistoles!

Spa. Sir, have an eye upon their Captain as they call him, he's the most abandon'd, impudent, profligate—(*suddenly turning sees Don Cæsar, who shews a pistol.*) Captain did I say. (*terrified.*) Oh, no; the Captain's a very worthy good natur'd fellow—I meant a scoundrel, who thinks he ought to be Captain, one Sanguino, the most daring, wicked and bloody villain that—(*turning the other way perceives Sanguino with a pistol.*) but indeed, I found Sanguino an honest good natured fellow too—(*with increased terror*)

Don S. Hey, a bloody, wicked, honest, good-natur'd fellow! what is all this?

Spa. Yes; then, Sir, I *thought*, I saw these two gentlemen, and at that instant, I *thought* they looked so terrible, that with the fright, I awoke.

Don S. Awoke! what then, is all this but a dream you have been telling me?

Spa. Ay, sir, and the most frightful dream I ever had in my life. I'm at this instant fright'n-ed out of my wits.

Don

Don S. You do look frighten'd indeed—poor man! I thought this cave was—

Spa. Don't mention the cave or I faint—heigho!

Enter VASQUEZ.

Vas. Dame Isabel would speak with you, sir.

Don S. I'll wait on her.

Spa. Yes I'll wait on her. (*going hastily.*)

Don S. You! she don't want you.

Spa. Dear Sir, she can't do without me at this time. [*Exit Don Scipio.*]

I come. (*going.*)

Don C. No you stay.—(*pulls him back.*)

Spa. Ah, my dear Captain. (*affecting surprise and joy.*) What, and my little Sanguino too! Who could of thought of your finding me out here!

Don C. Yes; you are found out.

Spa. Such discoveries as I have made in the castle!—

Don C. You're to make discoveries in the forest too.

Sang. Our cave!

Spa. Oh, you overheard that! Didn't I hum the old fellow finely? Ha, ha, ha!

Sang. And for your reward, traitor, take this to your heart. [*Offers to stab him.*]

Don C. Hold, Sanguino

Spa. Nay, my dear Sanguino, stay! What the devil—So here, I can't run a jest upon a silly old man, but I must be run thro' with a filetto!

Don

Don. C. Come, Spado, confess what really brought you here.

Spa. Business, my dear Sir, business, all in our own way too, for I design'd to let every man of you into the castle this very night, when all the family are in bed, and plunder's the word—Oh, such a delicious booty! pyramids of plate, bags of gold, and little chests of diamonds!

Sang. Indeed!

Spa. Sanguino, look at that closet.

Sang. Well!

Spa. A glorious prize!

Sang. Indeed!

Spa. Six chests of maffy plate! Look, only look into the closet; wait here a moment, and I'll fetch a master-key that shall open every one of them,

Don C. Hey! Let's see those chests.

Sang. Maffy plate! Quick, quick, the master key.

Spa. I'll fetch it.

Sang. Do, but make haste, Spado.

Spa. I will, my dear boy.

[*Exit Sanguino into the closet.*]

My good—honest—Oh, you two thieves! (*aside.*)

[*Exit Spado.*]

Don C. Yes, I'll avail myself of the power, my influence over our Banditti has put into my hands; this night shall give me possession of the castle; I'll see if terror can't restore that right of which injustice has deprived me—perform my promise to Alphonso, quit my honest companions—carry my spoil to Florence, and with my fond little Lorenza enjoy the delights of love and competence.

Re-enter

Re-enter SANGUINO.

Sang. A valuable booty, I dare say, Captain.

Don C. (Looking in.) Ay, to judge by the form of the chests they do seem full of clumsy old plate.

Sang. If we can but convey it off.

Don S. Yes, but I insist, Sanguino, no more of the poniard.

Sang. It's sheath'd—Enough—But, Captain, if this little rascal, Spado, should turn informer and discover us,—

Don S. (without) I'll be with you presently, Dame.

Don C. Away, a way, to your lurking place.

Sang. Yes, yes, those pregnant chests must be delivered.

[they hastily retire into pannel.]

Enter DON SCIPIO.

Don S. Now, Spado, I—hey, where is my little dreamer? but why is this door open; this closet contains many valuables—Why will they leave it open? Let's see—*(goes into the closet.)*

Enter SPADO (with a portmanteau.)

Spa. (as entering.) I have no key—However I have stol'n Don Fernando's portmanteau as a peace offering for these two rascals! *(lays it on table.)* Are you there! What a pity the coming of my fellow-rogues! I should have had the whole castle to myself

self—Oh, what a charming seat of work for a man of my industry—(*speaking at closet door.*) You find the chests there—You may convey them out at night, and as for cutting Don Scipio's throat—that I leave to——

Enter DON SCIPIO,

Don S. Cut my throat!—What are you at your dreams again?

Spa. (*aside*) Oh, zounds!—Yes Sir, as I was telling you.

Don S. Of a little fellow you have the worst dreams I ever heard.

Spa. Shocking Sir—then I thought—

Don S. Hold, hold, let me hear no more of your curst dreams.

Spa. I've got off, thanks to his credulity.

[*aside.*]

Don S. What portmanteau's that?

Spa. I'm on again! (*aside.*)

Don S. Fernando's I think.

Spa. (*affecting surprise*) What, my master's—so it is.—But I wonder who could have brought it here.—Ay, ay, my fellow servant Pedrillo is now too grand to mind his business;—And my master I find, tho' he has taken the habit scorns the office of a servant—So I must look after the things myself.

Don S. Ay, ay, take care of them.

Spa. Yes, Sir, I'll take care of them!

Don S. Ha, ha, ha! what a strange whimsical fellow this master of yours! with his plots and disguises.—Think to impose upon me too.—But I think I'm far from a fool.

Spa.

Spa. (*looking archly at him.*) That's more than I am.

Don S. So he pretends not to know you, tho' he has sent you here as a spy to see what you can pick up?

Spa. Yes, Sir, I came here to see what I can pick up. (*takes up the portmanteau.*)

Don S. What an honest servant! he has an eye to every thing. [*Exit Don Scipio.*]

Spa. But before I turn honest, I must get somewhat to keep me so.

AIR—*Spado.*

In the forest here hard by,
A bold robber late was I,
Sword and blunderbuss in hand,
When I bid a trav'ler stand:
Zounds deliver up your cash,
Or strait I'll pop and flash,
All among the leaves so green-o,
Damme, fir,
If you stir,
Sluice your veins,
Blow your brains,
Hey down.
Ho down,
Derry, derry down,
All amongst the leaves so green-o.

II

Soon I'll quit the roving trade,
When a gentleman I'm made;
Then so spruce and debonnaire,
'Gad, I'll court a lady fair;
How I'll prattle, tattle, chat,
How I'll kiss her, and all that,
All amongst the leaves so green-o!
How d'ye do?
How are you?

Why

THE CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA.

Why so coy?
 Let us toy,
 Hey down,
 Ho down,
 Derry, derry down,
 All amongst the leaves so green-o.

III

But ere old, and grey my pate,
 I'll scrape up a snug estate;
 With my nimbleness of thumbs,
 I'll soon butter all my crumbs.
 When I'm justice of the peace,
 Then I'll master many a lease,
 All amongst the leaves so green-o.
 Wig profound,
 Belly round,
 Sit at ease.
 Snack the fees,
 Hey down,
 Ho down,
 Derry, derry down,
 All amongst the leaves so green-o.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

*A Saloon.**Enter FERNANDO.*

Fer. A wild scheme of my father's to think of an alliance with this mad family;—yes, Don Scipio's brain is certainly touch'd beyond cure, his daughter, my cara sposa of Italy don't suit my idea of what a wife should be—no, the lovely novice, this poor relation of Dame Isabel has caught my heart. I'm told to-morrow she's to be

be immur'd in a convent; what if I ask Dame Isabel, if—but she, and indeed Don Scipio carry themselves very strangely towards me—I can't imagine what's become of my rascal Pedrillo.

Enter PEDRILLO, in an elegant morning gown, cap and slippers.

Ped. Strange, the respect I meet with in this family. I hope we don't take horse after my master's wedding: I shou'd like to marry here myself—before I unrobe I'll attack one of the maids!—Faith a very modish dress to go courting in—hide my livery and I am quite gallant.

Fer. Oh, here's a gentleman I haven't seen yet.

Ped. Tol de rol

Fer. Pray, Sir, may I—Pedrillo! (*surprised*) where have you—hey! what, ha, ha, ha! what's the matter with you!

Ped. Matter!—Why Sir, I don't know how it was, but some how or other last night, I happen'd to sit down to a supper of only twelve covers, crack'd two bottles of choice wine, slept in an embroider'd bed, where I sunk in down, and lay 'till this morning like a diamond in cotton.—So, indeed, Sir, I don't know what's the matter with me.

Fer. I can't imagine how, or what it all means.

Ped. Why, Sir, Don Scipio, being a gentleman of discernment, perceives my worth, and values it.

Fer. Then Sir, if you are a gentleman of such prodigious merit, be so obliging, with submission to your cap and gown, to—pull off my boots. (*Pedrillo stoops*)

Enter VASQUEZ.

Vas. Sir, the ladies wait breakfast for you,
(*to Pedrillo, who rises hastily.*)

Fer. My respects, I attend 'em.

Vas. You! I mean his honour here.

Ped. Oh, you mean my honour here.

Fer. Well, but perhaps my good friend, I
may chuse a dish of chocolate as well as his ho-
nour here.

Vas. Chocolate, ha, ha, ha! (*with a sneer*)

Ped. Chocolate, ha, ha, ha!

Fer. I'll teach you to laugh, Sirrah! (*strikes*
Pedrillo)

Ped. Teach me to laugh! you may be a good
master, but you've a very bad method—hey for
chocolate and the ladies.

[*Exeunt Pedrillo and Vasquez.*]

Fer. Don Scipio shall render me an account
for this treatment, bear his contempt, and be-
come the butt for the jests of his insolent ser-
vants! As I don't like his daughter, I have now
a fair excuse, and indeed a just cause to break
my contract, and quit his castle; but then, I
leave behind the mistress of my soul.—Suppose I
make her a tender of my heart—but that might
offend, as she must know my hand is engaged to
another.—When I look'd, she turn'd her lovely
eyes averted—doom'd to a nunnery!

AIR.—*Fernando.*

My fair one like the blushing rose,
Can sweets to every sense disclose:
Those sweets I'd gather, but her scorn
Then wounds me like the sharpest thorn.

With

With sighs each grace and charm I see
Thus doom'd to wither on the tree,
'Till age shall chide the thoughtless maid,
When all those blooming beauties fade.

Hey, who comes here? oh the smart little Sou-
brette who seems so much attach'd to the beauti-
ful novice—No harm to speak with her—

Enter CATALINA.

So my pretty primrose!

Cat. How do! you do, Mr.—(*pert and fami-
liar*) I don't know your name.

Fer. Not know my name! You must know
who I am tho', and my business here, child?

Cat. Lord, man, what signifies your going
about to sift me when the whole family knows
you're Don Fernando's footman.

Fer. Am I faith? Ha, ha, ha! I'll humor this
—(*aside*) Well, then, my dear, you know that I
am only Don Fernando's footman?

Cat. Yes, yes, we know that, notwithstanding
your fine clothes.

Fer. But where's my master?

Cat. Don Fernando! he's parading the gallery
yonder in his sham livery and morning-gown.

Fer. Oh, this accounts for twelve covers at
supper, and the embroider'd bed; but who could
have set such a jest a going? I'll carry it on tho'
—(*aside*) So then after all I am known here?

Cat. Ay, and if all the impostors in the castle
were as well known, we shou'd have no wedding
to-morrow night.

Fer. Something else will out—I'll seem to be
in the secret, and perhaps may come at it—

(*aside*) Ay, ay, that piece of deceit is much worse than ours.

Cat. That! what then you know that this Italian lady is not Don Scipio's daughter, but Dame Isabel's, and her true name Lorenza?

Fer. Here's a discovery! (*aside*) Oh yes, I know that.

Cat. You do! Perhaps you know too, that the young lady you saw me speak with just now is the real Donna Victoria?

Fer. Is it possible! Here's a piece of villainy! (*aside*) Charming! let me kiss you, my dear girl. (*kisses her*)

Cat. Lord, he's a delightful man! (*aside*)

Fer. My little angel, a thousand thanks for this precious discovery.

Cat. Discovery!—Well if you did not know it before, hang your assurance, I say—but I must about my business, can't play the lady as you play'd the gentleman, I've something else to do; so I desire you won't keep kissing me here all day.

AIR.—*Catalina*,

I have a lover of my own,
So kind and true is he;
As true, I love but him alone,
And he loves none but me.

I boast not of his velvet down,
On cheeks of rosy hue,
His spicy breath, his ringlets brown;
I prize the heart that's true.

So to all else I must say nay;
They only fret and tease:
Dear youth, 'tis you alone that may
Come court me when you please.

I play'd

I play'd my love a thousand tricks,
 In seeming coy and shy;
 'Twas only, 'ere my heart I'd fix,
 I thought his love to try.

So to all else, &c.

[Exit,

Fer. Why what a villain is this Don Scipio! ungrateful to—but I scorn to think of the services I render'd him last night in the forest, a false friend to my father, an unnatural parent to his amiable daughter! Here my charmer comes.

[Retires.

Enter VICTORIA.

Vic. Yes Catalina must be mistaken, it is impossible he can be the servant, no, no; that dignity of deportment and native elegance of manner can never be assum'd, yonder he walks, and my fluttering heart tells me, this is really the amiable Fernando, that I must resign to Dame Isabel's daughter.—

Fer. Stay, lovely Victoria!

Vic. Did you call me, Sir! Heav'ns what have I said! (*confused*) I mean, Senor, wou'd you wish to speak with Donna Victoria? I'll inform her, Sir. (*going*)

Fer. Oh, I cou'd speak to her for ever, for ever gaze upon her charms, thus transfix'd with wonder and delight.

Vic. Pray, Senor, suffer me to withdraw.

Fer. For worlds I wou'd not offend; but think not lady, 'tis the knowledge of your quality that attracts my admiration,

Vic. Nay, Senor—

Fer.

Fer. I know you to be Don Scipio's daughter, the innocent victim of injustice and oppression, therefore I acknowledge to you, and you alone, that whatever you may have heard to the contrary, I really am Fernando de Zelva.

Vic. Senor, how you became acquainted with the secret of my birth I know not; but from an acquaintance so recent, your compliment I receive as a mode of polite gallantry without a purpose.

Fer. What your modesty regards as cold compliments, are sentiments, warm with the dearest purpose; I came hither to ratify a contract with Don Scipio's daughter! you are his daughter, the beautiful Victoria, destin'd for the happy Fernando.—Concurrent to a parent's will, my hand is your's already. And thus on my knees let me make an humble tender of my heart.

Vic. Pray, rise, Senor!—My father perhaps even to himself cannot justify his conduct to me; —But to censure that, or to pervert his intentions, wou'd in me be a breach of filial duty.

AIR.—*Victoria.*

By woes thus furrounded, how vain the gay smile
Of the little blind archer, those woes to beguile!
Tho' skilful, he misses, his aim it is crost,
His quiver exhausted, his arrows are lost.
Your love, tho' sincere, on the object you lose,
(*Aside*) How sweet is the passion! Ah, must I refuse?
If filial affection that passion should sway,
Then love's gentle dictates I cannot obey.

Fer. And do you, can you wish me to espouse Signora Lorenza, Isabella's daughter?—Say you do not, do but satisfy me so far.

Vic.

Vic. Senor, do not despise me if I own, that before I saw in you the husband of Don Scipio's daughter, I did not once regret that I had lost that title.

Fer. A thousand thanks for this generous, this amiable condescension,—Oh, my Victoria! If fortune but favours my design, you shall yet triumph over the malice of your enemies.

Vic. Yonder is Dame Isabel, if she sees you speaking to me, she'll be early to frustrate whatever you may purpose for my advantage. Senor farewell!

Fer. My life, my love adieu!

DUET.—*Victoria and Fernando.*

Idalian queen, to thee we pray,

Record each tender vow;

As night gives place to chearful day,

Let hopes of future bliss allay,

The pangs we suffer now.

[*Exit Vic.*]

Fer. This is fortunate; the whole family except Victoria, are firmly possess'd with the idea that I am but the servant.—Well, since they will have me an impostor, they shall find me one; In heav'n's name, let them continue in their mistake, and bestow their mock Victoria upon my sham Fernando. I shall have a pleasant and just revenge for their perfidy; and perhaps obtain Don Scipio's real, lovely daughter, the sum of my wishes.—Here comes Don Scipio—now to begin my operations.

Enter

Enter DON SCIPIO.

Don S. Ay here's the impudent Valet.

Fer. (*as wishing Don Scipio to overhear him*) I'm quite weary of playing the gentleman, I long to get into my livery again.

Don S. Get into his livery! (*aside*)

Fer. These cloaths fall to my share however; my master will never wear 'em after me.

Don S. His master! ay, ay! (*aside*)

Fer. I wish he'd own himself, for I'm certain Don Scipio suspects who I am.

Don S. Suspect! I know who you are, (*advancing*) So get into your livery again as fast as you can.

Fer. Ha, my dear friend, Don Scipio, I was——

Don S. Friend! you impudent rascal! I'll break your head if you make so free with me. None of your swaggering, Sirrah.—How the fellow acts, 'twasn't for nothing he was among the strolling players, but harkee, my lad, be quiet, for you're blown here without the help of your trumpet.

Fer. Lord your honor, how came you to know that I am Pedrillo?

Don S. Why I was told of it by your fellow—hold, I must not betray my little dreamer tho' (*aside*) Nomatter who told me;—I—but here comes your master.

Fer. Pedrillo! The fellow will spoil all; I wish I had given him his lesson before I began with Don Scipio. (*aside*)

Don S. I hope he'll now ha' done with his gambols.

Fer.

Fer. Sir, my master is such an obstinate gentleman, as sure as you stand here, he'll still deny himself to be Don Fernando.

Don S. Will he? then I'll write his Father an account of his vagaries.

Enter PEDRILLO.

Ped. Master! shall I shave you this morning?

Don S. Shave! Oh, my dear Sir, time to give over your tricks and fancies.

Ped. (*surprised*) My tricks and fancies!

Fer. Yes Sir, you are found out.

Ped. I am found out!

Don S. So you may as well confess.

Ped. What the devil shall I confess.

Don S. He still persists! Harkee, young gentleman, I'll send your father an account of your pranks, and he'll trim your jacket for you.

Ped. Nay, Sir, for the matter o' that, my father could trim your jacket for you.

Don S. Trim my jacket, young gentleman!

Ped. Why, he's the best taylor in Cordova!

Don S. His father a taylor in Cordova!

Fer. Ay, he'll ruin all—(*aside*) Let me speak to him.—Tell Don Scipio you are the master.
(*apart to Pedrillo*)

Ped. I will, Sir,—Don Scipio you are the master.

Don S. What!

Fer. Stupid dog!—(*apart to Pedrillo*) Say you are Fernando, and I am Pedrillo.

Ped. I will—Sir, you are Fernando, and I am Pedrillo.

Fer. Dull rogue! (*aside*) I told you, Sir, he'd persist in it! (*apart to Don Scipio*)

Don S. Yes, I see it ; but I tell you what Don Fernando——

LORENZA sings without.

My daughter ! don't let your mistress see you any more in this cursed livery.—Look the gentleman, hold up your head—egad, Pedrillo's acting was better than your natural manner.

Fer. Ah, Sir, if you were to see my master drefs'd—the livery makes such an alteration !

Don S. True ! curse the livery.

Ped. It's bad enough ; but my master gives new liveries on his marriage.

Fer. An insensible scoundrel ! (*aside*)

Enter LORENZA.

Lor. Oh, Caro Signor, every body says that you are (*to Fernando*) not Don Fernando.

Don S. Every body's right, for here he stands like a young taylor of Cordova. (*to Pedrillo*)

Lor. Oh, what ? then this is Pedrillo ?

(*to Fernando*)

Fer. At your service, Ma'm. (*bowing*)

Ped. That Pedrillo ! then, who am I ?

Fer. Here rogue, this purse is yours—say you are Don Fernando. (*apart to Pedrillo*)

Ped. Oh, Sir—now I understand you. True, Don Scipio, I am—all that he says.

Don S. Hey ! Now that's right and sensible, and like yourself, but I'll go bustle about our business—for, we'll have all our love affairs settled this evening.

[*Exeunt Don Scipio and Fernando.*]

Lor. So, then, you're to be my husband, ha, ha,

ha, ha! Well, who is to have me, or who am I to have at last? This? (*looking at Pedrillo*) ha, ha, ha! Why this is still worse and worse—every degree of lover farther remov'd from the perfections of my Ramirez.

Ped. Ma'm—wou'd you be so obliging as—to be so kind as—to tell a body what you intend to get talking about now in this here case?

Lor. Ah, Lord! Ha, ha, ha! Why, Signor, I was reflecting what a lucky thing it is for some people that they are born to a great fortune. (*sneeringly*)

Ped. Eh? (*looks grave*) Ha, ha, ha! Ma'am, I'm so puzzld here—that—my brain turns about like a te-to-tum, and I don't know which is coming up, A for all or P. for put down.

Lor. Ha, ha, ha! Will you love me, pray?

Ped. Eh!

Lor. Well, if not I can be as cold as you are indifferent.

AIR.—*Lorenza.*

If I my heart surrender
Be ever fond and tender,
And sweet connubial joys shall crown
Each soft rosy hour,
In pure delight each heart shall own
Love's triumphant pow'r.
See brilliant belles admiring,
See splendid beaux desiring,
All for a smile expiring,
Wheree'r Lorenza moves,
To balls and routs resorting
Oh bliss supreme, transporting!
Yet ogling, flirting, courting,
'Tis you alone that loves.
If I my heart surrender, &c.

[*Exeunt*
SCENE

SCENE III.

*A Vineyard and Cottage.**Enter ALPHONSO, (with a letter.)*

Alph. How cruel is my situation! Though Captain Ramirez has set me at liberty, to what purpose, while my heart is Victoria's prisoner! This generous Ramirez, means well, I believe; but to enter into any league with a man of his description—Can she love this Fernando? With all my ardour of passion, to me she was cold and insensible?—Her marriage with Fernando is determined on; but, if possible, I'll prevent it—Yes, Philippo, the youth of the cottage here shall bear him this challenge.

Enter PHILIPPO from the Cottage, (with a Fruit-basket.)

Pbil. Are you here, Sir! Lord, Senor, why would not you eat some dinner with us?

Alph. Ah, Philippo! were you in love, you'd have little appetite.

Pbil. Why, I like a pretty little girl—ha, ha, ha!—Catalina above at the castle, and next Martlemas I intend to fall in love with her, for then we shall certainly be married—may be—Do step in, Sir, and eat a bit.

Alph. No, no.

Pbil. As nice an Ollo Podrida—

Alph. But where now, Philippo? Going to sell your grapes?

Pbil. Sell! Oh, no, Sir; I am going to make
a present

a present of the earliest and finest clusters to Don Scipio up at the castle.

Alph. Why, you're vastly generous.

Phil. Oh, yes, Sir; I like to make a present to gentlefolks, because they always give me twice the value of 'em; and then my Catalina gives me a kiss—her lips, sweet, soft, and pouting as this plump Muscadel.

AIR.—PHILIPPO.

In autumn ev'ry fruit I see,
Brings Catilina to my mind;
I carve her name on ev'ry tree,
And sing love-sonnets in the rind.

Her forehead as the nectrine sleek,
And brown as hazle-nut her hair is;
The downy peach, her blushing cheek,
Her pouting lips---two May-Duke cherries;

The birds by fairest fruits allur'd,
And I'm sweet Catilina's bird;
I peck, hop, flutter on my spray,
And chirp and carrol all the day.

Alph. Well, Philipppo, you'll find one Don Fernando at the castle and—

Phil. Oh, ay, the great grandee that's to marry Donna Victoria.

Alph. Distraction! (*aside*) Give him this letter from me.

Phil. Yes, Sir, what is't about?

Alph. Ah—its only—an—invitation to Don Fernando and his intended bride to an entertainment I design to give to a few select friends at my villa.

Phil. To a feast, ha, ha!

Alph.

Alph. But stop! Pray, Philippo, do you know who this Captain Ramirez is?

Phil. Don't even know where he lives—sometimes he rides, sometimes he walks,—sometimes he runs here—travels about—Mayhap a hunting in the forest—often takes a bed at our cottage, and he pays so handsome that he's always welcome.

Alph. Ha, ha, ha! Philippo, you're the most generous—disinterested lad! (*gives money*)

Phil. So I am, Sir, (*looking at it*) Good bye!

Alph. You'll deliver my letter.

Phil. Ha, ha, ha! yes, Sir—(*looking at the money*) Ha, ha, ha! to think, Senor, what a pair of lovers you and I be!

AIR DUET.—ALPHONSO and PHILIPPO.

Alph. So faithful to my fair I'll prove,

Phil. So kind and constant to my love,

Alph. I'd never range,

Phil. I'd never change,

Both. Nor time, nor chance, my faith should move;

Phil. No ruby clusters grace the vine,

Alph. Ye sparkling stars forget to shine,

Phil. Sweet flowers to spring,

Alph. Gay birds to sing,

Both. Those hearts then part that love shall join,

[*Exeunt severally.*]

END OF ACT II.

A C T III.

SCENE I.

*The Saloon.**Enter DON SCIPIO and VASQUEZ.*

DON SCIPIO.

D'YE hear, Vasquez, run to Father Benedict, tell him to wipe his chin, go up to the chapel, put on his spectacles, open his Breviary,—find out matrimony, and wait 'till we come to him—
[Exit Vasquez.]

Then hey for a brace of weddings. I wonder is Don Fernando drest—Oh, here comes the servant in his proper habiliments.

Enter FERNANDO in a livery.

Ay, now, my lad, you look something like.

Fer. Yes, your honour, I was quite tired of my grandeur—My passing so well in this disguise gives me a very humble opinion of myself. (*aside*)

Don S. But, Pedrillo, is your master equipp'd! faith, I long to see him in his proper garb.

Fer. Why, no, Sir, we're a little behind hand
with

with our finery on account of a portmanteau of clothes that's mislaid somewhere or other.

Don S. Portmanteau! Oh, it's safe enough—Your fellow servant has it.

Fer. Fellow servant!

Don S. Ay! the little spy has taken it in charge, Oh, here comes the very beagle.

Enter SPADO.

Don S. Well, my little dreamer, look; *Pedrillo* has got into his own cloaths again.

Spa. (*surprised and aside.*) Don Fernando in a livery! or is this really the servant! sure I han't been telling truth all this while! we must face it tho'—Ah, my dear old friend!—Glad to see you yourself again.

[*Shakes hands.*]

Fer. My dear boy, I thank you.—(*aside.*) So, here's an old friend I never saw before.

Don S. Tell *Pedrillo* where you have left your master's portmanteau. While I go lead him in triumph to his bride. [*Exit.*]

Fer. Pray, my good, new, old friend, where has your care deposited this portmanteau?

Spa. Gone! (*looking after Don Scipio.*)

Fer. The portmanteau gone!

Spa. Ay, his senses quite——

Fer. Where's the portmanteau that Don Scipio says you took charge of?

Spa. Portmanteau! Ah, the dear gentleman! Portmanteau did he say? yes, yes, all's over with his poor brain; yesterday his head ran upon purses and trumpeters and the lord knows what, and to-day he talks of nothing but dreamers, spies, and portmanteaus.—Yes, yes, his wits are going.

Fer.

Fer. It must be so, he talk'd to me last night and to-day of I know not what in a strange incoherent stile.

Spa. Grief—all grief.

Fer. If so, this whim of my being Pedrillo, is perhaps the creation of his own brain,—but then, how cou'd it have run thro' the whole family.—This is the first time I ever heard Don Scipio was disorder'd in his mind.

Spa. Ay, we'd all wish to conceal it from your master, least it might induce him to break off the match, for I don't suppose he'd be very ready to marry into a mad family.

Fer. And pray what are you, Sir, in this mad family?

Spa. Don Scipio's own gentleman, these ten years—Yet, you heard him just now call me your fellow servant.—How you did stare when I accosted you as an old acquaintance!—But we always humour him, I shou'd not have contradicted him if he said I was the pope's nuncio.

Fer. (*aside*) Oh, then I don't wonder at Dame Isabel taking advantage of his weakness.

Spa. Another new whim of his,—he has taken a fancy that every body has got a ring from him, which he imagines belong'd to his deceas'd lady.

Fer. True, he asked me something about a ring.

Don S. (*without*) I'll wait on you presently.

Enter DON SCIPIO.

Don S. Ha, Pedrillo, now your disguises are over return me the ring. (*to Fernando*)

Spa. (*apart to Fernando*) You see he's at the ring again.

Don S. Come let me have it, lad, I'll give you something better, but that ring belong'd to my deceas'd lady.

Spa. (to *Fernando*) His deceas'd lady—Ay there's the touch—grief for her death.

Fer. Poor gentleman! (*aside.*)

Don S. Do, let me have it,—Here's five piftoles, and the gold of the ring is not worth a dollar.

Spa. We always humour him, give him this ring and take the money.

[*apart.* gives *Fernando* a ring.

Fer. (presents it to *Don Scipio.*) There, Sir.

Don S. (gives money.) And there, Sir,—Oh you mercenary rascal. (*aside*) I knew it was on the purse I gave you last night in the forest.

Spa. Give me the cash, I must account for his pocket money.

[*apart to and taking the money from Fernando.*

Ped. (without) Pedrillo! Pedrillo! Sirrah!

Don S. Run, don't you hear your master, you brace of rascals?—Fly! [Exit *Spado.*

Don S. (looking out). What an alteration!

Enter Pedrillo richly dress'd.

Ped. (to *Fernando*) How now, Sirrah? loitering here, and leave me to dress myself, hey! (*with great authority.*)

Fer. Sir, I was—(*with humility*)

Ped. Was!—and are—and will be, a lounging rascal, but you fancy you are still in your finery, you idle vagabond!

Don S. Bless me, Don Fernando is very passionate just like his father.

Fer.

Fer. The fellow, I see, will play his part to the top. (*aside*)

Ped. Well, Don Scipio,—A hey! an't I the man for the ladies? I am, for I have studied Ovid's art of Love.

Don S. Yes, and Ovid's Metamorphoses too, ha, ha, ha!

Ped. (*aside*) He, he, he! what a sneaking figure my poor master cuts.—Egad, I'll pay him back all his domineering over me. (*sits*) *Pedrillo?*

Fer. Your honour.

Ped. Fill this box with Naquatoch. [*Gives box.*]

Fer. Yes, Sir. (*going*)

Ped. *Pedrillo!*

Fer. Sir?

Ped. Perfume my handkerchief,

Fer. Yes, Sir. (*going*)

Ped. *Pedrillo.*

Fer. Sir?

Ped. Get me a tooth-pick;

Fer. Yes Sir, (*going*)

Ped. *Pedrillo!*

Fer. (*aside.*) What an impudent dog!—Sir!

Ped. Nothing—Abscond!

Fer. (*aside*) If this be my picture, I blush for the original.

Ped. Master! to be like you, do let me give you one kick. (*aside to Fernando.*)

Fer. What!

Ped. Why, I won't hurt you much.

Fer. I'll break your bones, you villain;

Ped. Ahem, rol de rol.

Don S. *Pedrillo!*

Ped. Sir? (*forgetting himself*)

Fer. (*apart*) What are you at you rascal?

Ped. Ay, what are you at you rascal? avoid!
(*to Fernando*)

Per. I'm gone, Sir. [Exit.]

Ped. Curst ill-natur'd of him, not to let me give him one kick. (*aside*)

Don S. Don Fernando, I like you vastly.

Ped. So you ought.—Tol de rol.—Who cou'd now suspect me to be the son of a taylor, and that four hours ago, I was a footman. (*aside*) Tol de rol.

Don S. Son-in-law, you're a flaming beau!—Egad you have a princely person.

Ped. All the young girls—whenever I got behind—inside of the coach—all the ladies of distinction, whether they were making their beds, or dressing the—dressing themselves at the toilette, wou'd run to the windows,—peep thro' their fingers, their fans, I mean, simper behind their handkerchiefs, and lisp out in the softest, sweetest tones, Oh, dear me, upon my honour and reputation, there is not such a beautiful gentleman in the world, as this same Don Pedrillo—Fernando.

Don S. Ha, ha, ha! can't forget Pedrillo.—But come, ha' done with your Pedrillo's now—Be yourself, son-in-law.

Ped. Yes, I will be yourself's son-in-law, you are sure of that honor, Don Scipio, but pray what fortune am I to have with your daughter? You are a grey-headed old fellow Don Scipio, and by the course of nature, you know you cannot live long.

Don S. Pardon me, Sir, I don't know any such thing.

Ped. So when we put a stone upon your head—

Don S. Put a stone upon my head!

Ped.

Ped. Yes, when you are settled—screwed down, I shall have your daughter to maintain, you know.

Don S. (aside) A narrow-minded spark!

Ped. Not that I wou'd think much of that, I am so generous.

Don S. Yes, generous as a Dutch usurer.

[aside.

Ped. The truth is, Don Scipio—I was always a smart young gentleman.

[Dances and sings.

Don S. Since Don Fernando turns out to be such a coxcomb, faith I'm not sorry that my old child has escap'd him:—A convent itself is better than a marriage with a monkey.—The poor thing's fortune tho'! And then my son—I begin now to think I was too hard upon Cæsar—to compare him with this puppy, but I must forget my Children, Dame Isabel will have me upon no other terms. *(aside.)*

Ped. D'ye hear, Don Scipio, let us have a plentiful feast.

Don S. Was ever such a conceited, empty, impudent—

[Exit.

Ped. Yes, I'm a capital fellow, ha, ha! So my fool of a master sets his wits to work after a poor girl that I am told they are packing into a convent, and he dresses me up as himself to carry the rich heiress. Donna Victoria! Well I'm not a capital fellow! but I was made for a gentleman—gentleman! I'm the neat pattern for a Lord—I have a little honour about me, a bit of love too; ay, and a scrap of courage, perhaps—hem! I wish I'd a rival to try it tho'—od, I think I could fight at any weapon from a needle to a hatchet.

Enter

Enter PHILLIPPO, with a letter and Basket.

Phil. Senor, are you Don Fernando de Zelva?

Ped. Yes, boy.

Phil. Here's a letter for you, Sir, from Don Alphonso.

Ped. I don't know any Don Alphonso, boy. What's the letter about?

Phil. I think, Sir, 'tis to invite you to a feast.

Ped. A feast!—Oh, I recollect now, Don Alphonso, what? my old acquaintance! give it me, boy.

Phil. But, are you sure, Sir, you're Don Fernando?

Ped. Sure, you dog!—don't you think I know myself—let's see, let's see—(*Opens the letter and reads.*)—"Senor, tho' you seem ready to fall to on a love-feast, I hope a small repast in the field won't spoil your stomach"—Oh, this is only a snack before supper.—"I shall be at six o'clock this evening"—You dog it's past six now—"in the meadow near the Cottage of the Vines, where I expect you'll meet me."—Oh dear, I shall be too late!—"As you aspire to Donna Victoria, your sword must be long enough to reach my heart, Alphonso." My sword long enough! (*frightened*) Feast! this is a downright challenge.

Phil. I beg your pardon, Senor, but if I hadn't met my sweetheart, Catalina, you would have had that letter two hours ago.

Ped. Oh, you have given it time enough my brave boy.

Phil.

Phil. Well, Sir, you'll come?

Ped. Eh! Yes, I dare say he'll come.

Phil. He!

Ped. Yes, I'll give it him, my brave boy.

Phil. Him! Sir, didn't you say you were——

Ped. Never fear, child, Don Fernando shall have it.

Phil. Why, Sir, an't you Don Fernando?

Ped. Me, not I, child, no, no. I'm not Fernando, but, my boy, I would go to the feast, but you have delay'd the letter so long, that I have quite lost my appetite—Go, my fine boy.

Phil. Sir, I——

Ped. Go along, child, go! (*puts Philippo off*) however Don Fernando shall attend you—but here comes my spofa——

Enter LORENZA, reading a letter.

“Dearest Lorenza!—By accident I heard of
“your being in the castle—if you don't wish to
“be the instrument of your mother's imposi-
“tion, an impending blow, (which means you
“no harm) “this night shall discover an impor-
“tant secret relative to him who desires to re-
“sign ev'n life itself, if not your RAMIREZ.”

(*Kisses the letter*) I wish to be nothing, if not
your Lorenza; this foolish Fernando! (*looking
at Pedrillo*) but, ha, ha, ha! I'll amuse myself
with him—looks tolerably now he's dress'd, not
so agreeable as my discarded lover Alphonso tho'.
(*aside*)

Ped. I'll accost her with elegance—How do
you do, Senora.

Lor. Very well, Signor, at your service.—
Dresses exactly like Prince Radifocani!

Ped.

Ped. Now I'll pay her a fine compliment—*Señora*, you're a clever little body—Will you sit down, *Señora*? (*hands a chair*)

Lor. So polite too!

Ped. Oh I admire politeness. (*sits*)

Lor. This would not be good manners in Florence tho' Signor.

Ped. Oh! (*rises*) I beg pardon—Well, sit in that chair; I'll assure you, *Donna Victoria*, I don't grudge a little trouble for the sake of good manners. (*places another chair*)

Lor. Voi cettere molto gentile. (*curtsies*)

Ped. Yes, I sit on my seat genteelly—I find I understand a good deal of Italian.—Now to court her, hem! hem! what shall I say? Hang it, I wish my master had gone through the whole business to the very drawing of the curtains.—I believe I ought to kneel tho'.—(*aside*) (*Kneels*) Oh, you most beautiful Goddess, you angelic angel! (*repeats*.)

For you, my fair, I'd be a rose
To bloom beneath that comely nose;
Or, you the flower and I the bee,
My sweets I'd sip from none but thee.
Was I a pen, you paper white,
Ye gods, what billet doux I'd write!
My lips the seal, what am'rous smacks
I'd print on yours, if sealing-wax.
No more I'll say, you stop my breath,
My only life, you'll be my death.

(*rises*.)

—Well said, little *Pedrillo*! (*wipes his knees*)

Lor. There is something in *Don Fernando*'s passion extremely tender, though romantic and extravaganza.

Ped. Oh, for some sweet sounds, *Señora*, if you'll

you'll sing me a song, I'll stay and hear it, I'm so civil.

Lor. With pleasure, Signor.

AIR.—*Lorenza.*

Heart beating,
Repeating,
Vows in palpitation,
Sweetly answers each fond hope;
Prithee leave me,
You'll deceive me
After other beauties running;
Smiles so roguish, eyes so cunning
Shew where points the inclination. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Gallery in the Castle.

Enter FERNANDO, ALPHONSO and VICTORIA.

Fer. Give me joy, Alphonso, father Benedict in this dear and wish'd for union has this moment made me the happiest of mankind.

Alph. Then it is certain all you have told me of my Victoria?

Vic. True indeed, Alphonso, that name really belongs to me.

Alph. No matter, as neither lineage, name or fortune caught my heart, let her forfeit all, she is still dear to her Alphonso.

Fer. Courage, I'll answer you shall be no exception to the general joy of this happy night.

VOL. I.

Z.

Alph.

Alph. Happy, indeed, if blest with my Lorenza.

AIR.—*Alphonso.*

Come ye hours, with bliss replete,
Bear me to my charmer's feet!
Cheerless winter must I prove,
Absent from the maid I love;
But the joys our meetings bring
Shew the glad return of spring.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A view of the outside of the Castle, with Meat and Drawbridge.

Enter DON CÆSAR, and SPADO.

Don C. You gave my letter to the lady?

Spa. Yes, I did, Captain Ramirez.

Don C. Lucky she knows me only by that name. (*aside*)

AIR.—*Don Cesar.*

The Billet Doux, ah, didst thou bear,
To my Lorenza charming fair?
I see how look'd the modest maid,
I hear the gentle things she said.
The mantling blood her cheek forsakes,
But quick returns the rosy hue;
With trembling haste the seal she breaks,
And reads my tender Billet Doux.

The Billet Doux when I receive,
I press it to my throbbing heart;
Sweet words I cry, such joys you give,
Oh, never never thence depart.

And

And now it to my lips is prest,
But when the magic name I view,
Again I clasp it to my breast,
My fond, my tender Billet Doux!

Spa. A love-affair, hey,—Oh, fly!

Don C. Hush! Mind you let us all in by the little wicket in the east rampart.

Spa. I'll let you in, Captain, and a banditti is like a cat, where the head can get in the body will follow.

Don C. Soft! Letting down the drawbridge for me now, may attract observation. (*looking out*) Yonder I can cross the moat.

Spa. But my dear Captain! If you fall into the water, you may take cold.—I wish you were at the bottom with a stone about your neck.
(*aside*)

AIR.—*Don Caesar.*

At the peaceful midnight hour,
Ev'ry sense, and ev'ry pow'r,
Fetter'd lies in downy sleep;
Then our careful watch we keep;
While the wolf in nightly prow,
Bays the moon with hideous howl,
Gates are barr'd, a vain resistance!
Females shriek; but no assistance,
Silence, or you meet your fate;
Your keys, your jewels, cash and plate;
Locks, bolts, bars, soon fly asunder,
Then to rifle, rob and plunder.

[*Exit Don Caesar.*]

Spa. I see how this is—our Captain's to carry off the lady and my brethren all the booty, what's left for me then? No, devil a bit they'll give me—Oh, I must take care to help myself in time—Got nothing yet but that portmantau,

teau, a few silver spoons and tops of pepper-casters; let's see, I've my tools here still—(*takes out pistols*) I'll try and secure a little before these fellows come, and make a general sweep—Eh, (*looks out*) My made-up Fernando! [*Retires.*]

Enter PEDRILLO.

Ped. He, he, he! Yes, my master has certainly married the little nunnery-girl—Ha, ha, ha! Don Alphonso to demand satisfaction of me! no, no, Don Fernando is a master for the gentlemen, I am a man for the ladies.

AIR.—Pedrillo.

A soldier I am for a lady,
 What beau was e'er arm'd compleater?
 When face to face,
 Her chamber the place,
 I'm able and willing to meet her.
 Gad's curse, my dear lasses, I'm ready
 To give you all satisfaction;
 I am the man
 For the crack of your fan,
 Tho' I die at your feet in the action.
 Your bobbins may beat up a row-de-dow,
 Your lap-dog may out with his bow-wow-wow,
 The challenge in love,
 I take up the glove,
 Tho' I die at your feet in the action.

Spa. (advances) That's a fine song, Senor.

Ped. Hey! did you hear me sing?

Spa. I did, 'twas charming.

Ped. Then take a pinch of my Macquabah.

(*offers, Spado takes.*)

Spa. Now, Senor, you'll please to discharge my little bill.

Ped.

Ped. Bill! I don't owe you any——

Spa. Yes, you do, Sir; recollect, didn't you ever hire any thing of me?

Ped. Me! no!

Spa. Oh, yes; I lent you the use of my two fine ears to hear your song, and the use of my most capital nose to snuff up your Macquabah.

Ped. Eh! what do you hire out your senses and organs.

Spa. Yes, and if you don't instantly pay the hire, I'll strike up a symphonia on this little barrel-organ here. (*shows a pistol*)

Ped. Hold, my dear Sir—there—(*gives money*) I refuse to pay my debts!—Sir, I'm the most punctual—(*frighten'd*) but if you please, rather than hire them again, I'd chuse to buy your fine nose and your capital ears out and out.

Spa. Hark'ee (*in a low tone*) You owe your Donship to a fineffe of mine, so mention this, and you are undone, Sirrah!

Ped. Sir! (*frighten'd*) Dear Sir! (*Spado presents pistol*)—Oh, lord, Sir! [*Exit.*

Spa. Ha, ha, ha! They call me little Spado—why I am not big but even Sanguino allow'd I was a clever little fellow. Astonishing how a soul like mine, cou'd be pack'd in so small a compass, but if worth is to be estimated by bulk, then must the Orient pearl give way to the goose's egg, and the moss rose to the red cabbage.

AIR.—*Spado.*

Tho' born to be little's my fate,
Why so was the great Alexander;
And when I march under a gate,
I've no need to stoop like a gander;

I'm

I'm no linkum long hoddy-doddy,
 Whose paper kite sails in the sky;
 If two feet I want in my body,
 In soul I am thirty feet high!

II.

Sweet las, of sweet love can you fail,
 With such a compact little lovy?
 Tho' no one can taste the big whale,
 All relish the little anchovy.
 The eagle, tho' for an high flyer,
 Of fine-feather'd fowl is the crack,
 Yet when he cou'd fly up no higher,
 The little wren jump'd on his back.

Enter PHILIPPO towards the close of the air.

Phil. Lord, Sir! I do vastly like your singing.

Spa. Oh, then you heard my fine song.

Phil. Yes, Sir.

Spa. How did you get in?

Phil. In!

Spa. Did you pay at the door?

Phil. What door, Sir?

Spa. What door, Sir! the door of this spacious theatre.

Phil. Theatre! Lord, Sir, are'nt we out in the open air?

Spa. You little equivocating sneaking scoundrel! wou'd you cheat, defraud a man of genius out of the reward of his talents?—What, hear my sweet song, and not pay for your music.

Phil. Pay!

Spa. O, ho! I see somebody's likely to be robb'd here! Look'e friend, I'm not to be bilk'd, so if you don't this instant pay, I must discharge

discharge my door-keeper, here he is—(*shews a pistol*)

Phil. (*crying*) And must I give all the money Don Scipio gave me for my whole basket of grapes. (*gives money*) A plague o' your musick! Oh, oh! [*Exit crying.*]

Spa. What, you villain! I suspect presently this house will be too hot for me, yet the devil tempts me strongly to venture in once more, if I cou'd but pick up a few more articles—Ecod, I'll venture, tho' I feel an ugly sort of tickling under my left ear—Oh, poor Spado! [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV; *and last.*

A Hall in the Castle.

Enter SPADO.

Spa. So many eyes about—I can do nothing; if I cou'd but raise a commotion to employ their attention—Oh! here's Don Juan, father to Fernando, just arriv'd—Yes, to mix up a fine confusion now—aye, that's the time to pick up the loose things—but hold, I am told this Don Juan is very passionate—heh! to set him and Don Scipio together by the ears—Ears!—I have it.

Enter DON JUAN in a travelling dress, and Servant.

Don J. My coming will surprize my son Fernando, and Don Scipio too—tell him, I'm here—I hope I'm time enough for the wedding. [*Exit Serv.*]

Spa. A grim looking old gentleman!

(*Bows obsequiously.*)

Don J.

Don J. Who's dog are you ?

Spa. How do you do, Senor ?

Don J. Why, are you a physician ?

Spa. Me a physician ! Alack-a-day, no, your honour, I am poor Spado.

Don J. Where's Don Scipio ? What is this his hospitality ? he has heard that I am here ?

Spa. He hear ! Ah, poor gentleman—hear ! his misfortune !

Don J. Misfortune ! what, he's married again ?

Spa. At the brink.

Don J. Marry and near threescore, what, has he lost his senses ?

Spa. He has lost nearly one, Sir.

Don J. But where is he ? I want to ask him about it.

Spa. Ask, then you must speak very loud, Sir.

Don J. Why, is he deaf ?

Spa. Almost Sir, the dear gentleman can scarce hear a word.

Don J. Ah, poor fellow ! Hey ! Isn't yonder my son ? (*walks up.*)

Spa. Now if I could bring the old ones together, I shouldn't doubt of a quarrel.

Enter DON SCIPIO.

Don S. Ah, here's my friend Don Juan ! Spado, I hope he han't heard of his son's pranks !

Spa. Hear ! Ah, poor Don Juan's hearing ! I've been roaring to him these five minutes.

Don S. Roaring to him !

Spa. He's almost deaf.

Don S. Bless me !

Spa. You must bellow to him like a speaking-trumpet.

[*Exit Spado.*

Don S.

Don S. (*very loud.*) Don Juan, you are welcome.

Don J. (*starting.*) Hey! Strange that your deaf people always speak loud—(*very loud.*) I'm very glad to see you, Don Scipio.

Don S. When people are deaf themselves, they think every body else is so—How long have you been this way. (*bawling.*)

Don J. Just arriv'd. (*bawling in his ear.*)

Don S. I mean as to the hearing?

[*Very loud.*

Don J. Aye, I find it's very bad with you. (*bawling.*) I shall roar myself as hoarse as a raven.

Don S. My lungs can't hold out a conversation: I must speak by signs— (*makes signs*)

Don J. What now, are you dumb too?

Enter VASQUEZ. *Whispers* Don SCIPIO.

Don S. Oh, you may speak out, nobody can hear but me.

Don J. [*to Vasquez*] Pray, is this crazy fool your master here going to be married?

Don S. What! (*surprised.*)

Vas. Don Fernando wou'd speak with you, Sir. (*to Don Scipio.*)

[*Exit VASQUEZ.*

Don S. I wish he'd come here, and speak, to this old blockhead his father—Don Juan, you are welcome to my house—but I wish you had staid at home. (*in a low tone.*)

Don J. I am—much oblig'd to you. (*enraged*)

Don S. You'll soon see your son: as great an ass as yourself. (*in a low tone.*)

Don J. An ass! you shall find me a tyger, you old whelp!

Don S. Why, zounds, you're not deaf!

Don J. A mad—ridiculous!—

Enter FERNANDO and VICTORIA.

Fernando ! hey, boy, what dress is this ?

Fer. My father—Sit—I—I---

Don S. (to Victoria.) What are you doing with that fellow ?

Vic. Your pardon, dearest father, when I own that he is now my husband.

Don S. By this ruin, this eternal disgrace upon my house am I punish'd for my unjust severity to my poor son---married to that rascal.

Don J. Call my son, a rascal !

Don S. Zounds, man ! who's thinking of your son ? But this fellow to marry the girl and disgrace my family.

Don J. Disgrace ! He has honoured your family, you crack-brained old fool !

Don S. A footman honour my family, you superannuated deaf old ideot !

Enter Dame ISABEL.

Oh, Dame, fine doings ! Pedrillo here has married my daughter.

Don J. But why this disguise---what is all this about ? tell me, Fernando.

Isa. What, is this really Don Fernando ?

Don S. Do you say so, Don Juan ?

Don J. To be sure.

Don S. Hey ! then, Dame, your daughter is left to the valet---no fault of mine tho'.

Isa. What a vile contrivance ?

Fer. No, Madam, your's was the contrivance, which love and accident have counteracted in justice to this injured lady.

Isa. Oh, that villain Spado.

Don J. Spado ! why that's he that told me you were deaf.

Don S.

Don S. Why, he made me believe you cou'd not hear a word.

Isa. And led me into this unlucky error.

[*Exit ISABELLA:*

Don J. Oh, what a lying scoundrel !

Enter SPADO. (behind.)

Spa. I wonder how my work goes on here !
(*Roars in Don JUAN's ear.*) I give you joy, Sir.

Don J. I'll give you sorrow, you rascal !

(*beats him.*)

Don S. I'll have you hang'd, you villain !

Spa. Hang'd ! dear Sir, 'twould be the death of me.

Ped. (without.) Come along, my Cara Spofa---
tol-de-rol---(*Enters*) How do you do, boys and girls---Zounds ! my old master !

Don J. Pedrillo ! hey day ! here's finery !

Ped. I must brazen it out : Ah, Don Juan, my worthy dad !

Don J. Why, what in the name of---but I'll beat you to a mummy, firrah !

Ped. Don't do that---I'm going to be married to an heiress, so mustn't be beat to a mummy---
Lady stand before me, (*gets behind Victoria*) .

Don J. Let me come at him.

Spa. Stay where you are, he don't want you.

Spa. Dear Sir.

Don S. Patience, Don Juan, your son has got my daughter, so our contract's fulfill'd.

Don J. Yes, Sir ; but who's to satisfy me for your intended affront, hey !

Don S. How shall I get out of this---I'll revenge all upon you, you little rascal ! to prison you go---Here, a brace of Alguazils, and a pair of hand-cuffs.

Spa. For me ! the best friend you have in the world !

Don S. Friend, that shan't save your neck.

Spa. Why I've sav'd your throat.

Don S. How, Sirrah ?

Spa. Only two of the banditti here in the castle this morning.

Don S. Oh, dear me !

Spa. But I got 'em out.

Don S. How, how !

Spa. I told 'em they should come and murder you this evening.

Don S. Much oblig'd to you.---Oh, lord !

[*A crash and tumultuous noise without, banditti rush in arm'd, Don Cæsar at their head, Fernando draws and stands before Victoria.*]

Band. This way !

Don S. Oh, ruin ! I'm a miserable old man ! Where's now my Cæsar, if I hadn't banish'd him I should now have a protector in my child.

Don C. Then you shall—Hold ! (*to Banditti*) My father ! (*kneels to Don Scipio.*)

Don S. How ! Cæsar !

Don C. Yes, Sir—drove to desperation by—my follies were my own---but my vices——

Don S. Were the consequence of my rigour---My child ! let these tears wash away the remembrance of the past.

Don C. My father ! I am unworthy of this goodness---I confess ev'n now I entered the castle with an impious determination to extort by force---

Sang. Captain, we didn't come here to talk---Give the word for plunder.

Band. Aye, plunder ! (*very tumultuous.*)

Don C. Hold !

Spa. Captain, let's have a choice rumaging. (*cocks his pistol.*)

Ped.

Ped. Oh, Lord ! there's the barrel-organ !

Don C. Stop ! hold ! I command you.

Don S. Oh, heav'ns then is Ramirez the terrible Captain of the cut-throats, the grand tyger of the cave ?—but all my fault ! the un-natural parent should be punish'd in a rebellious child ! My life is yours.

Don C. And I'll preserve it as my own. Retire and wait your orders.

[*Exeunt all Banditti but Spado.*]

Don S. What, then, you are my protector. My dear boy ! Forgive me ! I, I, I pardon all.

Don C. Then, Sir, I shall first beg it for my companions, if reclaim'd by the example of their leader, their future lives shew them worthy of mercy, if not, with mine let them be forfeit to the hand of justice.

Don S. Some, I believe, may go up—Eh ; little Spado, could you dance upon nothing ?

Spa. Yes, Sir ; but our captain, your son must lead up the ball. (*Bows.*)

Don S. Ha, ha, ha ; Well, though ill-bellow'd, I must try my interest at Madrid. Children, I ask your pardon ; forgive me Victoria ; and take my blessing in return.

Vic. And do you, Sir, acknowledge me for your child ?

Don S. I do, I do, and my future kindness shall make amends for my past cruelty.

Ped. Ha, here comes my sposa---Eh ! got a Cicesbeo already ?

Enter ALPHONSO and LORENZA.

Don C. My beloved Lorenza ! (*They Embrace.*)

Lor. My dearest.

Alph.

Alph. My good Captain! as I knew this Lady only by the name of Victoria, you little imagined in your friendly promises to me, you were giving away your Lorenza; but, had I then known we both loved the same mistress, I should e're now have relinquished my pretensions.

Lor. My good-natured Alphonso! Accept my gratitude, my esteem, but my love is, and ever was, in the possession of—Don Cæsar.

Don C. Dear father, this is the individual Lady whose beauty, grace, and angelic voice, captivated my soul at Florence; if she can abase her spotless mind to think upon a wretch degraded by his lawless irregularities, accompany her pardon with your approbation to our union.

Lor. My Cæsar! let every look be forward to happiness.

DUET—*Cæsar and Lorenza.*

My soul, my life, my love how great!
Sweet flower so long neglected,
Our joys are rapture when we meet,
A blessing unexpected.

The envious clouds now chase away,
Behold the radiant god of day,
Arise with light eternal crown'd,
To guild the glorious landscape round.

Don S. Isabel has been too good, and I too bad a parent! ha, ha, ha! then fate has decreed you are to be my daughter some way or other. Eh, Signora.

Ped. Yes, but has fate decreed that my spousa is to be another man's wife?

Spa. And, Sir, (*to Scipio.*) if fate has decreed that your son is not to be hanged, let the indulgence extend to the humblest of his followers. (*Bows.*)

Don S.

Don S. Ha, ha, ha! Well, tho' I believe you a great, little rogue, yet it seems you have been the instrument of bringing about things just as they should be.

Don J. They are not as they should be, and I tell you again, Don Scipio, I will have,—

Don S. Well, and shall have—a bottle of the best wine in Andalusia, sparkling Muscadel, bright as Victoria's eye, and sweet as Lorenza's lip; hey, now for our brace of Weddings—where are the violins, lutes, and cymbals? I say let us be merry in future, and past faults, our good-humour'd friends will forget and forgive.

FINALE.—GLEE.

Social powers at pleasure's call
Welcome here to Hymen's hall;
Bacchus, Ceres, bless the feast,
Momus lend the sprightly jest,
Songs of joy elate the soul,
Hebe fill the rosy bowl,
Every chaste and dear delight,
Crown with joy this happy night.

THE END.

...the fact that I believe
...and you have
...of things

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1950

LE
GRENADIER.

IN THREE PARTS.

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN 1789.

THE MUSICK BY MR. SHIELD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Count Clementin, Mr. BANNISTER.
Count de Lorge,
Governor of the Bastille,
M. Pincemaille,
Dubois (a Grenadier, son to Ambroise), Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Acorn (an Englishman),
Martin, (a Soldier), Mr. DUFFY.
Ambroise (a veteran Officer), Mr. DARLEY.
Austin (a Priest), Mr. POWELL.
Arnold (an Exempt),
Robert (an Invalid),
Savetier (a Cobler), Mr. EDWIN.
Thomas { (Children of the Military }
Jaques { School, and sons to Am- }
broise), }
Alderfeldt (an Officer in the German
service),
Pere Anthony (a Brother of St. Lazare),
Madame Clementine, Miss PLATT.
Henriette, Mrs. MOUNTAIN.
Alice,
Madelaine, Mrs. MARTYR.

Friars of all orders, German Guards, French Guards,
Invalids, Noblesse, Citizens, Children of the De-
pôt des gardes Françaises, Peasants, Jailors,
Exempts, Women, Children, Prisoners, &c.

SCENE, Paris.

LE
GRENADIER.

PART I.

SCENE I.

A view near Menilmontant in the vicinity of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine; on one side Madame Clementine's House—A Court and Gate on the other—a Tree with a Seat under it near the front.

ENTER Thomas and Jaques hand in hand, in their uniforms—they look, laugh and jump with great joy; then run and hide behind a tree, and archly peep out.

Enter Amb. oise—looks about him for Thomas and Jaques—they suddenly start out from behind the tree, and with joy spring into his arms.

Enter Dubois—Tender and affectionate to his father and brothers, who bring Ambroise off with great glee.—Henriette appears at a window of Madame Clementine's house, smiles at Dubois; he salutes respectfully; she enters hastily from the house through the gate—Dubois with gallantry and complaisance invites her to sit down

on the seat under the tree; he passionate and tender; she listens with affection.

AIR.—*Dubois.*

Hark to the tinkling of yon brook,
Upon it's flow'ry margin look;
Thro' this green mead, tho' free to stray,
While you are here it seems to say,
In plaintive murmurs, Let me stay,
Ah cruel Seine why ask me yet,
I cannot leave sweet Henriette.

II.

For thee my fair the violets spring,
To please my love, the sweet birds sing;
Or was't thy thrilling voice dear maid?
No, Cupid calls from yonder shade,
And he must ever be obey'd.
Beneath that tree the loves are met,
And there I'll court my Henriette.

III.

To look around thro' all mankind,
Some darling passion sways the mind.
The greedy miser pants for gold,
A nation's for ambition fold,
And fame leads on the soldier bold.
Fame, gold, ambition, all are met,
In one sweet smile from Henriette.

He leads her to the bench; they sit.—Distant shouts—Dubois and Henriette listen.

Enter Martin.—Acquaints Dubois that the people are assembling to repair to M. Pincemaile's house, with design to make him give up his monopolized corn. Dubois draws his sword.—Henriette endeavours to dissuade him from going; they part tenderly. [*Exit Dubois and Martin.* The former in his ardour having forgot his mus-
quet

quet and grenadier's hat on the bench. Henriette distressed.

Enter Madame Clementine from the house, introducing the Governor; presents him to Henriette as a lover. She rejects him with disdain. He entreats Madame Clementine to interpose her authority in his favor; this she declines, unwilling to force her daughter's inclinations. The Governor looking on the bench, sees Dubois' hat with the national green cockade and the musquet, snatches up the hat in great fury, upbraids Henriette with giving the preference to so mean a rival, tears out the cockade, throws it on the ground, and treads on it.—Madame Clementine with indignation against the Governor, picks up the cockade, presents it to her daughter, commands her to wear it next her heart, and desires the Governor to see Henriette no more.—He greatly enraged, still having Dubois' hat in his hand, who returns for his musquet, sees the hat and claims it.—Madame Clementine points to the cockade in Henriette's breast, asking him if it is his; he acknowledges it.—Madame Clementine with great joy looks on Du Bois, authorises Henriette to receive his addresses.—The Governor filled with much anger and contempt seems greatly mortified.—Shouting without; the Governor alarm'd; Dubois smiles at him with exultation, acquaints Madame Clementine that the people are going to break open Pincemaille's granaries, and distribute to the poor the corn at a reasonable price.

[*Exit the Governor hastily and agitated.*]

Madame Clementine with spirit, encourages Du Bois to go and assist the people, to which Henriette with reluctance agrees.—

DUET.

DUET.

Henriette and Dubois.

Hen. Generous soldier do not go
To fight, when there's no foreign foe.

Dub. Do not wrong the glorious cause,
Against the abuse but not the laws.
At first the godlike flame began,
To give mankind the claims of Man.

Hen. My fears such boding ills presage,
Blest Angels still my soldier guard;
A nation's good his thoughts engage,
A nation's praise the bright reward.

Dub. Sweetest, best, of womankind,
Sooth my love thy troubl'd mind;
When tempestuous tumults roll,
This assurance calm thy soul.
Thy Guillaume scorns a rebel's name,
Nor treason stain his sword with shame.

Hen. Ah me!

Dub. My Henriette!

Hen. Go----

Dub. The proud humanity shall know.]
With patriotic zeal I burn.

Hen. Go, and in civic wreaths return,

[*Exit Dubois.*

Shouts encrease.

Madame Clementine looks after him with joy
and zeal: Henriette expressing doubts and fears
for his safety, determines to follow. Madame
Clementine cheers her.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

A street before Pincemaille's magazine.

People of all description, men, women, and children forcibly carrying sacks of flour from it. Acorn conspicuously active. *Enter Pincemaille* at the side in rage and sorrow, endeavours in vain to prevent them, runs in despair imploring the several characters, as they are carrying off the flour; they deride him and still proceed. *Enter Alderfelt* with a body of the Royal Allemande. *Pincemaille*, gives them all money, beseeching him to oppose the plunder of his granary: they attack the people, recover great part of the flour and replace it in the house. *Pincemaille* with joy spirits them up. *Enter Dubois and Martin* heading a party of grenadiers with the national cockades. They engage the Royal Allemande with great vigour, oblige them to retire, the people rally, headed by Acorn, again seize the corn and bear it off with acclamations. *Enter Henriette*, joyful to find Dubois safe, they embrace. *Re-enter Acorn*, shakes Dubois heartily by the hand and applauds his valour. *Enter Madame Clementine and Austin*, she addresses Dubois with great affection and praise for his last action. *Enter* several old people meagre and wretched, they return thanks to Dubois. Madame Clementine comments on their misery to Pincemaille, upbraids him as the cause; then looking on the granary with the doors broke open, turns and smiles on Pincemaille with contempt and exultation at this piece of justice for his trampling on the national cockade, and his oppression of the poor; gives Henriette's hand to Dubois. *Enter Martin* and
some

some respectable citizens. They give Pincemaille a written paper and a bag of money, gold, silver, and copper, the produce of his flour, which they had sold at the halle at a moderate price to the poor: Pincemaille with rage flings it on the ground. Dubois takes it up and gives it to the poor people. Pincemaille endeavours to take it from them, but is prevented by Acorn, who puts them off. Pincemaille with frantic rage pointing to the granary threatens revenge upon 'em all. This at last irritates the soldiers; they rush on, seize him, and Martin makes a stroke of his sword as to behead him, but his life is spared by the intercession of Henriette and Madame Clementine, who are led off by Dubois. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Le Palais Royal. Sieur Curtius's cabinet of wax-work conspicuous.

Enter citizens and people of all ranks expressing silent sorrow. Some go to Sieur Curtius's cabinet he enters from it. They demand the wax busts of the Duc D'Orleans and M. Necker, he brings them out, the people cover part of them with black crape, carry them high over their heads, they all take off their hats and huzza. Enter Martin and his party of French grenadiers. They join with the people in doing honours to the two busts.

[Exeunt shouting.]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A Street.—Savetier discover'd in his stall, working, singing and drinking.

Sav. I have just finish'd my work—(*takes up a bottle.—Goes to fill out a glass.*)—Yes I have finish'd (*Turns the bottle up*). Some man they say, roll'd a stone up a hill, and no sooner up than it roll'd down: so there was all that lads work to do over again—now when I empty the bottle it stays empty—tho' I have no objection to do all that work over again. I'd take a nap if I thought nobody would attack my property.—(*Tawns and falls asleep.*)

Enter MADELAINE with a Basket of Flowers.

Mad. Achetez ma belle Rose, mon beaux. Jasmin D'espagne, ma belle Giroflee blanche me beaux oieletts deux.

AIR.—*Madelaine.*

Mad. Mes beaux oieletts doux---come my pretty pinks
buy,
How brilliant the season, how sweet is the cry,
The Lady, the Bishop, the Count and Marquis;
The Pinks of gay Paris, their pinks buy of me;
They always pay double, yet smile on me too,
When they hear the sweet cry of my beaux oieletts
doux.

II.

To the gard'ner I offer my money to pay,
For the pinks I buy of him; my dear he says nay;
Since I saw your lov'd foot when you stepp'd o'er
yon stile;
I'd give my whole garden to you for a smile.
At his word I then took him, with dear Sir, adieu,
Yet I paid him his smile---and then beaux oieletts
doux.

III

A very fine Lord ; but a vile naughty man,
 Would purchase my pinks—but my person trepan;
 He took out his snuff-box, and cried with an air,
 “ Ah ma chere mon ange ; you are devilish fair.”
 He fain would have kiss’d me.—I cried taisez vous,
 Yet his Louis I took, and then beaux oillets doux.

Ay, if my drunken husband was as industrious as I am, we should live as happy as any couple in the Fauxbuorg St. Antoine.—Lord if he isn’t fallen asleep—(*looking at him.*) Why you lazy devil.—Here’s a dainty husband for such a pretty girl as me !—I’ve heard of one Miss Venus that us’d to sell myrtles, she married a Mr. Vulcan, a blacksmith.—I’m sure I’ve made a mere Venus of myself to marry a cobbler ; why Savetier ! Savetier ! here’s a bit of sweet briar for you my dear, the patriotic colour—My Hero, and a nettle for you my darling—(*pats him with the flowers.*)

Sav. (*Starting out of his sleep.*) My property. Heels, soles, shoes, pumps, straps, lapstone, ends and pegging-awls !

Mad. Ha, ha, ha !

Sav. Oh, wife is it you. (*Yawns, gets out of his stall.*)—Oh you awoke me from the sweetest dream.—

Mad. Ay, but are your children to get bread by your dreaming ?

Sav. My dear, I thought :—Kiss me Madeleine.

Mad. You’re not so fond of kissing in the house that you shou’d get to it in the open streets.

Sav. Such a dream ! I thought that I was Arch Bishop of Paris, that I was preaching a sermon at Notre Dame, and that as I was explicatifying on the text, flourishing my arms over my head
 like

like a mad kettle drummer, and beating the unfortunate cushion with as little mercy as if it was my own poor lapstone.—Out flies from one of my sleeves a slipper of the Queens, it skims round the church; the piqued toe hits the king in the eye, whizzing down, knock'd the sceptre out of his left hand into his right; rebounding up at the breast of the Governor of the Bastile flaps off his upper button, and striking the elbow of an English baker, with an oak stick in his fist, it fell on the toupee of Dubois the grenadier, and it instantly sprouted into green leaves round his forehead; and my dear Madelaine, as you were offering me one of your sweet roses, I thought at that moment in stepped the devil.—*(Enter Pere Anthony)* He! he! he! wife, did you ever see any thing so apropos.

Ant. Save you.

Sav. Ay save us from thee.—If I had mention'd the black gentleman sooner, I should have been cut off in the middle of my dream—he! he! he!—talk of the—he! he! he!—and—he! he! he! *(looks at father Anthony significantly.)*

Mad. Throw out such inunendes upon his reverence. Oh! upon my reputation my dear—you are a reprobate.

Ant. Madelaine you have confessed but twelve times since Easter.

Mad. Oh holy father, my husband here is the worst man.—

Sav. You jade confess your own wickedness and never mind mine.

Ant. Come with me child and let his sins fall upon his own head.

Sav. If she goes with you I am afraid her sins will fall upon my head.

Mad. Why husband do you know what a Friar is? Dont you know he can punish you—bring you into the church.

Sav. Ay and let him bring my stall into his church and then I'll be a Prebend.

Mad. Do you hear him Father? he's the most cursedest—do you know—

AIR—*Savetier.*

Gay|friends we'll have a jovial bout,
Our wine and care dispatching,
And he that's fad, why, turn him out,
For grief they say is catching.

Then shake your heel and shake your toe,
Since freedom there's rare news of,
We'll now kick high, and now kick low,
And kick our wooden shoes off.

And where they'll drop, may puzzle all,
The doctors of the Sorbonne,
The globe turns round and let them fall
Upon a Turkish turban.

The selfish patriot may prate
Of King and people vapour,
Let nothing trouble now your pate
But how to cut a caper.
Then shake your heel, &c.

Exeunt.

SCENE V.

La Place Louis XV. the Garden and Palace of the Tbuleries with the Pont Tournant in view.

Enter Guards and people with the bufts. A state sedan

sedan chair, brought on preceded by footmen in green laced liveries, the people surround the chair, draw the curtains, finding it open, they break it to pieces, and seize the footmen, one of whom looking at the people's green cockade sneeringly remarks, that with all their patriotism they wear the livery of the Count, they look at his coat and then tear out their cockades, fling them away; some rush into the milliners shops and return instantly with red and blue cockades, which they put in their hats.

[*Exit in tumult.*]

Enter SAVETIER MADELAINE and PERE ANTHONY.

Savetier seems seized with ardour—discontented with his dress—*Madelaine* weeps—*Pere Anthony* comforts, and in condolence takes her off.

Enter a concourse of people with wheelbarrows, pick-axes, shovels, &c. &c. shouts of "Au champs de Mars."

AIR.—*Savetier.*

Come men and boys, widows and maids,
For fiddles quit musket and trigger,
Since Sire is now King of Spades,
Each noble should turn turf digger.
The altar we'll raise in the field,
The heavens our pæns shall greet,
For power got tipsey and reel'd
And tumbled at liberty's feet.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE VI.

*Le Rue Richleau.**Enter People carrying the Bust in triumph.**Enter SAVETIER, dressed in Regimentals, a label on his back, "Un Capitaine a Louer."*

AIR—Savetier.

Tho some me a cobler will call,
 I was a neat fletcher of pumps,
 At last I left hammer and awl,
 And now I'm a dealer in thumps.
 I've taken such courage of late,
 Nor Gentles nor Nobles I dreads;
 I've leather'd the feet of the great,
 And now Sir, I'll leather their heads.
 Hah ! Faralibobette,
 Faralibobo,
 Savatt Form Selette,
 Sabre tire Marteau,
 Faralibobette.
 Faralibobo.

II.

With lapstone I'll bang the Bastile,
 Then Instep the Master to vamp,
 His foul case I'll tap on the heel,
 And I'll make him kick out at the lamp.
 My business of late so decay'd,
 No cash could I raise for the booze,
 But I'll soon have a flourishing trade,
 Since no more we shall wear wooden shoes.
 Hah ! Fara. &c.

III.

My wax end I'll give to the Pope,
 To the German I'll give a few knocks,
 An Irishman taught me to tope,
 And an English Jew learn'd me to box.

For

For liberty now I will fight,
 When I can't I'll perhaps run away,
 I'm Crispin Swifts, Hector so tight,
 Cobler, captain for all that will pay.
 Hah ! Fara. &c.

Enter ALDERFELT, and the Royal Alemande, some of them throw out gibes at the busts, are reproved by Robert, he's push'd down, one of the Germans makes a stroke with his sword at one of the busts, it's broken, the people incensed, attack the Soldiers, with stones, clubs, &c.---Musquetry is heard without---Alarm bell rings and a general cry "Aux Armes."---German Guards are driving off the people.---Enter Dubois and Martin heading a party of grenadiers, with national cockades, (blue and red,) they engage the Royal Allemande with vigour---oblige them to retire.---

Enter Henriette, Madame Clementine and Austin. Procession of men and women, as to the marriage of Dubois and Henriette.

AIR and CHORUS.

Gentle Venus for a while
 Calm the tumult with a smile,
 Let no care disturb the rite,
 Bless with joy the wedding night.

Women. So brave is the youth !

Men. And so handsome the maid.

Women. 'Tis valour.

Men. 'Tis beauty.

All. Now call for thy aid.

Chorus. Yet if the storm needs must blow,
 And dangers fierce impending ;

Women. He courage has to strike the foe,

Men. She beauty worth defending.

Chorus. Yet if the storm, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

The procession led by Austin, as to the marriage of Henriette and Dubois.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

PART II.

SCENE I.

The Boulevards, with a View of the Dépôt des Gardes Francoise's.

THOMAS, Jaques, and the other children of the school armed and in uniforms, drawn up before it. Ambroise standing before them shouldering a large stick.

AIR—*Ambroise.*

Come, Come to your arms my boys,
Your firelocks poize,

Shoulder,
Bolder,

With your quick manœuvre charm each beholder,
Ground! Fort Bien! recover!

A petit paté! when exercise is over,
Alons,

Charge---present---Fire---Bon!

(The Children Exercise.)

Enter

*Enter MADAME CLEMENTINE, DUBOIS,
HENRIETTE, &c.*

Dubois takes Jaques and Thomas by the hand and introduces them to Madame Clementine and Henriette as his brothers.—The Ladies present Ambroise and all the Children with National Cockades, they put them in their hats and huzza ! Dubois and the Ladies desire the Children to retire into the school out of the way of danger, they assent, break their ranks, play and walk about promiscuously—Dubois and the Ladies take a tender leave of Thomas and Jaques ; ask Ambroise to go with them, he says he'll stay some time longer with the boys.

[Exeunt Dubois, Mad. Clementine, Henriette, &c.]

Ambroise takes papers of cakes out of his pocket, and distributes them among the children, they eat, laugh, play and are without any regularity going into the school. A volley of shot at a distance. The Children instantly return ; form themselves in order of battle, charge their pieces with exact military discipline—Ambroise stands looking at them with surprise and admiration.

Enter Acorn, Savetier, and People, flying with precipitation. Acorn with spirit, endeavours to rally them—Another volley—Cries of distress.

Enter Alderfeldt and the Royal Allemande pursuing them—the people prepare to fly—The Royal Allemande to follow—The Children interpose, form themselves into regular lines before them, discharge a volley of small shot ; thus repulsed, the Royal Allemande make a stand.—Alderfeldt commands them to fire on the Children, they refuse, Acorn rushes forward and knocks

Alderfeldt down, but is himself surrounded and taken by some of the Royal Allemande and borne off. The Children again charge, the Royal Allemande ashamed to attack them, yet many wounded and some fallen, they are obliged to retreat. The People take courage, and pursue them; the Women very active in this—Some of the lowest of the rabble attempt to rifle those of the Royal Allemande that had fallen; the Children present their pieces at them, and they run off in confusion several ways.—The Children and Ambroise express pity for the wounded, and with a shew of compassion call out the Servants of the school, and Surgeons who have them brought in.

AIR—*Ambroise.*

A Soldier I was and I buffed in wars,
On my old shining pate I can shew many scars,
The Army I left when I found the wars cease,
For little is thought of a Soldier in peace.

I sit me down quiet upon a small farm,
In the sunshine of comfort how happy I sing,
And all my rent paid and the tax to the king,
I still had a bottle to keep my nose warm.

The snow of December tho' shook on my head,
The full rose of June o'er my jolly cheeks spread,
In the dance on the green, when my legs chanced to fail,
I had breath enough left for a merry old tale.

But tho' I sowed, my wheat would ne'er come to flour,
Three things ere I reap'd, would my crop all devour,
The Partridge picks the grain up, the blade the Rabbit gobbles,
And all my corn that grew to ears, was thresh'd out by the Nobles.

So my Hail I fling away and up with my Cockade,
 And hoof along the furrows away for the Parade,
 Then rouse ye valiant Tiers Etat, success and triumph
 wait us,
 My Ploughshare leads you on my boys, Huzza ! Old
 Cincinnatus.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN.

Then rouse ye valiant Tiers Etat, success and triumph
 wait us,
 His Ploughshare leads the way my boys, Huzza ! Old
 Cincinnatus.

The Children, headed by Ambroise, march
 round, and go into the school huzzaing.

SCENE II.

*Fauxbourg St. Laurent—The Convent of St. Lazarre
 in view.*

Shouting without on every side.

*Enter from the Convent many of the Priests in
 terror and amazement, with their effects, fur-
 niture, plate, Wines, &c.*

*Enter People at the sides, run into a Blacksmith's
 shop, and bring out various implements as wea-
 pons, they go to the gates of St. Lazarre—the
 Priests endeavour by persuasion to stop them.*

*Enter at the side a body of reputable Citizens
 well armed, they try to quell the tumult, but in
 vain; the people rush into the Convent—The
 Citizens deliberate—the People return from the
 Convent with their plunder of Wines, Provisi-
 ons, Sacks of Corn, Plate, &c.*

Enter from the Convent Pere Anthony, walking before a coffin, borne by four priests as to burial. The people give way with reverence; but Savetier more busy than the rest, getting close, perceives a piece of drapery hanging out of the coffin; calls the people aside, points and laughs; they by force take and set the coffin an end, Savetier opens the lid, and Madelaine walks out of it.

DUET.

Savetier and Madelaine.

Sav.

A Miracle this!

The dead come to life!

It isn't—

Mad.

It is

Sav.

By the Lord it's my wife!

Mad.

I died the day, that very day

That you unkind forsook me;

And from the Grave,

My Soul to save,

The holy Father took me.

Sav.

You should have died at home sweet spouse,

Oh, what a funeral feast;

Of all the cold meat in the house,

A dead wife is the best:

But tell me Father Anthony,

Did you make my Tantony.

Piggin,

Riggin,

Squeak a few?

Tell me this, and tell me true?

Mad.

Never mind him reverend Sir,

He's a whelp they call a cur,

That in Manger takes much box,

Not Eat himself, nor let the Ox.

Sav.

Little fubsy there you lie,

The Priest's the Dog, the Ox am I.

Mad.

That your manners! (*strikes him*) how d'ye like it?

Sav.

Sav. By my Captain's sword and pike, it
 Is against the Salique Law,
 That sceptre wags in female Paw.
Mad. Captain strut without a tizzy.
Sav. Ma'am be Babylonish Miffy.
Mad. March and lead tag-rag to battle.
Sav. Giggle, ogle, leer and gig it.
Mad. Powder, frizzle, and be wig it.
Sav. Lisp and simper, sneer and tattle.
Both. } Captain strutt, &c.
 Ma'am be, &c.

Ambroise and a great number of the opulent citizens and of the most respectable of the Tiers Etat still endeavour to quiet the people, and disarm the most desperate; then form themselves into order, and propose to repair to the Hotel de Ville to deliberate.

AIR.—Ambroise.

Each Champion for his Nation;
 All danger now defies;
 Our wrongs in acclamation,
 In thunder, shall arise.

And tho' we draw the sword,
 'Tis not to lead a faction;
 Our Country! that's the word,
 To dignify the Action.

Night coming on, many of the people have lighted torches. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

Inside of the Bastille.—A dark passage.

The double doors are unlock'd, and grate up on the hinges.—

Enter

Enter the Governor, Lieutenant de Roi, Exempts, Guards, Gaolers with bunches of keys, and Arnold with a bundle.—The Governor tells, that by the help of this, (taking a friar's dress out of the bundle) he hopes to have Henriette in his power, and revenge himself on her family. He assists Arnold to put on the dress, pauses, says that he'll make her father Count Clementin (now a prisoner in the Bastille,) the instrument to draw her into the snare. *[Exit with Arnold.]*

SCENE IV.

Inside of the Bastille, an octagonal Chamber of one of the Towers, marked with every circumstance of horror agreeable to description; double barr'd windows very high from the floor, double Iron door in the back flat, the perspective so contrived as to shew the thickness of the Wall, by the space between the two Doors.—In one corner a large Iron Cage.—A gloomy Lamp hanging in the centre of the room.—A dreadful clanking of chains, grating of bolts, bars and hinges of Iron Gates.

Enter Count Clementin, his head enclosed in an iron mask, his dress tatter'd and wretchedly neglected, he seems in the deepest despair.

AIR.—*Count Clementin.*

Author of good, a Sun thou'st giv'n,
To all beneath the cope of Heav'n:
Oh glorious orb! oh joy supreme!
For ever lost thy chearing beam;
Ah what's to him Celestial Light,
Imprison'd herè in endless night.

CHO.

CHORUS OF PRISONERS.

(Supposed from their respective Dungeons).

Ah what's to us celestial light,
Imprison'd here in endless night.

A ferocious Turnkey (after much noise of locking and unlocking of doors, and grating of hinges, &c.) enters with food, which the Count seems to loath.

[Exit Turnkey with the food.]

The Count appears in extreme agitation of distress.—Takes a silver plate and fork, looks round with caution and conceals them.

AIR.—Count Clementin.

From my lov'd wife, my babe just born,
A husband, a fond father torn,
My anguish can I bear!
This breast with Loyalty tho' fraught,
A Traitor to my Prince I'm thought;
No comfort but despair.

Chor. of Prisoners. No comfort but despair.

My food is loathsome, bed is hard,
And chilling cold my stony ward;
Ungentle valets tend.
Drop scalding tears corrode my face,
Still fatal casque my head embrace,
My life and sorrows end.

Chor. of Prisoners. Our grief with life must end.

The flower may wither in its bloom,
The lamp can waste within the tomb,
And fountains are exhal'd.
My Senses to my Griefs awake,
Why stubborn heart refuse to break,
When even Hope has fail'd?

Chor. of Prisoners. Why stubborn heart refuse to break,
When even Hope has fail'd?

Du-

During the air re-enter Turnkey, at the back appears to be taking down the words.

Enter the Governor, Guards, &c.—The Governor places himself between the door and Count Clementin. The centinels at it are doubled. The Governor unlocks the Count's mask, they sit and enter into conversation. A commissaire unseen by the Count takes down his answers, then puts the book in his pocket. The Governor sees a ring on the Count's finger, requests it with a mixture of politeness and servility; the Count appears to set the highest value on it, and cannot be prevailed on to part with it. The Governor changes his manner, orders the Iron Cage forward, and commands two of the Guards to hold him; then forces off the Ring, and claps the Mask on, which he locks. The Count dashes himself on the ground as overwhelm'd with anguish.

Enter Arnold in the friars dress.—The Governor with great joy gives Arnold the Ring tells him to take it to Madame Clementine, who by that pledge will know her husband lives, and will obey instructions. [Scene closes.]

SCENE V.

A Room in Madame Clementine's House.

Madame Clementine, Dubois, Henriette, Martin, Ambroise, Jaques, Thomas, and company discovered, supper over.—Dubois and Henriette as bride and bridegroom.

GLEE.

GLEE.

I have been drinking, drinking I have been;
 I see by your arch blinking,
 You do the same,
 Then can you blame,
 My eyes sly rogue for winking;
 While wine is good,
 Youthful our blood,
 Gay friends be blithe and bonny;
 While time is now in merry mood,
 Let's banish care if he intrude.
 With hey-nony nony.

II.

I'm giving to loving, love is my delight;
 I see by your arch blinking,
 Love's sweet to you;
 Else why archly woo
 My eyes fond rogue in winking;
 From your bright lip,
 Sweets let me sip,
 As bees from flowers take honey:
 We'll laugh and kiss, and drink and fill,
 And let the pleasing burthen still,
 Be hey nony nony.

Madame Clementine looks at Henriette with tenderness and concern, then at a whole length portrait of a man, weeps, and seems to invoke it for a blessing on Henriette and Dubois. They look on it with reverence and affection, Dubois compares the face with Henriette's; and Madam Clementine expresses, by pointing to her widow's weeds, that 'tis her deceased Husband. Henriette appears to comfort her.

AIR.—*Ambroise.*

Now shall the honest man be priz'd,
 His blood with Tinkers blended;
 And let the villain be despis'd,
 From Clovis tho' descended.
 That fools shou'd rev'rence claim from blood,
 Fly hence the vile delusion,
 He's truly noble who is good,
 And this is Constitution.

Hard knocks abroad, when I was young,
 I got upon this hard head,
 With little crosses on button hung,
 I was at home rewarded.
 But to make up for tides of blood,
 A patriot effusion,
 I drink my own and country's good,
 And this is Constitution.

Henriette proposes a family dance—the several domestics men and maids are call'd in—

A BALLET.

The Dance over, *Enter Alice*, (abruptly) announcing a person to Madame Clementine, this raises the company's curiosity. [*Exit Alice.*

She re-enters introducing *Arnold* in his friar's dress, with actions suiting his assumed character, he delivers Madame Clementine the Ring: at the first sight of it she's seized with astonishment; succeeded by joy, communicates the reason of it to the company—their surprise and pleasure.—Henriette takes the ring, looks up at the portrait, presses the Ring to her lips, and puts it on her finger. Arnold looks at the picture, points alternately at that and the ring with seeming emotions of pleasure.—Madame Clementine prepares with Henriette to accompany him, as to meet the Count according to his directions; the rest
 of

of the company attempt to go with them—oppos'd by Arnold's advice who takes off Madame Clementine and Henriette by the hand. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Night, before Madame Clementine's House.

A Coach at a little distance, the Governor shews himself at the windows of it, the four Guards and Exempts endeavour to hide themselves standing up close to the wall; Madame Clementine's door opens. Enter from it Alice with a light, Arnold, Madame Clementine and Henriette. Arnold as by accident knocks the Candle out of Alice's hand, then with many apologies and seeming complaisance, leads the Ladies to the Coach door. Henriette steps into the Coach, Madame Clementine following her—Arnold suddenly plucks her back.

Enter Savetier, observes slyly what is going forward, makes signs that he'll call the people to their rescue.—Two of the guards seize him, and thrust him into the Coach, shut the door, and step up behind; the Guards surround it, and it drives rapidly off.—Madame Clementine swoons, Alice shrieks.—Enter from the house Dubois, Austin, Ambroise and company—Alice in confusion and fright tells the circumstance—Madame Clementine and all, much distress'd, Dubois enraged.— [*Shouting without*

Enter Martin, Grenadiers, Citizens armed, and a concourse of people as to the demolition of the Bastille. Dubois hears this with joy, encour-

rages them with spirit, examines their arms, finds them insufficient for the enterprise; expresses want of cannon.—Robert advances, and proposes to go to the Hotel des Invalids.

(AIR.—*Dubois.*

Dear Paris, native city best lov'd,
 Forgive thy sons by hard oppression mov'd;
 Though tumults banish thy internal peace,
 Our Rights established, then fierce clamours cease.
 March on! we do not draw the sword,
 To sheath it in our Country's breast;
 But till her freedom is restor'd,
 Oh never shall this arm have rest.

While Nature with a bounteous hand,
 Has shower'd her blessings o'er our land,
 How small alas! the poor man's share;
 The Galling Yoke no longer bear.
 To keep us slaves the Great combine;
 And shake the lash if we repine.

Come on brave youths, let's strike the blow,
 Our wrongs in acclamation,
 Shall let our haughty Tyrants know,
 The People are the Nation.

[*Exeunt led by Dubois.*

END OF THE SECOND PART.

P A R T III.

SCENE I.

Inside of the Bastille.

ENTER Savetier groping his way.

RECITATIVE.

Sav. What the devil! who's that?

Bless me!

It certainly must be—

Nobody

Very odd! I

Two pair of feet hear

A Cat?

A Rat?

Toad or Lizard---

What's the matter?

Tho' nought before my eyes is

My teeth chatter

My hair uprises

And together knock my knees hard

AIR.

AIR.

I've got into a dungeon, but how to get out
 Because I don't know is a matter of doubt,
 Should the Governor find me, it runs in my head
 If my life he should take, then its odds but I'm dead.
 My two pretty ears he'll cut off so clean,
 But may be he'd leave my head sticking between
 For the good of my country myself I expose,
 And glory to follow---I'll follow---my nose.

II

And if I should chance to get into the air
 Of my fine dainty body he'll kindly take care,
 Left by a great fall I my little toe break,
 I think that he'll tie me up fast by the neck
 Before the vile gibbet deprives me of life
 Like Brutus, or Cato I'll fall on my knife
 I'll let out my heart's blood here on this cold stone,
 And I'll let out---I'll let---and I'll let it alone.

A small door opens, Enter from it the Governor with a dark lantern leading in Henriette: Savetier retires; the Governor forceably puts Henriette in at another door, Savetier getting out of his way falls; the Governor listens; Savetier sneaks round the place crouching, stooping, creeping, and many ludicrous positions to conceal himself, mews like a cat, squeaks like a rat; the Governor still listening and looking about; Savetier to conceal himself gets behind him, and still as the Governor walks about with the light Savetier keeps behind, at length falling on his hands and knees the Governor suddenly starting back stumbles over him, at first alarmed but rises, puts the light to Savetiers face, who kneels beseeching mercy; the Governor pauses, looks at the door where he had secreted Henriette and concluding that she must have been seen by Savetier, determines to destroy him,

him, goes some paces back and with actions of kindness and encouragement desires Savetier to approach ; Savetier walking towards him, a trap-door suddenly opens under him, and he disappears, the Governor expresses joy in self-security. Going towards the room where he had placed Henriette, a noise without, he makes to the door he came in at, blows out his light, and *exit, hastily*.

SCENE II.

Dawn.—Before the Hotel des Invalids. Two old Invalids on guard at the Gates.

Enter Dubois, Martin, French Guards, Ambroise, Citizens, People.—They demand entrance are obstinately refused by the two Centinels who present their bayonets: The Soldiers, &c. attempt to kill them, but are prevented by Dubois.

Enter at the side Robert hastily, he tells his comrades (the Centinels) how ill he had been used by the Royal Allemande—gives them national cockades, they put them in their hats, huzza, and admit Dubois, Soldiers, People, &c. into the Hotel. A party of Soldiers wait without to cover the entrance: Re-enter those who went in, bringing out cannon, muskets, and all kind of warlike stores: The ardour of the old drummers, trumpeters and fifers whimsically characteristic.

Shouts of "*A bas la Bastille.*"

AIR—*Martin.*

Too long we've to oppression stoop'd
Or lets be free or cease to live ;

Sweet

Sweet lily that so long hath droop'd
 In glorious sun-shine now revive :
 Behold the lurking spider watch
 He spreads his cruel fangs,
 The thoughtless fly in web to catch
 The insect dies in pangs.

Amb. Let's drag the spider from his den :
 The Bastille is the web of men,
 The wretch that built yon mansion drear;
 Within it languish'd many a year :
 When Phalaris the tyrant curst
 Of Brazen-bull much boasted, —
 The artful maker was the first
 Within his fine bull roasted.

Dub. Now fell the tree whose lofty pride
 Hath hid its beauties in the shade,
 Fame to the patriot brow decide
 The laurel that can never fade :
 The noble theme with joy repeat
 Our cause shall with success be crown'd
 To rattling drums our hearts shall beat
 Our voices to the trumpet round :

Cho. Down with bolts bars and iron door,
 The guiltless prisoner shall be free
 Our cannon with tremendous roar,
 Shall join the cry of Liberty.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before the front Gates of the Bastille : The two Draw-bridges and Moats : On the one side a few Houses of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, on the other the Governor's house.

Enter down the Street Citizens headed by Austin armed—they demand entrance ; refused, they set fire to the Governor's house, this soon extinguish'd, the drawbridge is let down ; Lieutenant Du Roy comes

comes over it bearing a white flag; Drum within beats a parley; he invites the people in with courteous action; Austin and many others cross the Fossé; the bridge is instantly raised and an explosion of cannon is heard within succeeded by cries and groans; the People without are enraged to desperation at the Governors treachery. A cannon is fir'd among them from the Bastille, they run in disorder to the other side; Robert points out danger in some brambles that appear on the Boulevard, close by where they stand; They quit their station, and a cannon shot is fired from the thicket; The people then retire into the adjacent houses with precipitation and are seen at the windows, and on the tops, from whence they fire at the Invalids placed on the battlements, ramparts, and at the Embrasures of the Bastille.

Enter down the Street St. Antoine, Dubois, Martin, Ambroise, Thomas, Jacques, Guards, Citizens, Women, Children, &c. with the cannon of the Hotel des Invalids, a white flag is seen hoisted on a tower of the Bastille, and at the instant a cannon is shot from it down the Street St. Antoine. Dubois directs the Soldiers and people to play their cannon against the gates of the Bastille; they are batter'd down, they then point against the chains of the draw-bridge which falls and they pass by it over the first fossé. A handkerchief is seen to drop from a small window of the Bastille, and from a grated aperture a silver plate falls; Dubois knows the handkerchief to be Henriette's, and Martin shews him the name of Count Clementin inscribed on the plate; they return over the drawbridge with the greatest rapidity; Cannon continues playing, the Women and Children serve them with ball.

[Scene closes.]

SCENE IV.

Inside of the Bastille.

Enter the Governor, Pincemaille, Exempts, turnkeys, &c. much terrified : the Governor in great distraction giving confused orders to his officers. They run about in terror. The noise without increases. The Governor goes off with emotions of despair. [*Exeunt all.*]

Enter from a chamber Henriette, frightened. The noise still encreasing—She seized with dismay and terror falls on her knees and turns her eyes to heaven in fervent prayer.

Enter from another chamber in a slow and solemn pace, Count Clementin. His iron mask on. He approaches Henriette. She turns suddenly, and at the sight of him shrieks and swoons, he gently raises her. She revives, he takes off his mask, she shews the ring, they recognizing each other for father and daughter, are struck with surprise and affection. She kneels to him, he tenderly embraces her. The noise without now approaching, he takes her by the hand, and hastily leads her to an adjoining room.

Enter in wild tumult of fury Dubois, Martin, Ambroise, soldiers, citizens, people, &c. All hurry from place to place, killing the guards, forcing keys from the jailors, opening the chambers and dungeons, releasing the prisoners, and bringing out and displaying the several instruments of torture.

Enter Madelaine, Pere Anthony, Priests, women, children, &c. &c. The old Count de Lorge brought from his cell much emaciated, his beard very long, filled with joy and wonder but can
scarce

scarce bear the light. Many of the people recognize in the prisoners their former friends and relatives. Dubois runs precipitately from cell to cell in search of Henriette. Opens a dungeon shaped like a cone reversed, from whence Acorn ascends, but unable to stand, falls: mutual joy: Acorn pointing to the place of his confinement shows the situation his feet were in. The sight of the unhappy pris'ners and various implements of torture rouse the indignation of the multitude high against the Governor, and many disperse several ways in search of him with shouts of vengeance.

Dubois, Ambroise, Martin and their friends continuing their search for Henriette, Dubois discovers Arnold in his friars dress, they drag him forth from his concealment, he falls on his knees, implores for mercy. Dubois drawing demands where Henriette's secreted. She enters hastily, runs to Dubois, who quitting Arnold, clasps her in his arms.

Enter Madame Clementine, and from the room adjoining Count Clementin with his mask in his hand. Madame Clementine seized with astonishment and joy at finding her husband. Each character full of rapture and congratulation: Savetier's voice is heard at some distance underneath. All surprized listen. The voice seems nearer. The different characters listen at several parts of the ground from whence they think the voice proceeds. It seems to come from under where Ambroise stands. He jumps aside. Madeleine laughs, and the voice is heard near her, she leaps aside frightned. Dubois runs to the place. Listens. Searches, and pulls up a stone discovering the circular entrance of a subterraneous passage.

age. Savetier cries loud from below, they with difficulty help him out. He very much soiled runs about in frantic joy embracing every body, particularly Madelaine. Shouts of triumph without.

Enter citizens, soldiers, &c. dragging on the governor. He prostrates himself in an agony of grief and remorse, weeps and beseeches their compassion. They tear off his badges of honour, he throws himself into the arms of Dubois for protection, who touched with pity weeps, but recovering his fortitude firmly acquaints him that justice for his treason to the people demands his life, and all hurry him off for the place de Greve. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE LAST.

Place de Greve—View of the Hotel de Ville.

Pincemaille, The Governor, Arnold, and other unpopular Characters led to execution, the former with a halter of straw round his neck, and a bunch of thistles hanging down his breast, the trophies consist of large locks, keys, bolts, bars, chains, the iron mask, and other instruments of torture, suspended on poles.

The Stage clear.—Grand Procession.—in which Dubois, as having first mounted the Breach, at the Destruction of the Bastille, is carried in Triumph.

AIR—*Ambroise, and CHORUS.*

Suspended high above his reach,
Was hung this civic crown,
With glory fired he mounts the breach,
And plucks the trophy down.

Intre-

Intrepid youth, the well earned wreath,
 Thy grateful country gives, (*Drops a wreath of
 Laurel on Dubois' head.*)
 Who in her cause despising death,
 In honour ever lives.

No interest in the land had he,
 Our good was all he sought,
 And for our rights, for liberty,
 Alone the Hero fought.

Cho. Suspended high above his reach,
 Was hung the civic crown,
 With glory fired he mounts the breach,
 And plucks the trophy down.

*Enter Count Clementin, Madame Clementine,
 Henriette, Acorn, &c.* Dubois descends, and
 embraces Henriette, the Count joins their
 hands.

FINALE.

Savetier.

To settle all our new disputes,
 Let's to the tavern gang man,
 We'll drink and sing, and burn our boots,
 But first we'll hang the hangman.

RECITATIVE—*Ambroise.*

At Satans fell behest, uprose those hated walls,
 Now at an Angels voice the cursed fabric falls.

Martin.

Justice in awful state has claim'd her own,
 Displaced the Fury, that usurp'd her throne,
 Despotic power shall wear a robe no more,
 The iron hand her sword must now restore.

Count

Count Clementin—RECITATIVE, *Accompanied.*

Nor at the great event, shall we alone rejoice,
 Man, born free! so should remain, 'tis nature's general voice.

Dubois.

Let every heart with rapture glow,
 For a joyful moments near;
 Tho' from the eye, that fount of woe,
 The pallid cheek, drank up the tear:
 That eye shall beam a living ray.
 That cheek shall bloom the rose of May.

CHORUS.

Every heart with rapture glow,
 For a joyful moments near.

Ambroise.

(*To those Released from the Bastile.*)

From the Dark Dungeon's hideous gloom,
 Of the free soul the loathsome tomb,
 From solitude and pain and strife,
 Immerge to all the joys of life.

DUET—*Dubois and Henriette,*

(*To Count Clementine.*)

Come view the beauties of the year,
 The fragrance of the flowers inhale,
 And while the lark floats on the gale,
 His liquid notes shall charm thine ear.

Henriette.

To long lost love and friendship sweet,
 Let meeting hearts with rapture beat,

And

LE GRENADIER.

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And social interchange of mind,
And smile benign, and converse kind.

Dubois.

Launch into the world, new born,
And hail with song, this blessed morn !

CHORUS.

Revisit the glad world, new born,
And hail with song, this blessed morn.

THE END.

IN CHARGE

1. The first of the three is the

2. The second of the three is the

THE

3. The third of the three is the

THE

TONY LUMPKIN IN TOWN.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET,

IN 1776.

VOL. I.

G G

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Jonquil,	Mr. LAMASH.
Tony Lumpkin,	Mr. PARSONS.
Doctor Minum,	Mr. R. PALMER.
Pulville,	Mr. BLISSET.
Tim Tickle,	Mr. BANNISTER.
Frank,	Mr. EGAN.
Diggory,	Mr. MASSEY.
Shoemaker,	Mr. KENNY.
Taylor,	Mr. PIERCE.
Painter,	Mr. DAVIS.
Footman,	Mr. PAINTER.
Mrs. Jonquil,	Mrs. HITCHCOCK.
Lavender,	Miss HALE.

SCENE, *London.*

TONY LUMPKIN IN TOWN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Hall.—Horn sounds.

Enter DIGGORY, meeting FRANK. DIGGORY carrying a dish of cold beef, and a tankard. A footman following FRANK with a tea-board.

FRANK,

MR. DIGGORY, your master's up; I hear his horn.

Dig. Aye, Master Frank, I've got his breakfast here.

Frank. Beef and porter! his stomach is delicate this morning.

Dig. Why, yes, he's always a little puny after a night's hard drinking. Aye, about a pound and half, or so, will make him easy 'till near two, and then--- (*bell rings.*)

G G 2

Frank.

Frank. Ha! I think my master's a little impatient too for his breakfast.

Foot. Shall I take up the things, Mr. Frank?

Frank. 'Sdeath! what do you wait here for? Fly! I imagined you had left 'em above this half hour.

Foot. Why I thought—

Frank. You thought! Ah! this thinking is the ruin of us. Now if you wou'd not think, but do as you are desired, it would make—

Foot. I suppose a man may have leave.

Frank. No conversation, I beseech you: (*bell rings.*) Have you any ears?

Foot. I have, and hands too, and that you shall find some time or other.—Takes more airs upon himself than the master! [*Half aside, and exit with the tea things.*]

Frank. The impertinence and freedom of these scoundrels is absolutely intolerable.

Dig. Who should he make free with, if he can't with his fellow servants?

Frank. Fellow servants, Mr. Diggory! Do you make no difference between a servant in livery, and a gentleman's gentleman? In the country, I suppose, it's "hail fellow well met;" but here, fir, we are delicate, nice, in our distinctions; for a valet moves in a sphere, and lives in a stile as superior to a footman, as a Pall-mall groom porter to the marker of a tennis-court.

Dig. For certain, fir, we valet-de-shams are grand fellows; but you'll see more of that when I get on my new regimen—I mean my new liver;—psha! my new clothes, I mean. Did you breakfast, fir?

Frank. Yes, I've had my chocolate.

Dig. Do take one slice of beef;

Frank,

Frank. What a vulgar breakfast ! beef ! shocking !

Dig. I don't know as to that, Sir, but I have heard beef was Queen Elizabeth's breakfast ; and, if that's the case, I think it's good enough for I.

Frank. But isn't that for your master ?

Dig. O, I'll leave enough for he, I'll warrant. (*bell rings*)

Frank. That must be for me, Mr. Diggory. Serviteur !

[*Exit.*

Dig. How genteel he looks in his master's old clothes !

Enter TIM TICKLE.

Tic. Ha, Diggory ! the London air agrees with you, I find ; keep working, lad ; strong beer is our stream of life, and in good beef lies the marrow of an English constitution—that's in the genteel way. (*horn sounds*)

Dig. I must follow the sound of the horn.

[*Exit with beef, singing.*

Re-enter FRANK.

Frank. Mr. Tickle, several persons are waiting below for Mr. Lumpkin, and they ask to see you.

Tic. Persons !

Frank. Yes, sir ; there are tailors, shoemakers, milliners, perfumers, dancing-masters, music-masters and boxing masters.

Tic. I'll be with them in a pig's whisper !

Frank. What a catiff for a gentleman's tutor ! O ! he's shocking !

[*Exit.*

Tic.

Tic. Aye! now how could he do without me? If he wants a coat cut in the kick, who can shew him? I—A tasty nab? Why Tim.—Handsome pumps? I know the go. If he'd have a tune from his music-master, a thrust from his pushing-master, a step from his dancing-master, or a square from his boxing-master, I'm the boy that can shew him life in the genteel way.

Enter DIGGORY.

Dig. Master Tickle, the squire wants you.

Tic. I stir.

Dig. I'll tell him so.

[*Exit.*

Tic. They can do nothing without me. Tony Lumpkin's nobody without Tim Tickle. I'll go—no—I think I'll step first and give my bear his breakfast; poor soul! many a good one he has got me; aye, and may again for aught I know. The squire's good at a promise, that's certain; but what's a promise? Pye-crust. I'd no more depend upon a gemman's promise, than I would upon a broken staff, or a candidate for the county after he had gained his election.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Chamber.

JONQUIL discovered in a morning undress, FRANK attending with chocolate.

Jon. Frank, has your lady quitted her apartment.

Frank.

Frank. Yes, sir, I think I heard Mrs. Lavender say—Oh, sir, here is my lady. [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. JONQUIL and LAVENDER.

Jon. Good morning to you, madam.

Mrs. Jon. Thank you, Sir. Lavender, give those cards to Pompey, and desire him to deliver them agreeable to their address. I have an immensity of visits, but must pay them this morning in paper; or, Shock, you dear polite toad, will you take the chair, and be my representative to the ladies? (*to a lap-dog, which Lavender carries under her arm.*) [*Exit Lavender.*

Oh, my head! such a night! Mr. Jonquil, when did you break up at the masquerade?

Jon. I fancy, my dear, 'twas five.

Mrs. Jon. I might as well have accompanied you there, for I counted the clock 'till four. A masquerade to this house last night, was a Quaker's meeting. Such a noise and uproar!

Jon. Uproar!—What was the matter?

Mrs. Jon. Only your cousin Tony holding his nocturnal revels.

Jon. Tony! So, so, 'twas here he came, when he slipped from me at the Pantheon.

Mrs. Jon. Yes, here he came indeed; and such a ball as he held with the bear and the servants, and the mob out of the street, I believe!

Enter LAVENDER.

Lav. Madam, I'm sorry I'm obliged to complain of a servant, but don't blame me ma'm; but indeed there's no such thing as living in the house.

Mrs.

Mrs. Jon. What is all this?

Lav. Why ma'am, Mr. Diggory, 'Squire Lumpkin's man, ran into your ladyship's dressing-room, and snatched your cold cream off the toilet.

Jon. Ha! ha! ha! what in the name of delicacy could Diggory want with the cold cream?

Lav. He said it would do to oil his wig, Sir.

Jon. Ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Jon. Nay, but Mr. Jonquil, this is beyond bearing. I'll assure you I'll—

Jon. Come, my dear, don't be discomposed, 'twill soon be at an end. *[Exit. Lavender.]*

Let me see what time his mother proposes to be in town, for I think she says she'll take a house for him. I have her letter here. I wish he was in a house of his own, from my soul, for in a fortnight I should not know mine from a carrier's inn.

Mrs. Jon. What gives me most singular amazement is, that you chuse to be seen in public with him.

Jon. I grant that he is not the most eligible companion for a man of fashion: but at a masquerade I was safe from censure, for every body imagined the uncouthness of his appearance, and rusticity of his manners, merely the effect of his imitative genius. The company thought his behaviour all assumed, put on *pour l'occasion*; for he threw off his domino, and I'll assure you, simple nature got him infinite reputation. He gaped at the masks, roared most stentoriously discordant with the musick; overset the pyramids, pocketed the sweetmeats, broke the glasses, made love to an Arcadian dairy maid, tripped up the heels of a harlequin, beat a hermit, who
happened

happened to be a captain of the guards, and gave a bishop a black eye.

Mrs. Jon. But his mother's epistle ; I languish to hear it.

Jon. I ask your pardon, here it is. (*takes out a letter and reads.*)

" Dear Cousin,

" In the bearer of this, I introduce to your
" care and friendship my dear son Tony. I'll
" assure you, cousin, Tony with your help will
" make a bright man, as he's already humour-
" some and comical. I shall be in town myself
" in about a fortnight, or three weeks, and then
" I intend taking a house for him, in some airy,
" fashionable part, somewhere near Duke's
" Place, as I'd have him near the King's Palace.
" No more at present from your loving cousin,

" DOROTHEA HARDCASTLE.

" P. S. Mr. Hardcastle's and my love to
" cousin Emilia. I request you'll take Tony to
" Sadler's Wells, as I'm sure he'll like operas."

(*A horn sounds without.*)

Mrs. Jon. Bless me, what's that ?

Jon. Oh, that's Tony's summons for his man ; he says he hates the ringing of bells, therefore has invented that polite substitute.

(*Tony calls without.*)

Tony. Hollo, Diggory, hollo.

Jon. Oh, here he comes.

Tony. (*without.*) Hollo ! flap up the bear.

Mrs. Jon. Heaven defend us, sure he won't drive in a bear here.

Jon. No, no, my dear, don't be alarmed.

Tony. (*without.*) Come along, Bruin.

Enter TONY LUMPKIN.

Come in ; I long to introduce Bruin to my relations. Cousin Milly, will you see the bear, ma'am, if you please ?

Mrs. Jon. Bear, oh, heavens ! [*Exit hastily.*

Tony. Cousin Milly's very timberfome, sure ; Bruin is a mighty civil beast ; why he's as gentle as the good-natured lion in the Tower, that let's the dog lie in his den with him.

Jon. I don't entertain a doubt of his politeness or good-nature ; but you'll eternally oblige me by sending him down.

Tony. Now would it oblige you in downright earnest.

Jon. Beyond measure.

Tony. Tim, walk Bruin down again : bid him first make his honours at the door tho'. Come here—only, cousin, look,—only look at him. Servant, Sir ; why he learned among the grown gentlemen at Hatton-garden. Ah do now let him in, and he, and I, and you, will dance the hay. He's muzzled ! Tim, an't he muzzled ?

Tim. (without.) Yes, Sir.

Tony. Oh ! then there's no danger ; you see he cou'dn't bite you, if he had a mind ; he can only scratch you a little.

Jon. Gads curse, but I'm not disposed to be scratch'd this morning.

Tony. Oh ! very well ; any other time. Only say the word, and Bruin's the boy for it. Slap him down lad.

Jon. I wish the devil had you and him together,

gether. Such a fellow!—Mr. Lumpkin, have you a fancy for this house?

Tony. Anan?

Jon. I say, do you like this house?

Tony. Like it? for certain I do.

Jon. Then to you and the bear, I must absolutely resign it.

Tony. I thank you for your kind offer; but if you were to give me your house, and your pyebalds. and your vifce vie, I would not thank you; because them that give all, give nothing at all. But indeed if you'd let me bring in a little queen with me some time or other, unknown to cousin Milly, you'd make me as happy as a king.

Jon. Oh, fie!

Tony. Oh, fie! Baw! shake hands! Why don't you get drunk sometimes? It's mighty pleasant! Ay, and very wholesome once a week. Dr. What-d'ye-call-um says so, in the book that lies in my mama's window: what say you to a bout, cousin, ha?

Jon. Excuse me; drinking is, in my opinion, the most savage and barbarous method, that ever brutality invented, to murder time and intellects.

Tony. by jingo, then mama is the first time-killer within ten miles of Quagmire Marsh: Oh! she loves a sup dearly.

Jon. For shame! Mr. Lumpkin.

Tony. Oh! take me, it's all in the genteel way, tho'; for my mama always sipp'd her cordial out of a tea-pot; and then, before folks, it was only a drop of cold tea, you know.

Jon. Ha, ha, ha!

Tony. Ay, and Cousin Con, Miss Nevill, that was

was courting me, used to drink like a glass-blower, all in the sentimental way. Over a love-story book, she and my mama would read and sip till it came out of their eyes. Sure Cousin Con was in love with me; Oh! how sweetly she'd kiss me after a chapter of Mildmay, and a twist of the tea-pot.

Jon. Yes, yes, what I've always found; curse me! if there's a woman in the world easier had, than the die-away romantic novellist.

Tony. How fine I tell lies! he swallows them like syllabub. (*aside.*)

Jon. But you gave me the flip last night, at the Pantheon; why did not you wait for supper?

Tony. Why, I love my supper as well as any body, especially after a day's hunting; because then we have something to talk of. But the snug way for my money; and we had our own gig here at home; I never saw the bear so airy.

Jon. But what think you of the splendor of the Pantheon? Is'n't it the temple of elegance? an Olympus Hall, worthy the Gods to revel in?

Tony. Gods do you call 'em? I took some of 'em for rascals. A fool of a fellow would have it, that I was a lady; now I am sure I have not a bit of the lady about me, except the softness of my voice, but the monkey was a macaroni; and those beaux, I fancy, make as much use of a woman, as they do of a sword; they keep both merely for show. Oh, now I talk of that by jingo, I saw a power of fine shews yesterday, o'top of Ludgate-hill.

Jon. Shews?

Tony.

Tony. Ay, I believe I've seen all the fine shews now; aye, Gog and Magog, St. Paul's and the Tower, and the hight post near the Bridge, that's going to fall upon the neighbours heads; and I've seen a hanging, and a house on fire; and I paid a halfpenny to walk over the Thames at Blackfriars; and I eat calves-head turtle, opposite the Bank; and saw Lord Thingumme's fine coach, and the Lilliputian Patagonians, and the Stock-brokers on 'Change; the mad folks in Bedlam, and the actor-folks at the Play-houses; one of the play men at What-d'ye-call-it play-house was very like you,——

Jon. But, Mr. Lumpkin, I imagine 'tis time for you to begin to dress; some of the Scavoir Vivre and Dilettante dine with me to-day, and you'll be a precious exhibition. (*aside.*)

Tony. Ay, ay, I'll be as fine as the sheriffs horse, by-and-by.

Enter DIGGORY,

(*In a new livery; struts awkwardly across the Stage. Tony leads him by the arm back to the door.*)

Get out!

Dig. Why, sure, 'Squire, you'll be proud enough yourself of your new cloaths when you get into them.

Tony. Yes, but there's some difference between the miller and his dog. Pray know your distance, and I desire, Diggory, you'll never dare to be so superstitious with me, before company

Dig. Well, I won't.

Tony. You won't?—I think you might call me,

me, my honour, and not waste much of your manners.

Dig. If that's the case, there's all kinds of tradesfolks, and ingenous learners, of all fizes, waiting below for My Honour.

Tony. Your honour, it's my honour they want.

Dig. I'll tell them so, Sir ; my—your honour, mean. [*Exit.*

Tony. Well, now, cousin, I'll go ; and —

Jon. Sir, Mr. Lumpkin, I have a trifling request to make.

Tony. What is it ? I'll give you any thing you ask.

Jon. That you will dress with all possible celerity ; for I languish to see you one of us.

Tony. Hollo, for lace and powder. Hollo, Diggory ; hey, for grandeur—yoics—hark forward, taylors, milliners, and glorious haberdashers ! hollo, hollo ! (*Exit.*

Jon. Makes more noise than a kennel of hounds. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An Antichamber.

Several TRADESPEOPLE, and TIM TICKLE, discovered.

Tic. He will, I sent his man to tell him.

Tay. Greatly obliged to you, Sir.

Tic. You are so, if you kew all ; but, for my good word, 'Squire Jonquil wou'd have taken Mon-

Monfieur Frippery, the new fafhion French taylor.

Enter DIGGORY.

Dig. He's coming; pray fit down, gentlemen, it's as cheap fitting as ftanding.

Tic. Diggory, keep your own ftation. I do all in the gentleman-usher way, d'ye fee; becaufe why, I know the genteel thing; but take me neighbours, I don't want you to ftand, d'ye mind me; only, Diggory, your encroaching upon my compartment, is juft as tho'f, as how, as if my bear was to fnath my hurdy-gurdy out of my hand, and pok'd me till I moved a horn-pipe.

Dig. For certain, that would not be manners; but I was only——

Tic. Say no more! you're an ignorant man, and you don't know the genteel thing.

Enter TONY.

Tony. Hey, for grandeur, lace and powder! which of you is my taylor?

Tay. I'm the man, Sir.

Tony. Have you my clothes, Mr. Taylor?

Tay. Here they are, Sir, and a more fafhionable fuit never hung upon the fhoulders of an Ambaffador.

Tony. Tim, do they fit me?

Tic. Quite the kick.

Tay. But won't your honour try them on?

Tony. No, it's too much trouble. I make Tim try on all my new clothes for me.

Shoe. Your fhoes, Sir.

Tony.

Tony. Black fatten, beautiful! ah, Tim, if I had my silver Artois buckles here!

(Dr. Minum sings without.)

Tony. Hey! what merry fellow's this? Get along, boys, leave your goods, and send your bills to Tim.

[Exeunt tradesmen.]

Here, Diggory, lay my clothes ready.

[Exit Diggory with the clothes.]

Enter FRANK.

Frank. Doctor Minum, Sir,

[Exit Frank.]

Enter DOCTOR MINUM, singing.

Doct. (sings) Tol de rol, loll. Gentlemen, I ask ten thousand pardons: I thought Mr. Jonquil had been here; but if I don't mistake, Mr. Lumpkin, I presume, *(to Tic.)*

Tic. You're wrong tight boy; that there's the 'Squire; I'm Tim Tickle his tutor.

Doct. Sir, I'm very glad to see you well.

Tony. That's a lie, if you're a right doctor, and know I've got fifteen hundred a year, *(aside.)*

Doct. If your auricular organs be happily humaniz'd to the celestial science of harmony, from your affinity to a gentleman of Mr. Jonquil's taste, you may command my assistance:

Tony. Oh, I'm not long enough in London to stand in need of a doctor.

Tic. No, d'ye see, lad, we want no doctors nor poticaries yet. I don't know how long we may remain so.

Doct. Your pardon, gentlemem—but, I fancy—

Tony,

Tic. Did you know Jack Slang, the horse doctor?

Doct. Entirely unacquainted with any of the faculty; but under favour; there's a trifling mistake in this overture to our acquaintance. Give me leave to inform you, gentlemen, I am not one of the prescribing performers, who convey this human instrument, the body, to its mortal case, by pill, bolus, or draught; but I shift the soul above the stars, in sounds seraphic, by minum, crochet, and quaver. And please to observe, that tho' I am a doctor, I've no more skill in the *materia medica* than an advertising quack; I am a professor of music, and composer of original pieces, in that elegant and mellifluous science; and, to oblige my friends, a select sett of the first rank and distinction, I instruct on the violin.

Tony. Then ten to one, but you know how to play the fiddle.

Doct. I'd venture to accompany you in that bett.

Tony. Zounds man, could not you say at once that you were a fidler, and not come round about us with such a circumbendibus?

Doct. Fiddler, in the name of Orpheus! Eh! what! fiddler? allow me, Sir, a da capo to my own introduction?

Tic. A what?

Doct. Three bar rests, if you please, Sir; I am surpriz'd you can be so much out of tune, gentlemen. I am one of the conoigscenti—have had the honour to be balloted a member of three select private concerts, composed of persons of the first rank, aye the Alto Primo of taste—had the refusal of the band of Carlisle House—led

for five seasons at Vauxhall—had some thoughts of purchasing the gardens myself—I have composed two oratorios, ten serenatas, three sets of overtures, concertos for Signor Fiorentini's violoncello, songs for the Capricci of Palermo, and solos for Madam Sermont's violin, grand ballets for Signor Georgettini, Signora Caperini, Signora Baccini, Signora—

Tic. Damn your Signioras and your Signiors, your Inis and Winis; can you play, Water Parted, or Lango-lee?—that's the genteel thing.

Tony. Oh, mayhap they're too hard for him. Give me your hand; I love a fiddler, because one may make him play till he's tir'd, give him a shilling, then kick him down stairs—Do, dine with me to-morrow.

Doct. I'll promise you any thing, to get from you to day. (*aside.*) I shall positively do myself that honour, sir,

Tony. That's a good fellow; but bring your fiddle under your coat, will you? you shall have as much liquor as you can carry.

Doct. You're superlatively good, sir.

Tony. The devil a better-- You shall hear Tim Tickle touch up his hurdy-gurdy.

Doct. Oh, sir!

Tony. You shall see the bear dance too.

Doct. That must be fine indeed!

Tic. Why, it's the genteel thing; 'Squire will have the duleimer man.

Doct. Ah, Caro Divino! we shall have a delightful concert-- I shall certainly attend you, gentlemen; but a most particular engagement obliges me to deprive myself of the felicity of your company at present.

Tony.

Tony. Hold, hold, doctor ; you must give us a rasp before you go ; Tim, fetch me the fiddle out of the next room ; cousin Jonquil was playing on it just now.

Tic. I stir.

[*Exit.*

Doct. Oh, heavens. (*aside.*)

Tony. You will give us a scrape ; ha, boy ?

Doct. Oh, sir ! (*bows*) how shall I get out of this scrape ? (*aside.*)

Tony. (*capering before a glass*) Ay, do you find fiddling ; I'll find dancing.

Doct. (*stealing towards the door*) Andante, Andantino, Piano, Pianissimo, Allegro, Presto !

(*Runs off.*)

Re-enter TICKLE with a Violin.

Tic. Here's the coal box, Doctor ; what ! he has borrowed himself !

Tony. Gone !---yoics---hollo, fiddler, hollo ! (*Running out is met by FRANK*) Where's this fiddler ?

Frank. Fiddler, sir ! oh, Doctor Minum, I suppose, you mean ; lord, sir, he flies as if twenty Dutch concerts were in the wind.

Tony. The next time I catch the rascal, I'll make him play for me, and kick him all the while.

Frank. But, sir, my master's compliments, and wishes you'd please to get dressed ; it's now close upon three. (*Looks at his watch and exit.*)

Tic. The fellow has got a tattler, strike him plump. (*aside.*)

Tony. Zounds ! I wish I cou'd get a watch, that the figures of it were not in letters ; I never can know what a clock it is, by the X's and the V's
and

and the I's---I wish I could get a watch with the figures in figures upon it.

Tic. 'Squire, that's because you know how to cypher.

Tony. I suppose so---Hollo, Diggory, my new clothes; and then for grandeur, lace and powder---
Hollo, hollo. [Exeunt,

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

A Dressing Room.

Mrs. JONQUIL *at her Toilet, and* LAVENDER,
attending.

Mrs. JONQUIL.

Ha! ha! ha! Indeed, Lavender, I think so too but where is the savage now?

Lav. Ma'am, I fancy by this time he's almost transformed into a very fine gentleman. He's gone to dress.

Mrs. Jon. Dress! Ah! his native rusticity is invincible to the powerful combination of art and elegance. His tutor a bear dancer, you tell me; ha! ha! with such a pupil a bear-leader we must grant him.

Lav. Ma'am, he has brought this Mr. Tickle purposely to London with him, to shew him taste and high life in the genteel way as he says.

Mrs.

Mrs. Jon. Yes, taste and gentility at a Sunday tea-garden, and high life at the top of St. Pauls.

Enter TICKLE and PAINTER.

Tic. Come, master Painter, come along; this way, I believe, we can take a short cut to the 'Squire's room.

Mrs. Jon. Who are these? what's the matter?

Tic. Only going to quarter the ground.

Lav. Fye, Mr. Tickle! what business have you here? and why would you bring fellows into my lady's apartment?

Tic. Fellows! why, ma'am, this is Jack Raddle, the sign-painter. Why it was this here Jack that painted the Three Jolly Pigeons at Quagmire marsh, down in our parts.

Paint. Yes, and the Saracen's Head Tim.

Lav. Come, come, get you along out of this, with your jolly pigeons.

Tic. Get out! Strike me plump! is that your manners, ma'am?

Lav. Go, man? pray take your Saracen's head out of this room.

Tic. Hark'ee, if you deny that you paint a head every morning, your tongue gives the lie to your cheeks.

Paint. Tim, that was a dash with the pound brush!

Tic. Ay, ay; I'm the boy for it. Come along; Ha! ha! ha!

Paint. Ha! ha! ha! [*Exeunt Tickle and Painter.*]

Lav. An impudent fellow! I paint indeed! A pretty discerning tutor for a young gentleman!

Mrs. Jon. Lavender, hand me the eau-de-luce. I die! oh heav'ns, throw up that sash! I shall expire!

Lav. And no wonder, ma'am: I'm sure the cham-

chamber smells of oil worse than a floor-cloth warehouse.

Enter DIGGORY, searches round the room.

Mrs. Jon. Heavens! what's this now? what do you want?

Lav. Why is the deuce in the fellow? For shame Diggory! why do you come into my Lady's apartment this way?

Dig. This way! why would you have me come in at the window?

Mrs. Jon. For mercy's sake, do, good man, withdraw.

Lav. What do you want?

Dig. I want my master's boots.

Lav. What the mischief could bring his boots into my lady's dressing-room?

Dig. His legs, I believe; for I think 'twas here he took them off.

Mrs. J. Do, pray retire, I beseech you, sir.

Dig. I beg pardon, ma'am, I see the boots are not here; so I'll go look in the stable.

(A tapping at the door.)

Mrs. Jon. What monster have we now?

Jon. (without.) Avec permission!

Lav. My master! madam.

Mrs. Jon. Entrez, monsieur.

Enter JONQUIL.

Jon. This way, for wonder sake, quick, quick. Ha! ha! ha! such a sight, transcending all Soho!

Mrs. Jon. I think it must be something supernatural that can excite my wonder now. But allons for this miracle.

[Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. JONQUIL.]

Lav. (looks in the glass) A Saracen's head? Yes, it must be my lady he meant.

[Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Gallery hung with Pictures.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. JONQUIL.

Jon. Now, settle your features.

Mrs. Jon. O, I set risibility at defiance.

Mr. Jon. Mr. Lumpkin, are you apparell'd, quite completely a-la-mode?

Enter TONY, dressed.

Tony. O yes, I think I'm the very colliflower of the mode. Tell me in downright earnest, how do you like me, (*turns round*) Eh! Cousin Milly? I believe, now I'm something like a tanzy; how do you like my hair, tho'?

Mrs. Jon. Charming!

Jon. The style most happily fancied.

Tony. So it is, cousin Milly; you've a fine head of hair, if it's all your own---it's very like some of the heads I saw in the barbers windows.

Mrs. Jon. Now, that's so civil.

Tony. That's what every body says of me, that I'm so civil; but do you know that my mama used to dress up my hair herself every Sunday, whether I would or no? she'd rub it up with soap, and put a paper in the top, just like the sign of the unicorn.

Enter LAVENDER whispers Mrs. JONQUIL.

Mrs. Jon. Presently; Mr. Lumpkin, allow me the liberty to withdraw myself for a moment or two.

Tony.

Tony. Ma'am, I'll excuse your going away with a great deal of pleasure. How polite fine clothes make a body! (*aside*)

[*Exeunt Mrs. Jonquil and Lavender.*]

Enter TICKLE.

Tic. 'Squire, the Painter's ready. (*to Tony*)

Tony. Mum. (*apart to Tickle*)

Jon. Pardon my curiosity, Mr. — excuse me, Sir—you spoke of a painter; are you acquainted—I mean have you a penchant?

Tic. A what?

Jon. That is, do you admire the art?

Tony. Oh, yes, Sir; my tutor's very knowing in the picture way. Tim, shall I tell cousin you carried a shew-box' (*apart to Tickle*)

Tic. You need not mind it now. (*apart to Tony*)

Jon. There are some tolerable paintings here, Sir. (*looking round*)

Tic. Yes; they are quite genteel.

Tony. I warrant, now, they stood you in a matter of fifteen or twenty pounds.

Jon. Above ten thousand.

Tony. Pounds?

Jon. Positively.

Tony. What a stud and a kennel of hounds that would buy a man!

Tic. What a collection of wild beastiffes!

Jon. Besides the money I have expended in my Flemish and Italian acquisitions, during my tour, I have, at this moment, a pecuniary understanding with most of the eminent picture-dealers and auctioneers in town; and, conse-

quently, the refusal of antiques, coins, china, lap-dogs and original pictures.

Tic. How do you order it?

Jon. Briefly thus: if an extraordinary engagement prevents me from a private peep, previous to the sale, suppose me in the auction-room: a full sale, good pictures, my favourite piece up, friend Mallet, in the heat of his oration, casts me an eye significant; I, unperceived by the company, return an affirmative signal; and one, two—down, the picture's mine for one third of the value.

Tic. What then becomes of his poundage?

Jon. That, Sir, I make good by an ample *douceur*.

Tony. Well, let them say what they will of flock paper, pretty pictures for my money; cousin, you must choose me some nice ones, when my mama takes a new house for me.

Tic. Ay, I dare say, 'Squire Jonquil knows all the painters in town, in the genteel way.

Jon. In town?—no—no—Mr.—Sir—if a modern ever intrudes upon a pannel of mine, taste must give the preference to Flemish and Italian; if the contrary should transpire, Sir, I'd be excluded the *ton*, as void of all virtue.

Tony. Virtue! It does not shew much virtue to encourage foreigners, and let your own countrymen want bread; damn me, if I do that; and damn them that do.

Tic. Well said, tight boy; there's a fine fellow, and I'm his tutor.

Jon. I own, Sir, I'm of your opinion; but powerful fashion!—

Tony.

Tony. Tim, there's a clever fellow, running after a pretty girl among the bushes!

Jon. Apollo, pursuing Daphne, by Corregio; observe the modest grace in the flight of Daphne; and that figure of Apollo, what fine proportion in the outline! what an attitude!

Tic. Now, that there I call a tall woman.

Jon. A Vandyke!

Tony. Mrs. Vandyke?

Jon. No, no; it is the portrait of Beatrix Constantia Contacroyana, painted by that master. The Judgment of Paris, the sleeping Venus, and that delightful picture of the Cardinal Virtues, Faith, Hope and Charity, are by Caracci; a most enchanting piece! observe how finely the Hope is relieved.

Tony. Relieved by Charity; poor soul!

Tic. That's a pretty woman that's looking up at the sky.

Jon. A Cleopatra, by Guido.

Tony. See the little eel in her hand! that's a dark looking man in the black bonnet.

Jon. A Rembrandt, by himself.

Tony. Yes; he's all alone, there's a woman riding on a white cow.

Jon. Europa, an undoubted Raphael.

Tony. No!

Jon. As true as the cartoons.

Tic. Riding on a bull! strike her plump; 'Squire the woman and the goose!

Jon. Jupiter and Leda; upon my honour I never saw a more capital picture!—but, dear Sir, the goose happens to be a swan.

Tony. Mayhap 'twas only a goose before you got it.—Tim, who is that like in the black wig.

Jon. That is the portrait of Charles the Second.

Tony. He's mighty like Matt Muggins the exciseman.

Jon. It's a Sir Godfrey Kneller; but I fancy king Charles never sat for it.

Tic. And so they've drawn him standing. Who is the lad with the long hair?

Jon. Lad, Sir? that's a Magdalen, by Guido.

Tony. She's a plump Mag. Who is that thin ill-looking fellow?

Jon. It's a picture of Cassius, that stabb'd Cæsar—It's a Rubens, very bold.

Tic. Yes, he was a bold fellow.

Jon. Good keeping!

Tic. Fast enough; I remember they kept him in Newgate.

Jon. Charmingly brought out!

Tic. He was brought out in a white cap, tied with black ribbon.

Jon. What a glow of colouring!

Tic. I never saw a man look better upon the occasion.

Jon. Greatly designed! forcibly executed!

Tic. Only the peace-officers at his execution, no calling in the military; we have had enough of that already.

Jon. What harmony of light and shade! What noble masses!

Tic. Masses! He a Papish! I'll bett half an ounce, that Tom Cassius, that stabb'd 'Squire Cæsar, died a Presbyterian.

Tony. How knowing my tutor is!

(During the above speeches of Tickle, Jonquil stands enraptur'd with the picture, not attending him.)

Cousin,

Cousin, Cousin Jonquil, hollo!

(Slaps him on the shoulder.)

Jon. Sir!

Tony. I intend to have my picture taken off some evening or other.

Enter FRANK:

Frank. Sir, Lord Spindle has sent to let you know, he waits for you at the Thatched-house.

Jon. The chariot at the door?

Frank. Yes, Sir.

[Exit.]

Jon. Adieu,

[Exit.]

Tic. Absolutely, 'Squire, this cousin of your's is a tip-top macaroni.

Tony. Yes, he's a famous mac.

Tony. But tho' he seems to love his pictures, as I do my horses, he does not take half so great care of 'em. Think of old bonnets and black and brown heads! Cost him ten thousand pounds too. Why my little Robin, my Whipper-in, looks more decent than the best of them.

Tic. Aye! but when my friend Jack Raddle the painter comes brush upon 'em, they'll be quite another thing.

Tony. But what keeps him?

Tic. Here he is.

Enter PAINTER, with a pot of paint and large brush.

Are you there, Jack? Come, fall to.

Tony. Hold, you remember the bargain: Tickle, be witness. You're to paint fine large powder'd pretty wigs upon every head in this room,

room, at the rate of half-a-crown a nob all round.

Tic. That's the bargain.

Paint. And I scorn to go back, tho' it's a tight price, your honour.

Tony. How charmingly they'll look!

Tic. Yes, they'll be quite genteel. Hark'ee, Jack, d'ye see, I recommend you to this here 'squire; so do the job neatly. None of your little flarv'd caxons, with one buckle, and that no larger than a pipe-stopper; but let me see the brownest face against this wall, wigg'd like an alderman.

Paint. Say no more.

Tony. But quick, quick, bustle; you must have 'em done before cousin comes back.

Enter DIGGORY.

Dig. Sir, the gentleman's come.

Tony. What gentleman?

Tic. How should he know? I'll go see myself.

[*Exit.*

Tony. Come, come, fall to.

Paint. Don't fear, fir; they shall soon be quite another thing.

Tony. Come along, we'll be with you soon again. Come; Lord! how delighted cousin Jonquil will be! [*Exeunt Tony and Diggory.*

(*The Painter, whistling, takes one of the pictures down, and as he sits to it, the scene closes.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

The Antichamber.

Enter PULVILLE, meeting TONY, TICKLE, and DIGGORY.

Dig. Here's my master.

Pulv. Sir, your humble servant.

Dig. Sir, this the——

Tic. Diggory, I tell you once for all, if you come the gentleman usher, while I am by, you'll absolutely knock your head again my fistes.

Dig. Why sure!——

Tony. Go, go, you fool, and see that the painter flaps away briskly. *[Exit Diggory.]*

Well, Sir, are you a barber?

Pulv. A barber! no, Sir; my name is Pulville.

Tony. But what are you?

Pulv. I am a perfumer, Sir.

Tony. Now, bang me, if I know what trade that is. (*aside*) Tickle, do you talk to him.

Tic. A perfumer? I'm at home, tho' he's too fine for that: I suppose he moulted in Monmouth. (*aside; struts up to Pulville*) Master, how do ye take 'em.

Pulv. Sir?

Tic. Do you shoot 'em.

Tony. Aye, do you shoot 'em?—What, Tickle? (*apart to Tickle*)

Pulv. I shoot, Sir!

Tic. Aye, how do you order it?

Pulv. If you mean my business, Sir; by calcination,

cination, infusion, mixtures, compositions, philters, and distillation.

Tic. What, then maphap you don't use the ferret?

Pulv. No, Sir, the only essential animal is the civet cat.

Tic. The cat will catch them, I allow; but then they mangle them so cursedly.

Pulv. Mangle who, good Sir?

Tic. Ever while you live, take rabbits with a ferret, that's the genteel thing. Mayhap, lad, you're in the hedge-hog way. Have a care, tho', for since some busy fellow put it into the newspaper, that they were as good as a partridge—my bear to a lap-dog, if hedge-hogs don't soon be included in the game-act. You're the first rabbit catcher I ever knew that——

Pulv. I, a rabbit catcher! I don't understand you, gentlemen. I'd have you to know, I keep one of the first perfumer's shops in St. James's parish; I can't imagine what you mean, by talking to me about rabbit-catchers and hedge-hogs.

Tony. I belive my tutor knows every thing.

Pulv. Sir, I thought every body knew Mr. Pulville. However, Sir, I have the honour to be very well known to the nobility, as my book-debts of ten years standing can sufficiently testify. Rabbit catcher! Sir! I'm original inventor of the genuine Circassian beautifying cosmetic lotion, cream of roses, and powder of pearl. Step into my shop a crocus, and you walk out a narcissus; my sweet lip-salve can change a blubber to a pouting—a walnut to a cherry-lip. Then, Sir, my perfumed powders conquer nature; I can give a lady a pink head, a green head, or a blue head. Do you know, Sir, that
I make

I make the chymical Paphian wash, for eradicating hair; so innocent it may be used by infants just born, and yet so powerful, that three ablutions give an Esau the hand of a Jacob? And now, Sir, with me, and me alone, the elderly maiden ladies deal, for their sweet-scented shaving powder.

Tony. I said he was a barber.

Pul. Rabbit-catcher!—Why, Sir, my bear's grease—

Tic. Do you dance a bear, tight boy?

Pul. Sir, do I look like such a scoundrel?

Tic. Scoundrel! Strike you plump, am I a scoundrel?

Pul. You, Sir! I—

Tic. Aye, poke you well—I dance the sprightliest bear in all England, that's in the genteel way.

Pul. Hem!—Sir!—when you want any thing in my way, you'll see my name, P. Pulville, over the door. Rabbit catcher! [*Exit Pulville.*]

Tic. A bear dancer, a scoundrel! you rascal, I'll—he's gone—he was right; my name is Tim Tickle; and now you've told me your place of abode, call upon me when you will. (*calling off*)

Tony. Tim knows all the points of honour.

Enter DIGGORY.

Dig. Oh, Sir, the pictures are done; and 'Squire Jonquil is walking out of his carriage.

Tic. I told you, 'Squire, Jack Raddle cou'd touch them up in the genteel way, because he's the boy for it; come, we'll take a squint at his handy work.

Tony. Come, I'm as glad as a guinea; how my cousin Jonquil will be delighted!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Discovers the Picture Gallery, most of the portraits with large white wigs; the Painter sits daubing a wig upon a picture, which he has on a chair. DIGGORY officiously attending.

Dig. Do, let me give him another curl.

Paint. I can't stand it, man;—be still, I say; let him be.

Enter JONQUIL.

Jon. What do I see! confusion! what is all this? (*Stands amazed*)

Dig. I knew he'd be delighted.

Jon. Stop your sacrilegious hands, you prophane villain.

Paint. Bless your heart, master, I don't grudge you a curl or two more. (*whistles and paints*)

Jon. My Rembrandt! from the Florentine gallery! You assassin, why did you murder me? (*Seizes the painter*)

Paint. Sir!

Jon. Answer me, you miscreant; who brought you here? what mortal enemy to the arts, what Gothick fiend, whisper'd you to perpetrate such infernal action?

Paint. If this moment was my last, Sir, it was white lead of eightpence a pound.

Jon. White lead, you caitiff!

Paint.

Paint. How cou'd a poor fellow, like me, afford flake-white for the price?

Jon. What price? you barbarian; explain, firrah: confess, or I'll have you flay'd like Marfyas.

Paint. Sir, 'Squire Lumpkin, the little, round, fine gentleman, employ'd me to paint white wigs, upon all the pictures, at half-a-crown a head.

Dig. Indeed Sir, I'm sure my master would not grudge twice the money, to make them look decent, as they belong to your honour.

Jon. I'm undone!

Enter TONY and TICKLE.

Tony: Eh, Tim! (*looks exultingly at the pictures*) I believe they are the thing.

Tic. Bang me, but they are quite genteel!

Jon. Mr. Lumpkin, I thank you, Sir.

Tony. You're mightily welcome.

Jon. I am infinitely oblig'd to you, Sir.

Tony. I guess'd you wou'd.

Jon. I am eternally your debtor.

Tony. I'll never charge you a penny for it. I believe now they look like gentlemen. How pleas'd I am that I thought of it!

Dig. I thought of it first,

Tony. You lie.

Tic. You do, Diggory! 'twas I advis'd the 'Squire to it, because I knew the genteel thing.

Jon. Oh, pray, no contention for the brilliancy of the thought; for I'd give three or five thousand pounds to undo what you have done.

Tony. What!

Jon. You have ruin'd me.

Tony. Anan!

L L

Jon.

Jon. You've undone me, Sir!

Tony. Who, I! as how?

Jon. You've spoil'd my pictures.

Tony. Tim!

Tic. I said, at first, it was a damn'd stupid thing of you.

Dig. And you know, 'Squire, I told you, that none but an ass could think of such nonsense.

Tony. Can you unwig 'em again?

Paint. What will I get by that?

Jon. I'll give you fifty guineas.

Paint. Lay it here.

Jon. There's the money; (*takes out his pocket-book and gives a note*) charm my longing eyes, once more, with the sight of my Rembrandt's dear, dear, black bonnet.

Paint. Then, Sir, they're only done in water colour; so a wet towel and a little soap settles their wigs in five minutes.

Jon. Give me your hand; I was dreadfully alarmed; but now I can laugh at it. Ha! ha! ha! what a whimsical thought! but, you stupid rogue, why would you put wigs upon the ladies?

Paint. Sure it's the fashion now for all ladies to wear wigs. How charming they look! Poor fellows, ye must soon lose your grandeur!

Enter FRANK.

Frank. Sir, the company are come.

Jon. Very well,

[*Frank looks at the pictures, laughs and exit.*]

Dig. Please your honour, may I laugh at them a little?

Tony. Tutor, kick Diggory out of the room, if you please.

Tic,

Tic. To oblige you, 'Squire.

Dig. I'll save you the trouble. [Exit.

Jon. All is now very well; but I have one request to make you.

Tony. What is it, pray?

Jon. Only to dismiss one of your retinue.

Tic. That's Diggory. (*aside*)

Tony. Who?

Jon. The bear?

Tony. What! the bear?

Jon. That's the gentleman.

Tony. Why, Tim, d'ye hear my cousin? Will you?

Tic. Look'ee, 'Squire; this here harmless soul, this bear of mine, has maintained me some years, when I could not do for myself; and though, thanks to my good breeding, I'm grown polite enough to be a gentleman's tutor, yet I'll never be so much in the fashion as to forsake an old benefactor. [Exit *Tic.*

Tony. I wish I could get any regular family to board the bear: enquire among your acquaintance Sir.

Jon. Sir, I'll do myself that honour.

Tony. Bruin's a lad of few words, but he's as civil a fellow as ever stood upon two legs. But, cousin Jonquil, I won't offer you the fifty guineas you gave the painter.

Tony. Say no more; you meant well, and that palliates the consequence. But, for Rubens' sake forego your pretensions in future to a taste in pictures.

Tony. Well, I know the points of a horse, and that's made by a better workman.

Jon. Therefore, to the knowledge of horses and dogs, like a true 'Squire, from this moment
confine

confine your claim; for if a man will, in opposition to nature, meddle with matters of which he is so extremely ignorant, he must inevitably render himself the object of ridicule and laughter.

Tony. Laughter! and what's pleasanter than a laugh? By jingo, a laugh is all I wanted.

If I've rais'd some sweet smiles on those lovely
fair faces,

I am glad I put wigs on their sisters, the
Graces:

I would not offend you for more than I'll
mention;

To please all my friends, was my only in-
tention.

THE END.

THE
POOR SOLDIER,
IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,
IN 1782.

THE MUSICK BY MR. SHIELD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Captain Fitzroy,	Mr. BANNISTER.
Father Luke,	Mr. WILSON.
Patrick,	Mrs. KENNEDY.
Dermott,	Mr. JOHNSTON.
Darby,	Mr. EDWIN.
Bagatelle,	Mr. WEWITZER.
Boy,	Master SIMMONDS.
Norah,	Mrs. BANNISTER.
Kathlane,	Mrs. MARTYR.

SCENE, Carton, near the Seat of the Duke of Leinster in
Ireland.

THE
POOR SOLDIER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Country—Sun rise—a large Mansion at some distance—near the front, on one side, a small House ; on the other a Cottage.

DARBY, (*without.*)

NOW what harm, Dermot ?

Der. (without.) Why 'tis harm ; so stay where you are.

Enter DERMOT and DARBY.

Dar. Upon my faith I won't say a word.

Der. Go away I tell you.

Dar. Lord, I never saw such a man as you : sure I'll only stand by.

Der. But I tell you it's not proper for any one to be by when one's along with one's sweetheart.

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Dar.

Dar. Well, I always like to be by when I'm along with my sweetheart—She's asleep—I'll call her up, halloo! Kathlane!

Der. Will you be quiet, Darby. Can't you go make a noise there, under Father Luke's window?

Dar. Ecod if I do, he'll put me in the Bishop's Court.

Der. If I wasn't so fond of Kathlane, I shou'd think Norah, his Neice there, a very handsome girl.

Dar. Why so she is, but since her own sweetheart, Patrick, run away from her and lifted for a Soldier, she dont care a pin for the prettiest of us; by the lord she even flouts me.

Der. Well, well, you'll see how it will be; somebody I know——

Dar. Ay, you mean the foreign serving man, to the strange Officer that's above at the Duke's. Eh, why faith Dermot, it would indeed be a shame, to let a black muzzled Mounseer carry off a pretty girl, from a parcel of tight Irish boys like us.

Der. So, 'twou'd Darby; but my sweet Kathlane is fast asleep, and never dreams that her poor Dermot is here under her window.

Dar. Ay, never dreams poor Darby's under her window—but I'll have her up—Kathlane—Kath——

Der. Hush!

AIR—*Dermot.*

Sleep on, sleep on, my Kathlane dear,
May peace possess thy breast,
Yet dost thou dream thy true love's here,
Depriv'd of peace and rest.

The

The birds sing sweet, the morning breaks,
 These joys are none to me,
 Tho' sleep is fled, poor Dermot wakes,
 To none but love and thee.

[*Exit.*

Dar. What a dull dog that is! Ah, poor Dermot! ha, ha, why such a song cou'dn't wake an Owl out of his sleep, let alone a pretty girl that's dreaming of me. Kathlane!—upon my conscience I'll,—yes, I'll rouse her.

AIR—*Darby.*

Dear Kathlane you no doubt,
 Find sleep how very sweet 'tis,
 Dogs bark, and cocks have crow'd out,
 You never dream how late 'tis,
 This morning gay,
 I post away,
 To have with you a bit of play,
 On two legs rid,
 Along to bid,
 Good morrow to your night cap.

II.

Last night a little bowfy,
 With Whiskey, Ale, and Cyder,
 I ask'd young Betty Blowfy,
 To let me sit beside her,
 Her anger rose,
 And four as floes,
 The little gypsie cock'd her nose,
 Yet here I've rid,
 Along to bid,
 Good morrow to your night cap.

III.

Beneath the Honey-suckle,
 The Daisy, and the Vi'let,
 Compose so sweet a truckle,
 They'll tempt you sure to spoil it,

Young Sall and Bell,
 I've pleased so well,
 But hold, I musn't kifs and tell,
 So here I've rid,
 Along to bid,
 Good morrow to your night cap.

(Kathlane opens the Cottage window.)

Dar. Ay there she is, oh I'm the boy for it.

Kath. Is that Dermot?

Dar. *(biding under the penthouse)* O dear, she takes me for Dermot, he, he, he!

Kath. Who's there?

Dar. Sure it's only I.

Kath. What Dermot?

Dar. Yes—I am—Darby. *(aside)*

Kath. I'm coming down. *(Retires.)*

Dar. I thought I'd bring her down: I'm a sure marksman.

Enter KATHLANE from the Cottage.

Kath. Where are you, my dear Dermot?

Dar. *(Comes forward.)* "Good morrow to your nightcap." *(sings.)*

Kath. *(Starting.)* Darby! Now hang you for an impudent fellow.

Dar. Then hang me about your neck, my sweet Kathlane.

Kath. It's a fine thing that people can't take their rest of a morning, but you must come roaring under their windows.

Dar. Now what need you be so cross with a body—when you know I love you.

Kath. Love!—ha,—I like you for that.

Dar. I'm oblig'd to you.

Kath. You love, ha, ha, ha!

Dar.

Dar. I do, upon my conscience.

Kath. Well, let me alone, Darby : once for all
I will not have you.

Dar. No !

Kath. No, as I hope for man, I won't.

Dar. Ha, ha, ha ! hope for man, and yet won't
have me.

Kath. Yes, but I'll tell you what sort of a man ;
then look into the river, and see if you're he.

Dar. And if not—I'll pop in head foremost.

Kath. Do Darby ; and then you may whistle
for me.

AIR.—*Kathlane.*

Since love is the plan
I'll love if I can,
But first let me tell you what sort of a man,
In address how complete
And in dress spruce and neat,
No matter how tall, so he's over five feet :
Nor dull, nor too witty
His eyes I'll think pretty
If sparkling with pleasure whenever we meet.

II.

Tho' gentle he be,
His man he should see
Yet never be conquer'd by any but me.
In a song bear a bob
In a glass a hob nob
Yet drink of his reason his noddle ne'er rob.
This is my fancy
If such a man can see,
I'm his, if he's mine, until then I am free.

Dar. So then you won't have me.

Kath. No, that I won't.

Dar. Now you might if you pleas'd.

Kath.

Kath. I might if you pleas'd.

Dar. Well sure I do please.

Kath. Ay, but you don't please me.

Dar. Why I'm a better match for you than Dermot.

Kath. No.

Dar. No? Havn't I every thing comfortable about me? cows, sheep, geese and turkies for you to look after in the week days, and a pretty pad for you to ride to chapel on a Sunday: a little cabin for you to live in, and a neat bit of a potatoe garden for you to walk in; and for a husband I'm as pretty a lad as you'd meet with of a long summer's day.

Kath. Get along: don't talk to me of your geese and your turkies, man, with your conceit and your nonsense.

Dar. My nonsense! Oh very well: you say that to me, do you?

Kath. To be sure I do.

Dar. Then marry hang me if I don't.—

Kath. What—what'll you do?

Dar. Do, why I'll—tell the Priest of you.

Kath. Ah do——do your worst, you ninney hammer!

Dar. I'm a ninney hammer, oh very well—I tell you what Kathlane—I'll say no more.

DUET.

Kath. Out of my fight or I'll box your ears.

Dar. I'll fit you soon for your jibes and jeers.

Kath. I'll set my cap at a smart young man,

Dar. Another I'll wed this day if I can.

Kath. In courtship funny.

Dar. Once sweet as honey,

Kath. You drone.

Dar. No Kate, I'm your humble Bee.

Kath.

Kath. Go dance your dogs with your fiddle de dee
For a sprightly lad is the tune for me.

II.

Kath. Like sweet milk turn'd now to me seems love.

Dar. The fragrant Rose does a Nettle prove.

Kath. Sour Curds I taste, tho' sweet Cream I chose.

Dar. And with a flower I sting my nose.

Kath. In courtship funny, &c.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter FITZROY.

Fitz. Ay, here's Father Luke's house: I doubt if his charming niece is up yet. (*Looks at his watch*) I shall be back before the family are stirring, and even if not, drawn hither by the devout hopes of paying my adoration to this Sylvan Deity, the beauty and freshness of the morning exhilarates and delights.

AIR.—*Fitzroy.*

The Twins of Latona, so kind to my boon,
Arise to partake of the chase,
And Sol lends a ray to chaste Dian's fair Moon,
And a smile to the smiles of her face.
For the sport I delight in, the bright Queen of Love
With myrtles my brow shall adorn,
While Pan breaks his Chaunter, and skulks in the Grove,
Excell'd by the sound of the horn.

The dogs are uncoupled, and sweet is their cry,
Yet sweeter the notes of sweet Echo's reply.
Hark forward, my Honies! The game is in view
But love is the game that I wish to pursue.

The

II.

The Stag from his Chamber of Woodbine peeps out,
 His sentence he hears in the gale,
 Yet flies, till entangled in fear and in doubt,
 His courage and constancy fail.
 Surrounded by foes, he prepares for the 'fray,
 Despair taking place of his fear,
 With Antlers erected awhile stands at bay,
 Then surrenders his life with a tear.
 The dogs, &c.

Oh here comes the Priest her uncle, and now for his final answer, which must determine my happiness. (*Enter Father Luke*) Good morning to you, Sir.

F. Luke. And a good morrow, and a hundred and a thousand good morrows to you worthy Sir.

Fitz. As many thanks to you my reverend Sir.

F. Luke. True, Sir, I am reverend, because I'm the Priest of the Parish. Bless you, Sir, but you're an early riser.

Fitz. Why you must imagine that the pillow has no great charms for one whose heart can take little rest 'till lull'd to peace by your friendly benediction.—Oh! Father Luke your charming Niece.—

F. Luke. My Niece—you told me of that, but you never told me your fortune, so it's gone quite out of my memory.

Fitz. Why Father, if you must peep into my rent-roll, I fancy you'll find it something above 2000l. a year

F. Luke. Two thousand!—You shall have my niece: but there's two things which perhaps you have not consider'd on.

Fitz. What are those?

F. Luke. Her religion and her country.

Fitz.

Fitz. My dear Sir, be assured I am incapable of an illiberal prejudice against any one, for not having first breath'd the same air with me, or for worshiping the same Deity in another manner. We are common children of one parent, and the honest man who thinks with moral rectitude, and acts according to his thoughts, is my countryman let him be born where he will.

F. Luke. Just my thoughts, Sir, I don't mind a man's country so he has—You've 2000l. a year? (*Fitz. bows*) Your hand, you shall marry my niece.

Fitz. My dear good man you're the best of Priests; but there's one thing that I'd wish to be certain of—Are you sure your niece's heart is totally disengag'd?

F. Luke. Why Sir she did give her heart away but I made her take it back again, she had a sort of a Lover that I think she was a little fond of.

Fitz. How?

F. Luke. Don't be alarm'd, Sir, for lord knows what's become of poor Patrick since he was sent off for America: upon my refusing Norah to him, he took on so, that one day, full of ale and vexation, the fool went and list'd for a soldier.

Fitz. Ah, I cou'd wish that——

F. Luke. You can wish for no more than you shall have: she's your's: I say the word; and I'm her uncle, her Guardian, and her Clergy. Here, Norah, child, (*calls at the window*) I fancy she's not awake yet. (*Going in.*)

Fitz. Hold Sir, I wouldn't have her disturb'd for the world.

F. Luke. Well faith, you're good natur'd enough considering you've been fighting in America.

Fitz. My dear Father Luke, you know I'm down here at the Duke's upon a visit, and you have sense enough to know likewise, that notwithstanding your niece's beauty and merit, and the reverence due to your character, such is the ridiculous pride, and assum'd privilege of birth and fortune, that I should be most egregiously rallied, and perhaps obstacles thrown in the way of my happiness, shou'd this affair be talked of there.

F. Luke. Not a word, my lips are seal'd.

Fitz. That's right, my dear friend, the ceremony once over, with pride I shall publish my felicity to the world. I have already sent up to Dublin, for some trifling ornaments for my sweet Norah; I expect them every hour, this night you shall join our hands, and then I'll introduce my lovely bride as such, to my friends at Carton House.

Enter DARBY.

Dar. Father Luke, I want to speak a word with you if you please, Sir. (*Fitzroy walks up the Stage.*)

F. Luke. What do you mean you free fellow? Don't you see I'm in company, and in company with a gentleman too? Eh, you wicked boy?

Dar. I'm not wicked.

F. Luke. Eh, how child, what, an't I your Priest, and don't I know what wickedness is.

Dar. Well Sir, to be sure I have been a young rake, as a body may say, but now I'm going to take a wife to myself.

F. Luke. (*to Darby*) Get away.—I beg your worship's pardon. (*to Fitzroy.*)

Fitz. Oh no apology, Sir. The Shepherd must look to his flock:

F. Luke.

F. Luke. Ah ! I'm shepherd to a blessed flock of goats : Now would you think it, Sir ? that Darby, that fellow that looks so sheepish, is the most notorious reprobate in the whole parish.

Dar. (to Fitzroy) Sir, I'll tell you why Father Luke's always at me. He, he, he ! when one plays or so, among the girls, you know one must give them a kiss or two, to keep them in good humour ; and then the long winter nights before a fine fire, I'm so frolicksome among 'em, that when we play at forfeits, it may come to twenty or thirty kisses a piece : these they must all confess to him, and ecod, of a cold morning they keep Father Luke, 'till his fingers are numb'd, and his nose is blue, he, he, he ! you know, Sir, you know that's the reason you don't like poor Darby.

F. Luke. Get along you profligate.

Dar. Well, Sir, I'll go.

F. Luke. Come back here : Where are you going now ? I warrant you're posting away to the alehouse ; but I'll follow you ; I'll meet you there, and if I catch you guzzling, if you dare call for a quart of ale before me.—

Dar. You'll drink half of it.

F. Luke. Go along, go. (*pushes him off*) Oh ! dear me ! I'm only a poor parish priest here ; and I profess I have more to do than a bishop.

Fitz. I wish father you were a bishop.

F. Luke. I wish to Heaven I was.

Fitz. Well, well—who knows—all in good time—We shall have his Grace's interest—Such a thing may be done.

F. Luke. Oh, that nothing may hinder it !

AIR

AIR.—*Father Luke.*

An humble curate here am I,
 The boys and girls director ;
 Yet something whispers by and by,
 I may be made a Rector :
 Then I'll preach
 And teach,
 My sheep and rams.
 So well I'll mind my duty ;
 And Oh, my pretty ewes and lambs !
 Your pastor shall be true t'ye.

For tho' a simple fisherman,
 A dean'ry if I fish up,
 So good I'll do the best I can,
 And pray---to be a Bishop.
 To my preaching,
 Teaching,
 Then farewell.
 No more with duty hamper'd,
 But plump and sleek,
 My Rev'rend cheek ;
 Oh, how my lordship's pamper'd.

But, Sir, you're sure of my niece Norah ; and
 now I must attend some duties of my function
 among my parishioners. *[Exit.]*

Fitz. Love for a young man ! this is not so
 well : The first impresson of love upon the heart
 of an innocent young woman, is not easily, if
 ever eras'd ; yet, the coldness of her carriage to
 me, rather checks my hopes than abates the ar-
 dor of my affections. (*F. Luke's door opens*) 'Tis
 she ; I fear to speak to her, lest I shou'd be ob-
 serv'd by some of the villagers. (*retires*)

Enter

Enter NORAH, from the House.

AIR.—*Norah.*

The meadows look chearful, the birds sweetly sing,
So gaily they carol the praises of spring;
Tho' nature rejoices, poor Norah shall mourn,
Until her dear Patrick again shall return.

II.

Ye lasses of Dublin, ah, hide your gay charms!
Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms;
Tho' sattins and ribbons and laces are fine,
They hide not a heart with such feelings as mine.

What a beautiful morning! The primroses and violets seem to have sprung up since the sun went down: If the grass is not too wet, perhaps Kathlane will take a walk with me—but, she's gone to walk with her sweetheart Dermot: Well, if Patrick had'nt forsook me, I shou'dn't now want a companion.—Oh dear! here's the gentleman that my uncle is always teasing me about.

Fitz. A fine morning, Madam; but your presence gives an additional lustre to the beauties of this charming scene.

Nor. Sir. (*curtsies*)

Fitz. Beautiful Norah, has your uncle apprized you of the felicity I hope to derive from your compliance with his will, and my ardent wishes?

Nor. I don't know, Sir; he talk'd to me a great deal, but——

Fitz. (*taking her hand*) Nay, do not avert those lovely eyes—look kindly on me.

AIR.

AIR.—*Fitzroy.*

For you dearest maiden the pride of the village,
 The town and it's pleasures I freely resign.
 Delight springs from labor, and science from tillage,
 Where love, peace and innocence sweetly combine.
 Soft tender affection, what bliss in possessing,
 How blest when 'tis love that insures us the
 blessing.
 Carefs'd, Oh what rapture in mutual caressing,
 What joy can I wish for, was Norah but mine.

II.

The feasts of gay fashion with splendour invite us,
 Where luxury, pride and her follies attend ;
 The banquet of reason alone should delight us,
 How sweet the enjoyment when shar'd with a friend.
 Be thou that dear friend then, my comfort, my
 pleasure,
 A look is my sunshine, a smile is my treasure,
 Thy lips if consenting, give joy beyond measure,
 A rapture so perfect, what joy can transcend !

Nor. Do, Sir, permit me to withdraw ; our
 village is very censorious ; and a gentleman be-
 ing seen with me, will neither add to your ho-
 nor or my reputation. *[Exit into house.*

Enter BAGATELLE. (hastily)

Bag. Ah, Monsieur !

Fitz. Well, what's the matter ?

Bag. Ah, Monsieur ! I'm come—I'm come—
 to tell you—that—I'm out of breath.

Fitz. What's the matter ?

Bag. It is all blown——

Fitz. I suppose my love affair here is discover'd.
(half aside)

Bag. Oui Monsieur, I have discover.——

Fitz.

Fitz. How, you?

Bag. All blown.

Fitz. The devil!

Bag. We must go to town.

Fitz. Discover'd—all blown—and we must go to town—

Bag. Oui Monsieur. I have discover dat all your Marechal poudre is blown out of devindre, and I must go to town for more.

Fitz. And is this the discovery that has made you run about the roads after me?

Bag. Non Monsieur; but I am come on de affaire of grande importance.

Fitz. Quick, what is it?

Bag. To know Monsieur, if you will drefs to-day en queue or de twisted club.

Fitz. Is this your affair of grand importance?

Bag. Oui, I must make de preparation; oh, I did like to forget to tell you, dat his Grace, and all de fine Ladies wait for your honor's company in de breakfast parlour.

Fitz. Damn your impertinence, firrah; why didn't you tell me this at first? I shall have fifty scouts after me; follow and be in the way, as I shall want to drefs.

[*Exit.*

Bag. Ah!—ah, ah, begar dis is de Priest's house, and I did meet him in de village. Fort bien, ah, 'tis bon opportunité to make de love to his neice; I vil finish de affaire with coup d'eclat—Somebody come—Now for Mademoiselle Norah.

[*Exit into Father Luke's house.*

Enter

Enter PATRICK.

Pat. Well, here I am, after all the dangers of war return'd to my native village, two years older than I went; not much wiser, up to the heart in love, and not a fixpence in my pocket. (*Darby sings without*) Isn't that Darby? 'tis indeed, and as foolish as ever.

Enter DARBY, *singing, stops short, looks with surprise at* PATRICK.

Dar. Is it——Pat? (*runs to him*) My dear boy you're welcome, you're welcome my dear boy.

Pat. Thank you Darby: how are all friends since I left them.

Dar. Finely; except a cow of mine that died last Michaelmas.

Pat. But how is my dear Norah?

Dar. As pretty as ever. I mustn't tell him of the Mounseer that's about her house. (*aside*) 'Twas a shame for you to turn soldier, and run away from her.

Pat. Cou'd I help it, when her ill-natur'd uncle refus'd me his consent, and she wou'dn't marry me without it.

Dar. Why Father Luke's very cross indeed to us young lovers.—Eh, Pat, but let's look at you. Egad you make a tight little soldier enough; you'll have Norah: oh, if I thought I cou'd get Kathlane by turning soldier, I'd list to-morrow.

Pat. Well, I'll introduce you to the Serjeant.

Dar. Ay, do, if you please. I think I'd look
very

pretty in a red coat, ha, ha, ha! (*seems delighted with Patrick's dress*) Let's see how the hat and feather becomes me? (*takes off Patrick's hat, and discovers a large scar on his forehead*) What's that?

Pat. Only a wound I got in battle.

Dar. Hem, take your hat; I don't think regimentals wou'd become me at all.

Pat. How! ha, ha, ha! what terrified at a scar, eh, Darby?

Dar. Me terrified! not I, I don't mind twenty scars, only it looks so conceited for a man to have a black patch upon his face; but how did you get that beauty spot?

Pat. In my attempt to save the life of an officer, I fell, and the bayonet of an American grenadier left me for dead, bleeding on the field.

Dar. Left for dead!

Pat. There was glory for you.

Dar. Hem! and so they found you bleeding in your glory?

Pat. Come now, I'll introduce you to the Serjeant.

Dar. (*looks out*) Hem! yes, I'm coming, Sir. (*seems as if answering somebody without*)

Pat. Oh, yonder is the Serjeant. (*looking out*) Where are you going?

Dar. To meet him. (*going the contrary way*) I'll be with you presently, Sir. (*looks at Patrick*) Hem—glory—row de dow. [*Exit.*]

Pat. Ha, ha, ha! the sight of a wound is enough for poor Darby—but now to see my sweet Norah, and then for a pitcher of friendship with my old companions.

AIR.—*Patrick.*

The wealthy fool with gold in store,
Will still desire to grow richer;
Give me but health, I ask no more,
My little girl, my friend, and pitcher.

My friend so rare,
My girl so fair,
With such what mortal can be richer;
Possess'd of these, a fig for care,
My little girl, my friend and pitcher.

II.

From morning sun, I'd never grieve,
To toil, a Hedger, or a Ditcher;
If that when I come home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.

My friend, &c.

III.

Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,
(I know not what can thus bewitch her;)
With all my heart; can I be poor,
With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

My friend, &c.

[*Exit into house.*]

SCENE II.

Inside of FATHER LUKE'S House.

BAGATELLE *discover'd, speaking at a chamber door.*

Bag. I wou'd only speak von vord vit you.
Ouvrez la porte, ma chere; do open de door,
Mademoiselle Norah.

Nor.

Nor. (*within*) I request, Sir, you'll go away.

Bag. First give me de von little kifs.

Nor. (*within*) Upon my word this is exceeding rude behaviour, and if my uncle finds you there, see what he'll say to you.

Bag. (*aside*) Oh de Father Luke; begar he may be enragé—vel, I am going; Mademoiselle Norah, I am going.

Pat. (*without*) Where is my charming Norah?

Bag. Ah, mal peste! begar, I am all take. I vill hide. (*goes into a closet*)

Enter PATRICK.

Pat. Eh! all the doors open, and nobody at home. (*knocks at the chamber door*) Who's here?

Nor. (*within*) You're a very rude man, and I desire you'll leave the house.

Pat. Leave the house! a kind reception after two year's absence.

Nor. Sure I know that voice.

Enter NORAH.

My Patrick!

Pat. My dear, dear Norah!

Nor. If I was dear to you, ah Patrick, how cou'd you leave me?

Pat. And were you sorry for my going?

Nor. Judge of my sorrow at your absence, by these tears of joy for your return.

Pat. My sweet girl! this precious moment makes amends for all the dangers and fatigues I've suffer'd since our parting.

Bag. Ah, pauvre Bagatelle! (*aside*)

Pat. I heard a noise!

Nor. Oh heav'ns, if it shou'd be my uncle, —what shall I do? he's more averse to our union than ever.—Hold, I'll run to the door.

Pat. And if you hear Father Luke coming up stairs, I'll step in here. (*opens door, and discovers Bagatelle*) Is this your sorrow for my absence, and tears for my return?

Bag. Begar Monsieur, I am sorry for your return.

Nor. How unlucky!

Bag. Monsieur, votre serviteur.

Pat. Shut up here with a rascally Hair-dresser!

Bag. Hair-dresser! Monsieur, you shall give me de satisfaction; I vill challenge you, and I vill meet you vid——

Pat. With your Curling Irons.

Bag. Curling Irons! Ah, sacre Dieu!

Pat. Hold your tongue, except you like to walk out of a window.

Bag. Monsieur, to oblige you, I vill valk out of de vindre, but I vou'd rather valk down stairs: I'm not particular in dat point.

Pat. March Sirrah! or I'll cudgel you while I can hold a splinter of Shelelah.

Bag. Cudgel! Monsieur, vill you take a pinch of snuff?—non! oh den I put up my box, and bid you bon jour, serviteur Mademoiselle Norah.

[*Exit.*

Pat. Ah, Norah! cou'd I have believed this of you?

Nor. Cou'd I have believ'd Patrick wou'd have harbour'd a thought to my disadvantage? —And can you think me false?

Pat.

Pat. If I do Norah, my heart is the only sufferer.

DUET.

Pat. A Rose tree full in bearing,
Had sweet flowers fair to see;
One Rose beyond comparing,
For beauty attracted me.
Tho' eager once to win it,
Lovely, blooming, fresh, and gay;
I find a Canker in it,
And now throw it far away.

Nor. How fine this morning early,
All sun-shiny, clear and bright;
So late I lov'd you dearly,
Tho' lost now each fond delight.
The clouds seem big with showers,
Sunny beams no more are seen;
Farewell ye happy hours,
Your falsehood has chang'd the scene.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Country.

Enter PATRICK.

PATRICK.

AY, I'm but a common rank and file; it is not of this Frenchman I shou'd be jealous: my Norah I find has given her heart to an officer—no matter.

AIR.—*Patrick.*

Why breathe so rude, thou northern wind
Be gentle unto me;
I lov'd a maiden most unkind,
No fairer shall you see:
Her vows were soft as western gale,
Whilst flocks are penn'd in fold;
I thought she listen'd to my tale,
She left me, ah! for Gold.

Full featly sexton with thy spade,
Oh make my bed a boon;
Yet tho' to rest is Patrick laid,
Thy bells ring out this tune.

Beneath

Beneath this bank of tufted grass,
Ye faithful swains be told,
Is laid the youth that lov'd the lass,
Who left him, ah! for Gold.

[Exit.

Enter DARBY.

Dar. Ho Pat! Paddy! Ay there he goes
finging about the roads like a discarded fowl; so
am I, but why shou'd Kathleen like Dermot
better nor I? Well, well, I'm sure I'm as—
shew me a compleater fellow—I can wrestle—
I'm a good hurler—I can cudgel—I can play up-
on the pipes, and I can dance—(*dances*) and I
can—shew me a compleater fellow, that's all
—(*Kathlane sings without*) Oh, here she comes.

Enter KATHLANE.

Kath. What are you there, foolish Darby?

Dar. Now am I puzzled whether to take a
friendly glass of punch with Patrick yonder, or
stay here and kiss you.

Kath. So betwixt my lips and a glass of punch,
you're the ass between two bundles of—

Dar. Now I'm an ass—you're a bundle of
sweet—since nobody's by I'll make hay while
the sun shines—kiss me Kathlane and then I'll
be in clover.

Kath. No, I'll not take such a rake as you
when I go a hay-making, I assure you.

Dar. See there now!

Kath. Ay, and see there again now, you know
Darby I'm an heiress, and so take your answer;
you're no match for me.

Dar.

Dar. An heirefs! Why tho' your father, old Jorum that kept the Harp and Crown, left you well enough in the world, as a body may say, yet—

Kath. Well enough, you disparaging fellow! Did'nt my poor father leave me a fortune of eleven pounds—a barrel of ale upon draught—the dappled mare, besides the furniture of the whole house, which 'prais'd to the matter of thirty eight shillings! Well enough indeed!

Dar. (*soothing.*) Nay, but Kathlane—

Kath. (*Passionate.*) Well enough! And did'nt he leave me the bald filley, you puppy?

Dar. Oh, now she's got upon the bald filley—the devil ca'n't take her down—

Kath. A pretty thing to say to a girl of my fortune.

AIR.—*Kathlane.*

Dermot's welcome as the May,
 Chearful, handsome, and good natur'd;
 Foolish Darby, get away,
 Aukward, clumsy, and ill-featur'd:
 Dermot prattles pretty chat;
 Darby gapes like any oven:
 Dermot's neat from shoe to hat;
 Darby's but a dirty sloven.
 Lout looby,
 Silly booby,

Come no more to me courting:
 Was my dearest Dermot here,
 All is joy and gay sporting.

II.

Dermot's teeth are white as egg,
 Breath as sweet as sugar-candy:
 Then he's such a handsome leg;
 Darby's knocky-kneed and bandy:

Dermot

Dermot walks a comely pace ;
 Darby like an Ass goes stumping :
 Dermot dances with such grace :
 Darby's dance is only jumping.
 Lout looby,
 Silly booby, &c.

[*Exit.*

Dar. So I must fall in love, I wish I'd first
 fell in the river ; Oh dear ! (*sighs*)

Bag. (*without*) Oh, Monsieur Darby !

Dar. Lord this is Mr. Bag and tail the Mon-
 sieur.

Enter BAGATELLE.

Bag. Ah, ha ! Monsieur Darby, begar I
 did look all about and I could no find you.

Dar. That's because I'm so wrap'd in love.

Bag. Monsieur Pat shall fight a me.

Dar. Oh, you're going to fight Pat.

Bag. Oui, and dis is the deadly challenge, de
 lettee de mort.

Dar. Oh, what you'll leather him more.

Bag. Dis soldier Patrick did affront me be-
 fore Mademoiselle Norah, and I vil have de sa-
 tisfaction—Begar I vill kill soldier Pat, and you
 fall be my friend.

Dar. Can't you as well kill Dermot, and then
 you'll be my friend—but why kill Pat ?

Bag. Ce Monsieur Pat, quel Barbare !

Dar. Oh, because you're a barber.

Bag. Voud you affront me ?

Dar. Not I.

Bag. You vil be my friend, if you vil give
 dis challenge to Monsieur Patrick.

Dar. Give it me—by the Lord Harry, man,
 he shall have it.

Bag. I vill not trust dat Lord Harry's man—
Give it yourself.

Dar. Well, I will.

Bag. Dere it is—Le Duc's coachman did write
it for me as he is Englis.

Dar. Let's see. (*Opens it and reads.*) "Sir,
"this comes hopping," "Hopping! I'll run
all the way if that will do—" that you're in good
"health, as I am at this present writing—I tell
"you what friend, tho' you think yourself a
"great officer, you don't make me walk out
"of a window, and this comes to let you know
"I'll have Norah in spite of you, I'll be damn'd
"if I don't, and moreover than that, meet me
"in the Elm Grove, at Seven in the Evening,
"when you must give me satisfaction, but not
"with curling irons, till then I'm yours, as in
"duty bound."

Bag. Oui, dat is de etiquette of the challenge,
I put no name for fear of de law.

Dar. It is not directed, but Pat shall have it.

Bag. Fort bien.

Dar. I know Pat is Norah's sweetheart—but
how did he affront you?

Bag. Affront, begar he did take off his hat
and make me a low bow.

Dar. That was an affront indeed.

Bag. And den says he, Monsieur, I should be
much oblige to you if you vil do me the honour
to walk out of the window.

Dar. Well you could not do less, he was so
civil.

Bag. Ah ha, Monsieur, says I, begar I vil
make you walk down stairs, vid dat I did lift
my leg and give him one blow dat did kick him
from de top to de bottom.

Dar.

Dar. You kickt him down stairs ! and for that he must give you satisfaction.

Bag. Dat is it,—Monsieur Darby, I voud not trust de upper domestiques at the Dukes, nor employ de lower servants upon dis affair of honour—You must come to de fight vid me—I have de pistols.

Dar. Pistols !

Bag. Oui, you shall be my seconde.

Dar. Pistols ! Second—Eh, coud'nt I be third or fourth ?

Bag. Ah, Monsieur, you are wrong, toute autre chose.

Dar. Oh, I must get two other shoes.

(looking at his feet.)

Bag. Non—Vel, Monsieur Darby, now I have sent my challenge, I am ready in de duel to decide de point of honour, and so I vil go—brush my Master's coat. *[Exit.]*

Dar. Pistols ! I don't much like giving this challenge to Pat—he's a devil of a fellow since he turned Soldier ; the boy at the alehouse shall give it him, for as Pat bid Monsieur walk out of a window, he may desire me to walk up the chimney. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

Enter NORAH.

Nor. No where can I find him, and I fear my uncle will miss me from home.—My letter must have convinc'd him how he wrong'd me by his suspicions.

AIR.—*Norah.*

Dearest youth why thus delay,
 And leave me here a mourning;
 Ceaseless tears while thou'rt away,
 Must flow for thy returning.
 Winding brooks if by your side,
 My careless love is straying;
 Gently murmur, softly chide,
 And say for him I'm staying.

II.

Meads and Groves I've wander'd o'er,
 In vain dear youth to find thee;
 Come, ah come and part no more,
 Nor leave thy love behind thee.
 On yon green hill I'll sit till night,
 My careful watch still keeping;
 But if he then not bless my fight,
 I'll lay me down a weeping.

He comes—My Patrick!

Enter PATRICK.

Pat. My dear Norah, excuse my delay; but so many old acquaintances in the village.

Nor. You had my letter?

Pat. Yes, and I'm ashamed of my folly, to be jealous of such a Baboon too.

Nor. Aye, he'd be soon discharg'd if his master Capt. Fitzroy knew of his presumption.

Pat. Ah, Norah, I feel more terror at that one Captain's name, than I did at the sight of a whole army of enemies, drawn up in battle array against me.

Nor. My dearest Patrick only be constant, love me as I think you do, and mine is fixt on
 such

such a basis of permanent affection, as never to be shaken.

Pat. And can you prefer a poor foot soldier to a Captain, my sweet Norah?

Nor. Ah, my Patrick, you may be only a private in the army, but you're a Field Officer here, (*lays her hand to her heart*)

Pat. Charming, generous girl!

AIR.—*Patrick.*

Tho' Leixlip is proud of it's close shady bowers,
It's clear falling waters and murmuring cascades,
Its groves of fine myrtle, its beds of sweet flowers,
Its lads so well dress'd and its neat pretty maids.
As each his own village must still make the most of,
In praise of dear Carton I hope I'm not wrong;
Dear Carton containing what kingdoms may boast of,
'Tis Norah, dear Norah the theme of my song.

II.

Be gentlemen fine with their spurs and nice boots on,
Their horses to start on the Currah Kildare,
Or dance at a ball with their Sunday new suits on,
Lac'd waistcoat, white gloves and their neat powder'd hair.
Poor Pat while so blest in his mean humble station,
For gold or for acres he never shall long;
One sweet smile can give him the wealth of a nation,
From Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my song.

Enter FITZROY behind in a plain scarlet frock and round hat.

Fit. (aside) My little country wife in company with a common soldier!

Nor. Don't fail to come to our house as you promis'd, for at that time my uncle will be down at Dermot's.—I've a notion 'twill be a match

match between him and Kathleen, my uncle's her guardian—Adieu my Patrick. You'll come early. (*parting tenderly*) [*Exit Norah.*]

Pat. Happy Dermot! his Kathleen had not charms to attract the attention of this gentleman, but because Norah is most beautiful, Patrick is most unhappy.

Fitz. (aside) This is a timely and fortunate discovery—If I had married her, I should have been in a hopeful way—I'll endeavour to conceal my emotions and speak to this fellow. (*advancing*) A pretty girl you've got there, brother soldier.

Pat. She's handsome, Sir.

Fitz. You seem to be well with her—eh?

Pat. (sighs) But without her.—

Fitz. Oh, then you think you shall be without her?

Pat. Yes, Sir.

Fitz. What parts you?

Pat. My poverty.

Fitz. Why, she don't seem to be rich.

Pat. No, Sir, but my rival is.

Fitz. Oh, you've a rival?

Pat. I have, Sir.

Fitz. Now for a character of myself, (*aside*) Some rich rascal, I suppose.

Pat. Sir, I envy his riches only, because they give him a superior claim to my Norah; and for your other epithet, I'm sure he don't deserve it.

Fitz. How so?

Pat. Because he's an officer, and therefore a man of honor.

Fitz. It's a pity, my friend, that you're not an officer, you seem to know so well what an officer should be—pray, have you been in any action?

Pat.

Pat. I have seen some service in America, Sir.

Fitz. Carolina?

Pat. Yes, Sir; I was at the crossing of Beattie's Ford.

Fitz. (*with emotion*) Indeed!

Pat. I'd an humble share too, in our victory of the 15th March at Guilford, under our brave officers, Webster, Leslie, and Tarleton.

Fitz. Were you in the action at Beattie's Ford?

Pat. Here's my witness, Sir. (*takes off his hat*) I receiv'd this wound in the rescue of an officer who, having fall'n, must have perish'd by a determin'd bayonet.

Fitz. By heav'n! the very soldier that sav'd my life. (*aside*) then I suppose he rewarded you handsomely?

Pat. I look't for no reward, Sir.—I fought—'twas my duty as a soldier; to protect a fall'n man was but an office of humanity.—Good morning to your honor.—

Fitz. Where are you going now my friend?

Pat. To abandon my country for ever.

Fitz. (*aside*) Poor fellow!—But, my lad, I think you'd best keep the field, for if the girl likes you, she'll certainly prefer you to your wealthy rival.

Pat. And for that reason I'll resign her to him. As I love her, I'll leave her to the good fortune she merits; 'twould be only love to myself should I involve her in my indigence.

Fitz. You'll take your leave of her tho'?

Pat. No, Sir—I told her I'd meet her at her uncle's, but I think it better even to break a promise, than expose her to the pangs of a separation, which, without self-flattery, I know must grieve her tender heart.

Fitz.

Fitz. Well, but my lad, take my advice and see the girl once again before you go.

Pat. Sir, I'm oblig'd to you—you must be a good natur'd gentleman, and I'll take your advice.—Then I will venture to see my Norah once more, for if even Father Luke turns me out of his house, I shan't be much disappointed.

AIR.—*Patrick.*

Farewell my dear Norah, adieu to sweet peace,
Ah, say cruel fate, when my sorrow shall cease;
I fear'd neither musket nor cannon nor sword,
Farewell is my terror, for death's in that word!
Yet farewell to Norah, adieu to sweet peace,
Ah, say, cruel fate when my sorrow shall cease.

[*Exit Patrick.*]

Fitz. What a noble spirit—there let the embroider'd epaulet take a cheap lesson of bravery, honor and generosity from fixpence a day and worsted lace.

Enter Boy with a letter.

Boy. Pray, Sir, are you the man in the red coat?

Fitz. Ha, ha, ha! Why, yes, my little hero, I think I am the man in the red coat.

Boy. Then Darby desir'd me to give you that.

[*Exit unperceived.*]

Fitz. (*opening the letter*) Darby! a new correspondent—(*reads*) “This comes hopping,——duty bound.”—A curious challenge, and pray my little friend, where is this Mr. Darby. (*looks round*) Eh! why the herald is off—my Norah seems to have plenty of lovers here—but how has my attachment transpir'd? Seven o'clock in the

the Elmgrove—Well, we shall see what sort of Hero Mr. Darby is.—This charming girl! A pretty snare master Cupid has led me into. How unlucky, to erect so fair a mansion on another man's foundation!

AIR.—*Fitzroy.*

Thou little cheat, return my heart,
For if you've lost your own,
'Tis but at best a roguish art,
To coax poor me with mine to part
And yours for ever gone,

Hence ye graces, smiles, and loves,
Tender sigh and falling tear,
Venus harness all thy doves,
Cupid quit thy mansion here,

Heal my wound and sooth my pain,
Rosy Bacchus cheer my soul;
If the urchin comes again,
Drown him in thy flowing bowl.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Outside of DERMOT'S Cottage.

Enter FATHER LUKE and DERMOT.

F. Luke. Well now Dermot, I've come to your house with you—what is this business?

Der. Oh, Sir, I'll tell you.

F. Luke. Unburthen your conscience to me, child—speak freely—you know I'm your spiritual confessor, so I must examine into the state of your soul—tell me—have you tapp'd the barrel of ale yet?

VOL. I,

Q Q

Der.

Der. That I have, Sir, and you shall taste it.

[*Exit.*]

F. Luke. Aye, he wants to come round me for my ward Kathlane.

Re-enter DERMOT with Ale.

My dear child, what's that?

Der. Only your favorite brown jug, Sir.—

F. Luke. (*taking it*) Now, child, why will you do these things? (*drinks*)

Der. I'll prime him well before I mention Kathlane.—Its a hard heart that a sup can't soften. (*aside*)

F. Luke. Boy, what signifies your jug, you know I don't think of it without a tender song—you're a country lad and a shepherd, and a lover,

Der. All that I surely am, Sir.

AIR.—DERMOT.

My sheep feast on flowers, and fine is their wool,
My dog he is faithful my bottle is full :
And green is the pasture, and blue is the sky,
And Aura soft whispers in amorous sigh,
A note from my pipe is the joy of the plain,
That couples in dancing the nymph and the swain,
Tho' smiles of bright summer encircle my year,
Alas ! all is nothing---Kathlena's not here !

Gay Shelah presents me a bowl of sweet cream,
Fond Oonah requests I'd interpret her dream ;
For saving two lambs that fell into the brook,
Each wove me a chaplet to hang on my crook.
All mine are the meadows that round I behold,
And mine are the flocks that at sun-set I fold,
My neighbours are cheerful, their friendship sincere,
Alas ! all is nothing---Kathlena's not here ;

[*Exit into the House.*]

Enter

Enter DARBY.

Dar. How do you do, Father Luke?

F. Luke. Go away Darby, you're a rogue.

Dar. Father Luke, consent that I shall marry Kathlane.

F. Luke. You marry Kathlane, you reprobate!

Dar. Give her to me, and I'll give your rev'rence a sheep.

F. Luke. Oh, well, I always thought you were a boy that woud come to good—a sheep!—You shall have Kathlane—You've been very wicked.

Dar. Not I, Sir.

F. Luke. What! an't I your priest, and know what wickedness is—but repent it and marry.

Dar. Yes, Sir, I'll marry and repent it.

AIR.—*F. Luke.*

You know I'm your Priest and your conscience is mine,
But if you grow wicked it's not a good sign,
So leave off your raking and marry a Wife
And then my dear Darby you're settled for life.
Sing Ballynomona Oro,
A good merry wedding for me.

•II

The banns being publish'd to Chapel we go,
The Bride and the Bride-groom in coats white as snow,
So modest her air and so sheepish your look,
You out with your ring and I pull out my book.
Sing, Ballynomona Oro,
A good merry wedding for me.

I thumb

III.

I thumb out the place and I then read away,
 She blushes at love, and she whispers obey,
 You take her dear hand to have and to hold,
 I shut up my Book and I pocket your gold.
 Sing Ballynomona Oro,
 The snug little Guinea for me.

IV.

The neighbours with joy to the Bridegroom and Bride,
 The piper before us, you march side by side,
 A plentiful dinner gives mirth to each face,
 The piper plays up, myself I say grace.
 Sing Ballynomona Oro,
 A good wedding dinner for me.

You shall have Kathlane and here she comes.
Dar. (Bowling.) Thank you, Sir. [*Both retire.*]

Enter KATHLANE, with a bird in a Cage.

AIR.—Kathlane.

Sweet bird I caught thee in thy nest
 And fondling plac'd thee in my breast,
 When thou wert helpless, weak and young,
 Unfledg'd thou could'st not wing the air,
 I cherish'd thee with tender care,
 Be grateful pay me with a song.

Ah what to thee are groves and fields,
 The tempting gifts gay Flora yields,
 Why pant and flutter to be free?
 Ten thousand dangers are abroad,
 Then in thy small, but safe abode,
 Content and cheerful sing for me.

Thou

Thou thinks't not of the various ills
The wintry blast that often kills,
I'd fain thy little life prolong,
The ruffian Hawk prescribes it's date,
The levell'd gun is charg'd with fate,
Here brave them in thy warbling song.

Oh, Father, is Dermot within, Sir?

F. Luke. Kathlane, don't think of Dermot.—
To her man, put your best leg foremost.

Dar. I don't know which is my best leg.

F. Luke. Go—(*makes signs to Darby.*)

Dar. Oh, I must go and give her a kiss.
(*kisses her.*) He, he, he!—what sweet lips!
he, he, he!—Speak for me, Sir.

F. Luke. Hem!—Child Kathlane—Is the sheep
fat?

Dar. As bacon!

F. Luke. Child, this boy will make you a good
husband, won't you Darby?

Dar. Yes, Sir.

Kath. Indeed Father Luke, I'll have nobody
but Dermot.

F. Luke. I tell you child, Dermot's an ugly
man and a bad christian.

Enter DERMOT.

Dar. Yes Dermot's a bad man and an ugly
christian.

F. Luke. Come here Dermot, take your mug,
you empty fellow, (*throws it away*) I am going
to marry Kathlane here, and you must give her
away.

Der. Give her away! I must have her first, and
it was to ask your consent that I—

F. Luke. Eh, what! you marry her! no such
thing—put it out of your head.

Der.

Der. If that's the case, Father Luke, the two sheep that I intended as a present for you, I'll drive to the fair to-morrow and get drunk with the money. [Going.]

F. Luke. (*pauses.*) Hey, two sheep! (*aside.*) Come back here; it's a sin to get drunk.—Darby if you've nothing to do, get about your business.

Dar. Sir!

F. Luke. Dermot, Child! Is'nt it this evening I am to marry you to Kathlane?

Dar. Him! why lord Sir, it's me that you're to marry to her.

F. Luke. You, you ordinary fellow!

Dar. Yes Sir, you know I'm to give you—

F. Luke. (*Apart to Dermot.*) Two sheep? (*loud to Darby.*) You don't marry Kathlane.

Dar. No!

F. Luke. No, 'tis two to one against you. So get away Darby.

Kath. and Der. Aye, get away Darby.

F. Luke. (*To Kath. and Der.*) Children, I expect Capt. Fitzroy at my house for my niece Norah and I'll couple you all as soon as I clap my thumb upon matrimony.

QUARTETTE.—*F. Luke, Dermot, Darby and Kathlane.*

Kath. to Der.

You the point may carry
If a while you tarry.

To Dar.

But for you
I tell you true,
No, you I'll never marry.

Cho.

You the point, &c.

Der.

Care our souls disowning,
Punch our sorrows drowning,
Laugh and love,
And ever prove
Joys, joys our wishes crowning.

Cho.

Care our, &c.

Dar.

Dar. To the church I'll hand her,
(Offers to take her hand, she refuses.)
 Then thro' the world I'll wander,
 I'll sob and sigh
 Until I die,
 A poor forsaken Gander.

Cho. To the church, &c.

F. Luke, Each pious Priest since Moses,
 One mighty truth discloses,
 You're never vex't,
 If this the text
 Go fuddle all your noses.

Cho, Each pious, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Grove.

Enter FITZROY.

Fitz. Who can this challenger be? Some hay-maker perhaps meet me with a reaping hook, ha, ha, ha!

Bag. (without.) Venez ici.

Fitz. (Looking out.) Eh, my man Bagatelle.— Ah, the officious puppy I suppose has heard of the affair, and is come to prevent mischief.

Bag. (Without.) Come along Monsieur Darby.

Fitz. Darby! the name the boy mentioned—
 Let's see.

[*Retires.*]

Enter

Enter DARBY, with a Pistol, and BAGATELLE, with a Sword.

Dar. Mr. Bag and Tail.

Bag. Well?

Dar. When I fall, as to be sure I shall—that is, if Pat's second is as wicked as I am, bring my corpse to Dermot and Kathlane's wedding.

Bag. I vil Monsieur Darby.

Dar. But do you think I may be kill'd?

Bag. Very like.

Dar. Hem!—He's not here—we'll go home.

Bag. Ah, ha! first I vill fight him vid de pistol and den I vil fight him vid de sword.

Dar. I'd rather you'd fight him with the sword first.

Bag. Pourquoi—why so?

Dar. Because I long to see a little sword play, and if you should be killed with the pistols, then I'm disappointed.

Fitz. (aside.) Can Bagatelle be the challenger?

Dar. When Pat shoots I get behind you.----
(*stands at his back*) You're cursed thin, one might as well stand behind a pitch fork; I wish you were fatter.

Bag. Ah, Diable! wou'd you have me Dutchman?

Dar. Indeed I wou'd upon this occasion---I'd rather fight behind a Dutch Weaver than a French Churchwarden.

Bag. Soldier Pat did bid me valk out of de vinder.---Ah, ha, begar I vil make him valk out of de vorld.

Fitz. (Advances.) Servant Gentlemen.

Bag. Mon Maitre!

Fitz.

Fitz. So you send challenges, you rascal.
(*shews letter to Darby*)

Dar. Me, Sir! Not I, Sir—Oh! yes, Sir, I—
No, Sir, I got it from Monsieur Bag and Tail.
(*frightened*)

Bag. (*aside*) Ah diantre!

Fitz. (*to Bagatelle*) Had you the impudence
to write such a letter as this?

Bag. Non, Monsieur—the Duke's coachman.

Fitz. Coachman, firrah!

Bag. Oui, Monsieur—I vil tell your Honor all
touchant cet affaire. Sir, I was—

Dar. Hold your jabbering—I'll tell the whole
story in three words. Sir, you must know,
Pat, the soldier—No—Monsieur Bag and Tail—
was—Father Luke's house—come up stairs—
no—Norah bid him—says Pat, says he—(*to*
Bagatelle) What did he say? Oh, she shut the
door—out of the window: and before Pat could
—no—after—how was it? (*to Bagatelle*)

Bag. Oui, dat vas de whole affair.

Dar. Yes, Sir, that was the whole affair.

Fitz. Upon my word, very clearly explain'd.

Dar. Yes, I didn't go to school for nothing.

Fitz. I find my little Norah is the object of
universal gallantry. (*aside*)

Bag. Ah, Monsieur.

Fitz. Begone, firrah; and if ever I find you
concern'd in letters of this kind again, you get a
lettre de catcher.

Bag. Ah malheureux!

[*Exit.*

Dar. (*calling after him*) Yes, Monsieur, you'd
better stick to the curling-irons.

Fitz. Yes, my friend, and you had better
stick to your flail and spade than meddle with
sword and pistol. None but gentlemen shou'd

have privilege to murder one another in an honorable way ; but, when duelling thus descends, let them be ashamed of a practice, the fatal consequences of which precludes him from hope of mercy who dies in the commission of a premeditated crime, and delivers the survivor to the sharpest pains of remorse. (*going*)

Dar. One word, Sir, if you please.

Fitz. (*returning*) Well, my honest friend!

Dar. Now, Sir, Kathlane's quite lost, there's one thing troubles me; and I'll leave it to you which of the two, Dermot or I, is the prettiest boy for it?

Fitz. Ha, ha, ha! Stupid scoundrel! [*Exit.*

Dar. Stupid scoundrel! You a captain! Halloo, corporal! (*calls after Fitzroy*)

Re-enter FITZROY.

Fitz. (*threat'ning*) How!

Dar. (*turning and calling to the other side*) I say you, corporal. [*Exit Fitzroy.*

Dar. Such a swaggerer! Aye, I must go to town, and learn to talk to these people.

AIR.—Darby.

Since Kathlane has prov'd so untrue,
Poor Darby, ah! what can you do?
No longer I'll stay here a clown,
But sell off, and gallop to town:
I'll dress, and I'll strut with an air,
The barber shall frizzle my hair.

II.

In Dublin I'll cut a great dash;
But how for to compass the cash?

At

At gaming, perhaps. I may win,
 With cards I can take the flats in :
 Or trundle false dice, and they're nick'd ;
 If found out, I shall only be kick'd.

III.

But, first, for to get a great name
 A duel establish my fame ;
 To my man then a challenge I'll write,
 But, first, I'll take care he won't fight :
 We'll swear not to part 'till we fall,
 Then shoot with our powder, and---the devil a ball.
 [Exit.

SCENE V ; *and last.*

Inside of FATHER LUKE'S House.

F. Luke. (within) Aye, I'll teach you to run
 after soldiers.

Nor. (within) Dear, Sir!

Enter FATHER LUKE and NORAH.

F. Luke. Come along. If you won't have
 Captain Fitzroy you go to Boulogne. Pat, the
 soldier, indeed ! I'll send you to a convent—I
 will by my function.

Nor. Sir, I am contented.

F. Luke. Contented ! Very fine. So you put
 me into a passion, and now you're contented.
 Go—get in there, Mrs. Knapfack, (*puts her in,
 and locks the door*) (*taps at the door with the key*)
 consent to marry Captain Fitzroy, or there you
 stay 'till I ship you for France.

Enter FITZROY.

Fitz. Eh, Father Luke! Who's going to France?

F. Luke. Only a young lady here within, Sir, that's a little refractory. She won't marry you, Sir.

Fitz. Refuse my hand! Well, that I did not expect. But do you resign her to me, Sir?

F. Luke. There, with that key, I deliver up my authority. (*gives key*) And now, if I can find Mr. Patrick, her foldier, he goes to the county gaol for a vagabond. A jade! to lose the opportunity of making herself a lady, and me a bishop. [*Exit.*]

Fitz. Oh! here is her foldier. Now, "I must seem cruel only to be kind."

Enter PATRICK.

Pat. Well, Sir, by your advice I have ventur'd here, like a spy, into the enemy's camp.

Fitz. (*sternly*) Pray, my friend, were you ever brought to the halberts?

Pat. Sir!

Fitz. How came you absent from your regiment? have you a furlough?

Pat. (*confus'd*) Not about me, Sir.

Fitz. I have the honor to bear the King's commission, and am oblig'd to take you up for a deserter.

Pat. Sir, it was a reliance on your honor and good nature that trapann'd me here; therefore, I hope you won't exert an authority which I had no suspicion, at that time, you had a right to.

Fitz. !

Fitz. No talk, Sir; it was for the good of the service I trapann'd you hither, as you call it. I've a proper person prepar'd here, into whose custody I shall deliver you. (*unlocks the door*)

Pat. What a cruel piece of treachery! (*aside*)

Fitz. (*presenting Norah*) Since you reject me, madam, here's one that will know how to deal with you.

Nor. My Patrick!

Pat. Oh, Norah! if this is real, let's kneel and thank our benefactor.

Fitz. No, Patrick, you were my deliverer; I am that very officer whose life you sav'd at Beatti's Ford, and the identical Captain Fitzroy who wou'd have depriv'd you of a treasure I now deliver to you with joy, as the reward of your generosity, valour, and constancy.

F. Luke. (*without*) No, I can't find the runaway-rascal.

Pat. Your uncle!

Nor. Oh, heavens!

Fitz. Don't be alarm'd.

Enter FATHER LUKE, DERMOT, DARBY, and KATHLANE.

F. Luke. What's here! Patrick! Dermot and Darby, lay hold of him.

Der. Not I.

Dar. I'm no constable.

F. Luke. I say take him. The serjeant shall lay hold of him.

Dar. Why, Sir, the white serjeant has laid hold of him.

Fitz. Dear Sir, don't be so violent against a young man that you'll presently marry to your niece.

F. Luke.

F. Luke. Me!

Fitz. Don't you wish to be a bishop?

F. Luke. A fine road to bring a foot soldier into my family; then a halbert must be my crozier, and my mitre a grenadiers cap, a common soldier indeed!

Fitz. He's no longer so, I have a commission to dispose of, and I cannot set a higher value on it, than by bestowing it on one so worthy.

F. Luke. An officer! Oh, that's another thing.

Dar. Pat an officer! I'll lift to-morrow in spite of the black patch.

Pat. Sir, tho' it's a vain attempt, my sweet Norah and I shall endeavour to deserve your patronage and goodness.

Kath. (to *Norah*.) My dear Norah, I wish you joy.

Dar. (apart to *Kathlane*.) How dare you make so free with an officer's lady?

F. Luke. But Captain, why do you give up my Niece?

Fitz. Sir, the Captain thought himself unworthy of her, when he found superior merit in the poor Soldier.

FINALE.

Fitz. More true felicity I shall find
 When those are join'd, (to *Pat.* and *Nor.*)
 By fortune kind;
 How pleasing to me,
 So happy to see,
 Such merit and virtue united.
Nor. No future sorrows can grieve us,
 If you will please to forgive us;
 To each kind friend
 We lowly bend, (curtsies)
 Your pardon---with joy we're delighted.

Pat.

- Pat.* With my commission, yet dearest life,
My charming wife,
When drum and fife
Shall beat up to arms,
The plunder your charms,
In love your poor soldier you'll find me.
- Kath.* Love my petition has granted,
I get the dear lad that I wanted,
Less pleas'd with a duke,
When good Father Luke
To my own little Dermot has join'd me.
- Dar.* You impudent huffey, a pretty rate
Of love you prate,
But hark ye, Kate,
Your dear little lad
Will find that his pad
Has got a nice---kick in her gallop.
- F. Luke.* Now, Darby, upon my salvation,
You merit excommunication,
In love but agree,
And shortly you'll see
In marriage I'll soon tie you all up.
- Der.* The devil a bit o'me cares a bean,
For neat and clean
We'll both be seen,
Myself and my lass
Next Sunday at mass,
And there we'll be coupled for ever.
- Pat.* The laurel I've won in the field, Sirs,
Yet now in a garden I yield, Sirs,
Nor think it a shame
Your mercy to claim,
Your mercy's my sword and my shield, Sirs.

THE END.

THE FOOT LOCKER

It was a small, dark, and dusty room, the kind of place where secrets are often hidden. The air was thick with the scent of old paper and the faint, lingering smell of the sea. The room was cluttered with books, papers, and various small objects that seemed to have a life of their own. In the center of the room, a large, worn leather bag sat on the floor, its straps and buckles showing signs of age and use. The bag was the focus of the room, the heart of the mystery that surrounded it. The walls were made of rough-hewn stone, and the floor was covered in a thick layer of dust and debris. The lighting was dim, coming from a single, flickering candle that cast long, shadowy light across the room. The overall atmosphere was one of mystery and intrigue, a place where the past and the present seemed to blend together in a way that was both haunting and fascinating.

MODERN ANTIQUES;

OR,

THE MERRY MOURNERS.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN 1789.

VOL. I.

SS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Cockletop,	MR. QUICE.
Frank,	MR. MUNDEN.
Hearty,	MR. WILSON.
Joey,	MR. BLANCHARD.
Napkin,	MR. CUBITT.
Thomas,	MR. THOMPSON.
John,	MR. BLURTON.
Mrs. Cockletop,	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Mrs. Camomile,	Miss. CHAPMAN.
Belinda,	Mrs. HARLOWE.
Flounce,	Mrs. ROCK.
Nan,	Mrs. WELLS.
Betty,	

SCENE, *London.*

MODERN ANTIQUES;

OR,

THE MERRY MOURNERS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

MRS. CAMOMILE's House.

Enter MRS. CAMOMILE *and* BETTY.

MRS. CAMOMILE.

BETTY, any body here, since?

Bet. No, Madam, but here's a strange Servant.

Mrs. Cam. True, Mrs. Cockletop desired me as I passed along Charing-Cross, to enquire for one for her at the Register-office.—Ha, ha, ha! She's too fine a lady to look after these things herself.

Bet. Walk up, young man.

[*Exit Betty;*
Enter

Enter JOEY.

Joey. Sarvant. (*nods*)

Mrs. Cam. Quite a rustic! How long have you been in Town?

Joey. Our Town?

Mrs. Cam. London.

Joey. I thought as how you meant our Town, I com'd from Yerkfop, in the county of Norfolk, to get a place.

Mrs. Cam. Your name?

Joey. What of it?

Mrs. Cam. What is it?

Joey. Oh, my name is Joey; but volks call'd me Mr. Joey all the way up, thof I com'd upon the Coach roof; for as it's near Christmas time, all the infide paffengers were Turkeys. I quit-
ted our village in a huff with one Nan Holliday, my sweetheart; caufe why, fhe got jealous and faucy given.

Mrs. Cam. The wages that this Lady gives to her footboy, are eight Guineas a year.

Joey. Guineas! that wo'n't do I muft have eight Pounds.

Mrs. Cam. Well, if you infift upon pounds, ha, ha, ha!

Joey. Oh, I'm hired. (*lays his hat and ftick on the table*)

Mrs. Cam. You can give and take a meffage?

Joey. Yes, fure.

(*A loud Knocking without.*)

Mrs. Cam. Then let's fee? Run.

Joey. Where?

Mrs. Cam. To the door, you blockhead.

Joey. (*goes to the room door and fands*) Well, I be's at the door—What now?

Mrs.

Mrs. Cam. Open the Street door.

Joey. Oh! (*going*) Here comes a Lady.

Mrs. Cam. Come up when you hear the bell.

Joey. These gentlefolks don't moind what trouble they give a poor zarvant man. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Cam. Belinda!

Enter BELINDA.

Bel. My dear friend! I've quitted Southampton Boarding-school, without leave tho'.

Mrs. Cam. My sweet girl, I'm very glad to see you; but is this a prudent step?

Bel. To be sure, when I was kept there so long against my will, by my aunt.

Mrs. Cam. Ah Belinda, confess the truth: wasn't it to see your uncle's nephew Frank, that you have scamper'd up to town?

Bel. Ha, ha, ha! 'Pon my honor, you're a witch: but suppose so, why not? you and I were school-fellows t'other day, yet, here you're married: but, apropos, how is your husband?

Mrs. Cam. The Doctor is well.

Bel. You're already happy with the man you love, while I'm kept at a boarding-school; when I am able, even to teach my dancing-master.

Mrs. Cam. Why, my dear Belinda, since your last letter, I've been planning schemes, how to make you happy with the man you love.

Bel. My good creature, do tell me?

Mrs. Cam. You know if your uncle Mr. Cockletope's tooth-aches, he fancies he'll die directly, if he hasn't my husband Dr. Camomile's advice; he's the grand oracle of his health, the Barometer and Thermometer of his animal system. Now, as the Doctor is at Winchester on a visit

a visit to some of his College chums, and w'on't leave his good orthodox bottle of Old Port to visit him here in London; he shall visit the Doctor at Winchester, if we can but get your Uncle to leave town, on that hangs my grand scheme for the establishment of you and Frank.—Your Aunt's maid Mrs. Flounce, and Mr. Napkin the butler, are my confederates.

Bel. Oh, charming! but I must know it tho',

Enter JOEY, (stands some time).

Joey. Well?

Bel. And well.

Joey. I'm com'd up as you bid me.

Mrs. Cam. But you shou'dn't have come 'till you heard the bell.

Joey. And, wounds! it's wringing yonder enough to pull the Church-steeple down.

Mrs. Cam. and Bel. Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Cam. Joey, carry those to your new master's. (*to Belinda*) Plants and simples, cull'd for him by the Doctor, your uncle will now be a Botanist, as well as an Antiquarian. (*Joey takes up the sack*)

Bel. Ha, ha, ha! But my tonish aunt's new fangled rage for private Theatricals are to the full, as unaccountably ridiculous as my crazy uncle's passion for musty antiquities.

Mrs. Cam. Well Belinda, I'm going there directly on your affairs.

Bel. My kind friend!

Mrs. Cam. Call a coach. (*Joey takes his stick, and puts on Belinda's hat*) Ha, ha, ha! why, you've put on the Lady's hat.

Joey.

Joey. (*Takes it off, then compares them.*) One wou'd think the Lady had put on mine.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Camomile and Belinda.*]

Your London Ladies are so manified with their swich rantans, and their coats, and their waist-coats, and watch-chain bobbities, and their tip-top hats, and their cauliflow'r cravats, that, ecod, no mark of their being women, but the Petticoat. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

MRS. COCKLETOP'S *Dressing Room.*

MRS. COCKLETOP *discovered at her Toilet,*
FLOUNCE *attending.*

Mrs. Coc. What a strange incident, my marrying this old Mr. Cockletop! Pon my honor, were I single, I'd have the most beautiful Theatre in my house, and his nephew Frank should be the manager—of late he looks at me in a very particular manner; I can scarce think it possible for those features to strike him with admiration. (*looking in the glass*)

Flounce. Ma'm those features must strike every body with admiration. (*looking at herself in the glass over Mrs. Cockletop's shoulder*)

Mrs. Coc. You flatter them.

Flounce. Not in the least, Ma'am; but what signifies your beauty, or my skill in setting it off, my master, since he's turn'd his brain—

Mrs.

Mrs. Coc. Ay, since my husband has commenced antiquarian, with his curiosities.

Flounce. Foreign cockle-shells, mouldy farthings, and all his old fashion'd trumperies. I dare say he'd sell you for the wing of a butterfly.

Mrs. Coc. Flounce, I'll take you to see *Lear* to-morrow night at Lord Rantum's private Theatre.

Flounce. Thankye Ma'am. But Miss Topits maid told me, all of them except your Ladyship, made a strange piece of bungling work of their play there last Wednesday.

Mrs. Coc. Work! Oh heavens! If Shakespeare could have taken a peep at them, ha, ha, ha!—*Romeo and Juliet* the play—a hot dispute arose on the text—*Mrs. Melpomene* insisting an error o'the press in, "*Juliet is the sun,*" for, says she, (*mimicking*) "*Isn't Juliet a woman's name!*" Certainly replies Sir Colly Comment. (*mimicking*) "*And is'nt Romeo talking to this very young lady in the balcony?*"—Most certain, mem, "*Oh, oh, then, certainly* (*says she*) *the poet meant 'Instead of Juliet is the son, that Romeo should say, it is the East, and Juliet is the daughter'*"—Ha, ha, ha! then the *Romeo* and *Paris* were real rivals for the love of—I was the *Juliet*—you know *Flounce*, how I look'd when I left my toilet here.

Flounce. Charming! I don't wonder if they fit about you.

Mrs. Coc. *Flounce*, you're near it—for in the tomb scene, *Romeo*, instead of a foil, (usual in those cases) whips out a sword on the noble County *Paris*, who supposing malice prepence, prudently before a lunge cou'd be made at him, lays

lays himself down, kicks up his heels, and—
 Oh! dies very decently.—Romeo full of remorse,
 looking over the breathless body, and going on
 with his speech in the author's words, says—
 “Who have we here? The noble County Paris!
 “one writ with me in four misfortune's book,
 “give me thy hand.” (*mimicking*) The good
 natur'd Count, eager to make up all animosity
 on the very word, from the dead, up went the
 hand, meeting Romeo's with a cordial shake.
 In the confusion of laugh, occasioned by this
 kind conduct, the hero, on breaking open the
 tomb, totally forgot what he had to say next, in
 vain the prompter whispers the word; poor Juliet
 might have lain in Capulet's monument 'till
 Doomsday—At length impatient, (for't got mon-
 strous cold) I softly bid him: “Speak, why
 don't you speak? Ha, ha, ha! He taking it for
 what he shou'd say, with all the furor of dis-
 tracted love, bursts out. “Speak, speak, Oh!
 why don't you speak,” ha, ha, ha! (*looks in the
 glass*) Flounce, can I in complexion compare
 with my niece Belinda.

Flounce: Can a dash of cold water compare to
 almond paste, and milk of roses.

Enter JOEY with the sack, throws it on the Toilet.

Joey. My first piece of service in my new place.
 [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Coc. Ah! (*screams*)

Enter COCKLETOP with a small scroll of Parchment.

(*angrily*) Astonishing, Mr. Cockletop, you won't
 even let me have my dressing-room to myself.

Coc. Oh, Mrs. Cockletop what a prize! I have bought one of the long-lost books of Livy, a manuscript so capitally illegible, that no man on the globe can distinguish or read a letter of it.—Let's see what change he has given me. (*reckoning money*)

Flounce. Full of snails. (*flinging the plants off the table, knocks the money out of Cockletop's hand.*) [Exit.

Coc. The botanical plants from Doctor Camomile! carefully pick them up, every leaf has the virtue.——

Enter FRANK in a riding dress.

Frank. Will they heal my wounded pocket? (*picks up the money*)

Coc. Eh! what, you lizard! (*taking the money from him*) The valuable simples—

Mrs. Coc. Do, my dear, let poor Frank have a little money.

Coc. From which I'd have distill'd aqua mirabilis. (*gathers the leaves*)

Frank. Your generosity would be—

Coc. So rare!—

Mrs. Coc. Consider, your nephew making an appearance equal to other young gentlemen is a credit to you, as you're known to be—

Coc. A curiosity!

Mrs. Coc. Give him a few guineas.

Coc. Penny-royal—I'll give him—a colt's foot. (*picking up the leaves*)

Mrs. Coc. Besides often antiques may fall in his way. (*winks at Frank*)

Frank. Ay, if I want to buy curious medals, camios or intaglios for you—

Coc.

Coc. What, would you buy antiques for me, my good antelope?

Frank. I was offer'd a fine old moth eaten Hemings and Condel folio of Shakespeare t'other day for fourteen and nine pence.

Coc. What? no, matter, could you have it for nine pence? Buy it, here's a shilling, and keep the change.

Frank. Ay, Sir, a few guineas could never come in better time, as I'm just whip and spur you see, hey! spank to Southampton.

Mrs. Coc. (alarm'd) Pray, Frank, what business have you there?

Frank. What, but to see my lovely cousin.

Coc. Eh! (*puts up the money*).

Mrs. Coc. Oh! is that your business?

Coc. May be, you like—

Mrs. Coc. Ay, do you admire my niece?

Frank. Admire? I love her to distraction.

Coc. The sweet girl I doat on myself. (*aside*) Get out of my house you locust.

Mrs. Coc. Love her, after all my fond hints to him! (*aside*) Oh, Sir, I remember rehearsing Imogen with you t'other night, when I was to have fainted in your arms.—

Coc. Ay, you villain, you stept aside, and let my poor wife tumble down, and knock her fine head against the brass fender—Take a double hop out of your two boots, you jackdaw, how dare you stand before your aunt, with a horsewhip in your hand? Do you want to bring her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave?

Mrs. Coc. Grey hairs.

Enter FLOUNCE.

Flounce. Ma'am! Mrs. Cammomile.

T T 2

Mrs.

Mrs. Coc. Sir, command your nephew to think no more of my niece.—Love another—You an amateur !—Stand from the entrance.

[Exit in a passion, and Flounce.]

Frank. Why, my dear uncle, you are really a good natur'd old lad ; but for this nonsensical passion for antiquities, in which you've no more judgment than my boot.—

Coc. What's that ?

Frank. Did'nt you t'other day, give ten pounds for a model of Trajan's pillar, which turn'd out to be a brass candlestick ?

Coc. No.

Frank. Had'nt you a servant-maid dragg'd before a justice for secreting three hundred and fifty silver spoons, which you swore were shut up in a cherry stone.

Coc. No.

Frank. You woud'nt let my aunt go to a poor living actor's benefit, yet gave half a guinea for Roscius's eye lash, which proved to be taken from the corps of a cobbler in Cripplegate.—

Coc. 'Tis no such thing.

Frank. Didn't you give twenty pounds for the first plate ever Hogarth engraved, tho' it was only a pint porter pot from the Barley Mow ?

Coc. No.

Frank. Did'nt you throw a lobster in the fire, swearing it was a Salamander ?

Coc. No.

Frank. When my aunt broke her tortoiseshell comb, you carefully pick'd up every tooth, shewing them about for the quills of a porcupine.

Coc. I did not firrah.

Frank. Hearing me whistle " the larks shrill notes" from the next room, you attempted to persuade the company, 'twas a humming bird.

Coc.

Coc. Ay, but that was all when I was sick.—
In bodily health my mind is bright and polish'd ;
but you most audacious dromedary ! traduce my
skill in antiques !—Hark'y, when you can prove
to me that it's possible I can be imposed upon
in antiquities, that is, if I am in health, I
consent to give you Belinda ; here's my hand
on it.—Begone, your face is as odious to me as a
new copper penny. [Exit.

Enter HEARTY, calling after COCKLETOP.

Hearty. Sir, Here's the receipt—

Frank. Ay, Hearty, you're my uncle's Stew-
ard, receiver of his cash, and yet—do, give
me a few guineas, cheat him a little my honest
fellow.

Hearty. Musn't.

Frank. Plague of the money, I want it.—Yes,
terday met a parcel of lads in the Park—a party
propos'd for a bason of turtle at the Spring Gar-
den—I was oblig'd to—"good bye"—asked to
dinner at Mr. Nabob's, Harley Street, so, as I
dreaded cards in the evening, sneak'd off without
my hat, 'cause I hadn't half a crown to release
it from the butler.—Then my friend, Jack Fro-
lick, the player, franck'd me into Covent Garden ;
sat down in the upper boxes between Miss Frump,
and Mrs. Rollabout, when the curst orange wo-
man thrusts her basket, with "sweet gentleman,
treat the ladies."—I was obliged to clap my
hand upon my pocket, with my purse gone !
'Pon honor, no entring a public place for
these light finger'd gentry."—Coming home
yesterday, caught in a soaking shower.—"Your
honor,

honor, coach unhir'd.' In I jumps, not recollecting his dismal honor had'nt a shilling to pay for it, so, as the fellow clapt to one door; out I pops at t'other; but then I got mob'd by the waterman, and broke my shins over a post running away from the link-boy.

Hearty. Why, Frank, I'll lend you my own money with all my heart.—

Frank. No, before I strip you of what you may yet want to cherish your old age, I'll perish.—Yet, this is my Belinda's birth day—By heaven I will wish, ay, and give her joy, tho' I foot it every mile to Southampton, and dine on water cresses by a ditch side. *[Exit.*

Hearty. Spirited lad! But I hope by means of my letter, I shall be able to assist him—tho' I thought his uncle too absurd to tell him, yet its strange what a passion I've got myself, for fishing up those odd sort of rarities. I'll sell my old master the small collection I've made; but as his knowing them to be mine may lessen their value in his opinion; this letter rouses his desire to buy them, and then if I can but make him believe I'm some traveller that has brought them from Italy, or—

Enter JOEY in a Livery.

You're the new footman?

Joey. Yes, I be's. I've put'n on my livery.

Hearty. Here's a letter was left for your master, You'll give it to him directly.

[gives letter and Exit.

Joey. So, I must give this letter too!—They'r resolv'd in London, to keep no cats that wont catch mice.

Enter

Enter NAN with a broom, singing.

Nan. (begins to sweep) "A sarvice in London is no such disgrace."

Joey. Isn't that—

Nan. Why, Joey! (*surpriz'd*)

Joey. Nan, lord, lord, how glad I be's to see thee. (*they embrace*)

Nan. But what brings you here; and in this fine lac'd coat.

Joey. Why, I be fix'd here for a sarvant man.

Nan. Zurn! Lord, how comacle! and I hired here to-day as maid.

Joey. Hills and mountains will meet—Oh dear! Oh dear!

Nan. I'm now sent in here by Mrs. Flounce to do up Lady's dressing-room, that it seems some clumsy booby has thrown leaves aboutn.

Joey. I'm not a booby, Nan, I find you're as faucy tongu'd as ever.

Nan. Oh law, was it you, Joey? I ask pardon.

Joey. 'Twas all along of your crossness I com'd up to London.

Nan. And 'twas your false heartedness that drove me to seek my bread here.

Joey. Well, since good luck has brought us into one house, we'll never quarrel, nor be unkind no more.

Nan. Nor I never more will be jealous—Oh, Oh! you've had this letter from Poll Primrose—Ah! you deceitful—(*snatches Hearty's letter from Joey's waistcoat pocket, breaks it open, and reads*)

"Sir, encourag'd"—

Joey. The devil, do you see what you've done

done, this letter was for Measter—If I havn't a moind—

Nan. Why, Joey, dont be angry—The first letter I get for my Lady, you shall open for me, that you shall—“And better my fortune as other girls do.”

[*Exit singing.*]

Joey. Egad! you've spoil'd my fortune! What will become of me! Before I've time to sit down in my new place, I shall get kick'd out on't.

Enter FRANK.

Frank. Eh! where's Hearty?

(*Joey drops the letter, Frank picks it up and looks at the superscription.*)

For my uncle?

Joey. (*confused*) Yes, Sir; I got it to give him.

Frank. But how came it open'd?

Joey. It's open'd.

Frank. I see it is.—Do you know, that opening another man's letter is transportation.

Joey. Is it? then I'll take the blame upon myself rather than Nan be punished. (*aside*) 'Twas I broke it open, Sir—but I meant only to—to—break it open—all accident—(*trembling*)

Frank. This promises something. (*perusing*) Well, keep your own secret, and I'll bring you out of this scrape.

Joey. Do, Sir, do.

Frank. Any paper here. (*sits down, writes, as copying the opened letter; reads*) “Sir, Encouraged by your character, I shall, in person, to-morrow, offer to you for sale some antique rarities.”—My old conceited uncle has engaged to give me Belinda, when I can prove that it's possible to impose on him in antiquities—This may do it, and bring

bring me a convenient sum besides—for with all the ridiculous enthusiasm of a Virtuoso, my Uncle has small reading, no taste, but a plentiful stock of credulity. (*writes*)

Coc. (*without*) Joey!

Joey. Waunds! that's Master.

Frank. (*Hastily seals and supercribes the letter he had written.*) There, stand to it stoutly, that's the very one you receiv'd. (*Gives it.*)

Joey. A thousand thanks, kind sir.

Frank. Oh, but I shall want a disguise (*aside.*) You put on your livery since you came, where are your own cloaths?

Joey. In the Butler's pantry.

Frank. Quick, go give that letter, (*Puts him off*) Ha, ha, ha! Yes uncle, if you've cash to buy antiquities, I'm a stupid fellow indeed if I can't find some to sell you, and if I succeed, hey, for Southampton with the triumphant news to Belinda.
[Exit.]

SCENE III.

Cockletop's Study.

Enter COCKLETOP, perusing the letter, and JOEY.

Joey. Yes, sir, I was desired to give it you--- if he should find out that Nan broke open t'other ---Indeed, sir, that's the very letter it was never opened.

Coc. The things this learned man mentions here, are really very curious.

Joey. Sir, here be Mr. Napkin the Butler coming.

Enter NAPKIN.

Nap. Sir, a man wants you there below.

Coc. Then sir, do you send him up here above,
(*Peruses.*)

Nap. Eh! what are you idling here? Come, come, I'll shew you the business of a Footman--- you must toast the muffins for mine and Mrs. Flounce's breakfast.

Joey. I woll, sir, and broil a beef-steak for my own. [*Exit Napkin and Joey.*]

Coc. Only that my brain is for ever running on my wife's charming Niece Belinda, (Oh, I love her! I like every thing old except Girls and Guineas)---I shou'd certainly be a second Sir Han's Sloane.--I'd be a Solander and a Monmouth Geoffery! Now, who's this?

Enter FRANK in Joey's first Cloaths, with a small Hamper.

Frank. (*aside*) If my Uncle knows me now, he must have good spectacles. Measter told me, as he told you in letter, he'd call on you to-morrow with some rarities sir. (*In broad country dialect*)

Coc. Oh, then, you belong to the gentleman who sent me this letter? Where does your master live?

Frank. At Brentford; but I be's from Taunton Dean, and as I was coming to town, to day, he thought I might as well drop them here if you'll buy them. These be they. (*shewing hamper*)

Coc. Oh, what, he's sent you with the things that are mentioned here. (*To the letter.*)

Frank. I warrant them all woundy rich, he gave me such a strict charge about 'em.

Coc.

Coc. Rich! ah, these sordid souls can't conceive that the most extream delight to the eye of an Antiquarian, is beautiful brown rust, and heavenly verdigrease! Let's see, (*reads.*) "The first is a Neptune's Trident from the Barbarini Gallery."

Frank. That's it. (*Shows a toasting-fork.*)

Coc. (*Reads.*) "One of Niobes tears preserv'd in spirits."

Frank. That. (*Produces a small phial.*)

Coc. Curious. (*aside.*) "A piece of Household Furniture from the ruins of Herculanium, comprising the genuine section of the Escorial." Precious indeed. (*aside.*) Section of the Escorial! Ay, then it must be in the shape of—(*Frank shows a gridiron.*) Wonderful! (*Reads.*) "The cap of William Tell, the celebrated Swiss Patriot, worn when he shot the apple off his son's head."

Frank. I've forgot to bring any thing even like that.—What shall I do? (*aside.*) I warrant it be's here, fir.

Coc. I hope it is; for I will not buy one without all.

Frank. Then all you shall have (*aside.*) Pretends to look in the Hamper. Picks up Cockletop's hat and with a penkife cuts off the brim.) That's it, mayhap. (*Gives the crown*)

Coc. Great! This is indeed the Cap of Liberty. (*Puts it on his head and reads.*) "Half a yard of cloth from Otaheite, being a part of the mantle of Queen Oberea, presented by her to Captain Cook."

Frank. Zounds, I was in such a hurry to get to work, that I've forgot half my tools. (*aside*)

Coc. Where's the cloth from Otaheite?

Frank. I dare say it's here (*Feels the coat he has on.*) No, musn't hurt poor Joey. Eh! (*Cuts a large piece off the Skirt of Cockletop's coat while*

he is admiring the things.) Belike that's it.
[*Gives it.*]

Coc. Indeed! What wonderful soft texture! We've no such cloth in England.—This must have been the Fleece of a very fine sheep.

Frank. Ay, taken from the back of an old stupid ram.

Coc. Speak of what you understand, you clown, much talk may betray little knowledge.—Cut your coat according to your cloth.

Frank. Yes, sir, I cut your coat according to your cloth.—I must fix him in his opinion now, with a little finesse (*aside.*) Master to expect fifty pounds for this balderdash.

Coc. Here's the Money.

Frank. No, no; if he even thought you such a fool to give it, he must be a rogue to take it, but he sha'n't make me a party, I'll let him know I'm an honest man.—Dom me if I don't throw them in the kennel and quit his service. (*Going to take them.*)

Coc. (*Hastily*) Leave them there, and take the money to your master, or I'll make him send you to the devil, you thickskull'd Buffalo, (*Taking out a pocket book*)

Frank. Not a penny of it will I touch.

Enter NAPKIN.

Nap. Sir, here's the Gentleman that sent you a letter about calling on you to morrow.

Coc. This must be your master. (*to Frank*)

Frank. Now I'm in a fine way.

Coc. I'll tell him of your rascality. Shew the gentleman up. [*Exit Napkin.*]

Frank. Don't tell him—don't get a poor man turn'd

turn'd out of bread—Quick, give me the money, and I'll take it to him myself.

Coc. No, no, I'll give it to him.

Frank. Plague of my finesse, that I could'n't take the money when I might.

Enter HEARTLY, (disguised) with a shagreen case.

Hearty. Eh! my old master seems disguised as well as I—The sooner I get the money the better for poor Frank's sake. (*aside*)

Coc. Sir! (*Bows*)

Hearty. Sir! (*Bowing*)

Coc. You've been in Italy, sir?

Hearty. I have (*In an assumed voice*)

Frank. I wish you'd staid there. (*aside*)

Hearty. Not to intrude upon your time, we'll proceed to business.

Coc. Oh, he's in a hurry for his money. (*aside*) No delay on my side, sir, for I offered the cash half a dozen times.

Hearty. Sir, it was time enough for you to offer me payment when you received the articles.

Coc. I don't say I offer'd it to you yourself,

Hearty. To who then, sir?

Coc. To Taunton Dean.

Hearty. I understand you said;—but I ask pardon—you'll please to look at, and if you approve of them.—

Coc. Oh, yes, I approve, tho' certain people that eat your bread, seem to think that you're a rogue, and I'm a fool.

Frank. Then sir, you will ruin me! (*apart*)

Coc. Yes, I will sir. (*apart*)

Hearty I'm a rogue! sure he don't know me? (*aside.*)

Hearty. I flatter myself sir, when you see the articles—

Coc. I have seen them.

Hearty. Pardon me, sir, but I think not, where how?

Coc. Why, with my eyes; how the devil else shou'd I see them.

Frank. I've a mind to knock both their wise heads together and snatch the money. (*aside*)

Coc. Will you dispose of these or not? (*pointing to Frank's articles*)

Hearty. Sir!

Coc. And, Sir! the devil didn't you come here to sell me rarities? (*in a great passion*)

Hearty. Yes, sir, and will if you will buy them.

Coc. I tell you I do, and have bought them.

Hearty. Have!

Coc. Oh, he repents offering them so cheap; but I'll clench the bargain.—Here's the fifty pounds, tell your master you took it before he came in. (*apart to Frank, giving him a note*)

Frank. Yes. (*goes towards door*)

Coc. Hey! stop, wo'n't you give it to your master?

Frank. I'm going to give it him directly, Sir. (*going*)

Coc. But, zounds! What's all this? You'll give it him directly! Yet, you stalk by him as if he was only an old wig-block.

Frank. Stalk by—Who's a wig-block, Sir?

Coc. Your master here.

Frank. That my master—no.

Coc. Eh! Isn't this your servant?

Hearty. No, Sir.

Coc. Didn't you write me this letter?

(*shewing it*)

Hearty

Hearty. No, Sir.

Coc. What, not about the Antiquities?

Hearty. About the Antiquities? Oh, Yes, Sir.

Coc. Yes, Sir; no, Sir; carry your prevaricating pate down stairs, Sir.

Frank: This must be an Impostor. (*apart to Cockletop*) You're too late for after-grass, for my master has already hum'd this old fool.

Coc. Old fool! Get you out of my house you scoundrel, or——(*takes down a blunderbuss*)

[*Exit Frank.*]

Offer to open your juggling-box here, and I'll blow you to Brentford, you dog, I will. (*presents*)

[*Exit Hearty.*]

Enter MRS. CAMOMILE, and MRS. COCKLETOP, *they both scream.*

Mrs. Cam. Heavens, Mr. Cockletop, will you kill us?

Mrs. Coc. Lord, what's on your head?

Coc. The Cap of Liberty—Oh, the super-beautiful purchase I have just made! Such a charming addition to my little curious collection! Mrs. Camomile you've taste, I'll give you a treat—I'll shew her all. (*aside*)

Mrs. Coc. (*seeing the things that Frank had left*) Heavens! who has done this?

Enter FLOUNCE.

Here, take these, and fling them——

Coc. Lay your fingers on them, and I'll—Strabo, Campden, and Bishop Pocock—Madam, you should, (*to Mrs. Camomile*) that is, do you know you're a Dilitante—I say you're a celebrated Dille—and—Now what a fine discourse Sir Joseph Banks wou'd make upon these—Madam, I say—

Mrs. Coc.

Mrs. Coc. Bless me! who has trimm'd you this way?

Coc. Sir Ashton Lever!—I wish your husband Doctor Camomile was in town—I've such a feast for the venerable Bede.

Mrs. Cam. I wish we cou'd get you out of town. (*aside*)—Ay, but Mr. Cockletop, a man with money and judgment like you, shou'd travel himself to collect rarities.

Coc. I've no occasion to give myself the fatigue and perils of travel, to hazard my neck, dragg'd over Alpine precipices, or get my throat cut in dirty Italian inns, or suffocated by pestilential steams from the infernal mouth of Vesuvius; I need not like Pliny the elder, be drown'd in a shower of cinders. No, no, here I sit at home, quiet, in my easy chair, while travellers come, and lay at my feet the wonderful fruits of their wise researches.—Awake, prepare your understanding, here's a tear—the devil, I forgot who cried this tear. (*aside*) Hem! It's a precious drop preserv'd in spirits.

Flounce. Ha, ha, ha!

Coc. Get along, you most scandalous tongued—I desire, Mrs. Cockletop, you'll order your flip-flop out of the museum.—Then here is a most valuable—(*holds up the Gridiron*)

Enter JOEY, at the back.

Joey. I'm set to broil beef-steaks, and toast muffins.—The cook said Mr. Frank took 'em, and brought 'em out of the kitchen—

Coc. There! all cost me only fifty pounds.—This is a Neptune's Trident, (*holds up the toasting fork*)

fork) and this piece of furniture from Herculanum, the model of the Escorial, built in honor of St. Lawrence, who was broil'd on——

Joey. Thankye, Sir, I was looking for the Toasting-fork and the Gridiron. (*takes them*)

[*Exit.*

Flounce. Ha, ha, ha!

Coc. What's that?

Mrs. Coc. Why, Mr. Cockletop, what have you been about here?

Mrs. Cam. Only look——

Coc. I believe I'm bit.—Taunton Dean! He was a rogue. (*looks at his coat and hat*) Is my face genuine?

Mrs. Coc. Why, 'tis an Antique—But indeed, my dear, you don't look well.

Coc. Don't I?

Mrs. Cam. This may help my scheme. (*aside*) My dear Sir, I wou'dn't shock you, but you look——

Coc. Do I?

Mrs. Cam. My husband the doctor, often told me, that your bodily illness always had an effect upon your mind.

Coc. No man living understands my constitution but Doctor Camomile—I must be.—(*feeling his pulse*)

Mrs. Cam. When a gentleman of your knowledge is so grossly duped, it's a certain sign——

Coc. It is, that I'm ill, or I never could have been taken in.

Mrs. Coc. Lud! I wish your husband the doctor was in Town.

Mrs. Cam. I'd advise Mr. Cockletop to go to him at Winchester, directly.

Mrs. Coc. Here, Napkin!

Enter NAPKIN.

Order the horses to—your poor master—the doctor—at Winchester.

Nap. (*looks with concern at Cockletop*) Oh, he is—yes Ma'am—here, John, desire Thomas to make Joey put a pair of horses to the chaise.

Mrs. Cam. You'd best let Mr. Napkin attend you.

Mrs. Coc. He's a careful man.

Coc. In this journey, I can view the famous antient abbey of Netley; I have a choice bister drawing of it—I'll climb and bring from the summit of the mould'ring wall——

Mrs. Coc. Yes, you're in a state for climbing! Wou'd you break your neck, my dear love, and your poor wife's heart?

Coc. Kind spouse!—I'll call at Southampton, and see my Belinda, tho' I die at her feet. (*aside*)

Mrs. Coc. When he's out of town, I shall have the uninterrupted company of my dear Frank—(*aside*) Keep up your spirits, my love.

Coc. I live only for you, my dearest.

[*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Cockletop.*]

Mrs. Cam. Napkin, ha, ha, ha! Here's an opportunity for our plan.—You know as we've all without success, repeatedly endeavour'd to persuade the old couple to settle some provision on their neice and nephew, Frank and Belinda—

Nap. Aye, ma'am we must try stratagem.

Mrs. Cam. The excuse your mistress gives, is the chance of her having children of her own, whom she can't wrong, by lavishing their patrimony on others.

Nap.

Nap. Ha, ha, ha! then to put her out of all hopes of that, as you have settled, we'll make her believe my master's dead, and as I'm now going into the country with him, leave that to me ma'am.

Mrs. Cam. I fancy it will be easy, as she already thinks him ill.

Nap. And feeble.—She heard him threaten to climb up the mould'ring walls of Netley Abbey, in search of a sprig of ivy, or an owl's nest; and if I can't invent a story to bring the old gentleman tumbling down——

Mrs. Cam. Ha, ha, ha! And make your mistress, (the mourning widow) establish the dear, amiable young couple well and happy, it will be an excellent joke to laugh at over their wedding supper.

Nap. But I must prepare for the journey.

Mrs. Cam. And I, home, to comfort poor Belinda. Only you act your part most dolefully natural, and we must prosper. [Exeunt.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

MRS. CAMOMILE's House.

Enter FRANK, in his disguise.

FRANK.

HOLLO! Mrs. Camomile! here's a nick! ha, ha, ha!

Enter HEARTY in his own cloaths, greatly agitated.

Hearty. Ay, here's the rascal. (*lays hold on Frank*) Villain! Tell me this instant.——

Enter JOEY, running.

Joey. Yes, this is my Coat; I'll make a Davy of it. (*lays holds of Frank on the other side*)

Frank. Hey! Be quiet my good friends!

Hearty. (*enraged*) Where's the money you obtain'd under false pretences, rascal?

Joey.

Joey. Deliver my coat, firrah.

Frank. Both deliver me, or with one of you, I'll rattan the other out of the room. (*disengages himself*) You scoundrel, is this your thanks, for saving your neck, when you broke open your master's letter. (*apart to Joey*)

Joey. (*Surveying him*) Lud! if it isn't—and here too's the gentleman that gaven me—if he discovers.—(*aside*) Keep my wearing apparel, and say no more aboutn.

Frank. You say no more aboutn, or you sail for Port Jackson.—Step down, and bring me word when a saddled horse comes to the door—Fly!

Joey. Yes, Sir, yes. (*frightened*) [Exit.]

Frank. Hallo! Hearty, how do you my buck. (*discovers himself*)

Hearty. Frank! (*surveying him with surprise*)

Frank. Frank and free—Tol, lol, lol!—Eh, only touch'd uncle out of fifty. (*shews the Bank Note*) Uncle's own Kitchen's now his Herculanum, ha, ha, ha! To think how I've left him in his Cap of Liberty, flourishing his Barbarini toasting-fork. He's to give me Belinda when I can prove he can be impos'd upon in Antiquities.

Hearty. But how did you—

Frank. Then such triumph, to fling the hatchet even beyond the traveller; but I had a mind to kick him tho'.

Hearty. I'm glad you did not tho'.

Frank. You glad! Why, what is it to you?—I shall never forget old Muz, the Philosopher; I think I see him now, with his scientific wig pull'd over his mulberry nose.

Hearty.

Hearty. You do? (*in his feign'd voice*)

Frank. Eh! (*surpriz'd*) Really, cou'd it have been you my honest old friend.

Hearty. Aye, here you see old Muz, the philosopher, who laid out for a fifty, only to introduce it to you, my dear boy. (*shakes his hand*)

Frank. (*ruminating*) Well, now, upon my soul, this is—

Hearty. Hang reflection, as long as one of us has succeeded; have you heard of your uncle's leaving town.

Frank. Has he?

Hearty. I've some time upon my hands, I'll go with you to Southampton. My horse is at the livery-stables the other side of Westminster Bridge.

Frank. You'd best step on before me, have him out ready, you'll not have a moment to wait, for I'll mount the instant mine comes to the door.

Hearty. You'll tell me how you circumvented me, and such roaring laughs as we'll have all the way, ha, ha, ha! "By the Lord, lad, I'm glad you've got the money." [*Exit.*]

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! Well, my mock curiosities may have a better effect on my uncle than Hearty's real ones, if they can help to cure him of an absurd whim that makes him the dupe of impostors, flinging his money after things of no utility. His very clownish tenants have now found out his weak side, and often pay their rent in butterflies, dried leaves, stones, and bits of old iron. (*looks at his watch*) Getting late:—I'd like to see if Mrs. Camomile has any commands for her friend Belinda.

Enter

Enter BELINDA at the back, and JOEY at the side.

Joey. Sir, the horse be come.

Frank. Then, hey for love, and my divine Belinda. (*going*)

Bel. Pray, Sir, whither in such a monstrous hurry?

Frank. My love!

Joey. Love! Oh, then, I may ride the poney myself. [*Exit.*]

Frank. In the name of miracles, how did you get here?

Bel. You know we've the best friend in the world in dear Mrs. Camomile, the mistress of this house.

Enter MRS. CAMOMILE.

Mrs. Cam. Come, come, you happy pair of turtles, this room is the stage for a little comedy I've to act with your aunt; of which, I hope, your union will prove the denouement.

A loud knocking without. Enter FLOUNCE.

Flounce. Ma'am, my mistress is just drove up to the door.

Bel. Oh, heavens! if she finds I've run to town (*going*)

Mrs. Cam. Stop—she'll meet you on the stairs.

Bel. This way, Frank: when my aunt comes in here, we'll slip down.

Mrs. Cam. But, Belinda, you'll tell Frank what we're at, and both trip directly home; and you, and all the servants, on with your fables.

Frank.

Frank. Sables ! What, to celebrate my true love's birth-day !—No, I'll have such an elegant entertainment at home.

Bel. Will you hold your tongue, and come along. [Exeunt.

Mrs. Cam. If my little plot on their aunt but prospers.—Flounce, run and desire Napkin to con over the lesson I taught him, and look as dismal as an executor left without a legacy.

Flounce. And, Ma'am, I'll bid him keep his handkerchief to his eyes, for fear an unfortunate laugh shou'd spoil all : here's my mistress, Ma'am ; I wish you success.

[Exit Flounce.

Enter MRS. COCKLETOP, (elegant and gayly dressed)

Mrs. Coc. Oh, Mrs. Camomile !

Mrs. Cam. Well, how do you do ?

Mrs. Coc. Our house seems so melancholy since my poor dear man has left town, that now I can't bear to stay at home.

Mrs. Cam. And when he was at home, you were always gadding. (*aside*)

Mrs. Coc. I forgot to shew you my dress :—I had it made up for Cordelia, in our intended play at Mrs. Pathos's. As you were not there, I put it on to consult your taste.

Mrs. Cam. Oh, I forgot to thank you for my ticket ; but excuse me, an engagement—

Mrs. Coc. Ha, ha, ha ! You had no loss, for our tragedy was converted into a ball.

Mrs. Cam. Ball !

Mrs. Coc. Lear, you know, was our play, which we got up with every possible care.—Well,
Ma'am,

Well, Ma'am, Colonel Toper, who was to have play'd Glo'ster, having conquer'd too many bottles of Burgundy after dinner, (*mimicks*) "No, I'll be for none of your stage—I'll sit in the side-boxes among the ladies. Begin your tragedy, I'll be very civil—I'll clap, and I'll encore."

"But, dear Colonel, (cries Mrs. Pathos) remember you're to play; you must go on."—

"Well, Madam, I'll sit and see myself come on, that must be monstrous fine, because I'm so perfect in my part; but, first, we'll have t'other bottle," and reel'd back into the dining-room. "Oh, distraction! (cries Mrs. Pathos) my audience all met—I'm eternally disgraced."

"By heaven, you shan't, Mem! (says Mr. Segoon) I'll make an apology. Ladies and Gentlemen, Colonel Toper having been suddenly taken ill, my Lord Brainless has kindly consented to read the part of Glo'ster, and hopes for your indulgence." "Bravo!" from his Grace, and "bravo!" echoed the surrounding circle. Up went the curtain, on came his Lordship, book in hand; he reads, he acts—"bravissimo!" On smoothly went the play, 'till the scene where Cornwall orders the unhappy Glo'ster's eyes to be put out, an incident, none of our fashionable actors ever thought of, 'till the instant the cruel command was given.—Without eyes ("were all the letters suns") Glo'ster cou'dn't read; the probability of fiction thus destroy'd the play cou'dn't proceed, a general laugh took place, benches were removed, the fiddles struck up Hillisberg's Reel, and audience and actors join'd in a country-dance. Ha, ha, ha! No, I'm determin'd to act no more amongst them. Why can't I have plays in my

own house as well as Mrs. Pathos? My husband's repository wou'd make me a complete theatre, if I cou'd but get all his stupid rarities out of it. Wasn't that a very absurd circumstance? Ha, ha, ha! 'Pon my honor, tho' I laugh I'm exceedingly melancholy.

Mrs. Cam. You've nothing to make you uneasy:—You're sure that with my husband, Doctor Camomile, Mr. Cockletop is in safe hands.

Mrs. Coc. Why, I think he's not worse, or I shou'd have known it by my dreams; for, sleeping or waking, he's my thoughts.

Mrs. Cam. Then there's hope he's better:—be cheerful.

Mrs. Coc. Well, Mrs. Camomile, it astonishes me how you can be cheerful while your husband's absent; but, indeed, it's rather unfortunate when people are formed with hearts of more sensibility than others. I've heard often, but can't have the smallest conception, that there are women that marry old men with no other view than soon to become rich widows, and then take a young one. Oh! my blood rises when I think of such wives! I'd rather die myself, nay, I'm sure I cou'dn't live, if any thing was to happen to my husband.

Enter BETTY.

Bet. Why, Ma'am, here's Mr. Napkin just come below.

Mrs. Coc. But is his master return'd too?

Mrs. Cam. Well, if even he is not, why shou'd that alarm you?

Mrs. Coc. Then, perhaps, Napkin has brought—Where is he? Why don't he come up? Napkin;

kin; (*calls*) torture me with suspense. Oh! Lord, Mrs. Camomile, if any thing's the matter I shall die. (*with great emotion*)

Mrs. Cam. But don't teaze yourself, perhaps without a cause. Mr. Napkin, pray walk up. (*with composure*)

Mrs. Coc. How I tremble!

Mrs. Cam. Collect your fortitude; you know we should always be prepar'd for the worst.

Enter NAPKIN in a travelling dress, splash'd, and seemingly fatigued.

Nap. My dear, good master! (*weeps*)

Mrs. Coc. My husband! Oh, Lord, speak! pray speak.

Nap. Madam, will you have him brought up to town, or shall he be buried in the country? (*weeps*)

Mrs. Cam. Dead?

Nap. I wish Henry the VIIIth had levelled Netley Abbey—my sweet master's thirst of knowledge—such a height—top of the old spire—his head giddy—feeble limbs—stretching too far—a stone giving way—tho' I caught him—by the heel—head foremost—corner of a tombstone—dash—Oh! (*weeps*)

Mrs. Coc. My fears are true. I faint—I die—Please to reach that chair.

MRS. CAMOMILE places a chair, MRS. COCKLETOP, with deliberation, brushes it with her handkerchief, seats herself, takes out a smelling-bottle, applies it, and affects to swoon.

Mrs. Cam. Nay, now, my dear friend, I thought you were a woman of sense. If my jest

on death shou'd cause one in earnest! (*aside*)
Pray be comforted.

Mrs. Coc. (recovering) Comforted did you say? How is that possible, my dear Mrs. Camomile, when I've heard you yourself remark that black don't become me, tho' if I was to dress like Almeria, in the Mourning Bride?

Mrs. Cam. To confess the truth, I was afraid to tell you; but I before knew of this melancholy event: and there that foolish boy, your nephew Frank, thro' his zealous respect for the memory of his uncle, has (contrary to all custom and decorum) already order'd the whole family to put on the black clothes that were only t'other day laid by, when the mourning for your brother-in-law expired.

Mrs. Coc. Madam, you're very obliging.

Mrs. Cam. I see this loss bears hard upon your mind, therefore it may not be proper so soon troubling you with worldly affairs; but now, my dear, that you'll have no children of your own, indeed you shou'd think of some establishment for your niece Belinda.

Mrs. Coc. I'll first establish my husband's nephew, Frank, merely to shew I prefer my dear man's relations to my own.

Mrs. Cam. This will answer the same purpose, as Frank marries Belinda. (*aside*) Well, shall I tell the lad your good intentions towards him?

Mrs. Coc. You're very kind, I'll tell him myself; but I'll first consult you, my good friend, on the thoughts I have had in my mind how to make him happy; but, in my interview with the boy, I wou'dn't have any body else by. The hour of sorrow's sacred; it's a cruel world,

world, and people luxurious and sensual, gay and fortunate, have little feeling for the distresses of a disconsolate widow.

Mrs. Cam. My dear creature, endeavour to keep up your spirits.

Mrs. Coc. Ah, friend! what should a poor woman do that has lost so good a husband, but try to—to—get a better? (*aside*) [Exeunt,

SCENE II.

COCKLETOP'S House.

Enter FRANK elevated with wine, and BELINDA in mourning.

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! this is the most whimsical thought of your friend, Mrs. Camomile!

Bel. Isn't it charming?

Frank. Your aunt, and, indeed, the whole family, except Flounce and Napkin, who are in the secret, actually believe that my uncle's dead.

Enter NAN,

This is your natal day, the birth of beauty: I'll give an entertainment, upon my soul! Ha, ha! Mrs. Flounce says, "Oh, Sir! I can't run any bills with the tradespeople;" but, bills and credit!—While we've money my uncle's curiosity guineas shall fly. Ha, ha, ha! Illuminate the rooms brilliant, lustres, girandoles, and chandeliers.

Nan,

Nan. Yes, Sir, La! now where's Joey to do all this? Mr. John, light the clusters, jerry-doles and chanticleers. (*calls off*)

Frank. Prepare the Saloon, Belinda, we will have a ball.

Nan. Air the Balloon, for master's going to play at ball.

Frank. And lay supper; then let Napkin fend for a pipe and tabor; a dance we must have.—Tol, lol, lol!

Bel. But indeed now, this extravagance—

Frank. An't my kind aunt to give me my uncle's cash? Then, my Belinda, you and I go to church, and Hymen, in his saffron robe, shall lead us to the rosy bow'r.—Can I resist? you angel! (*kisses her hand*)

Bel. For heaven's sake, Frank, a little decency before the servants. How unfeeling must they think you.

Frank. I'll shew you the feeling of servants for such a master.

Enter JOHN, THOMAS, and two Maids in mourning.

Hark'ye, Tom the Coachman, you know your master's no more?

Tom. Ay, Sir, death has whipp'd his horses to their journey's end, to our great sorrow.

Frank. Poor Tom! I'm told you're so griev'd, you've sworn never to touch a drop of punch as long as you live.

Tom. Me! I'll be damn'd if I ever swore any such thing.

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! A jovial bout the servants shall have—we'll celebrate your birth-day.

Bel.

Bel. But where's your friend the steward?

Frank. Right! Holloa, Hearty! Oh, true, I've sent my poor old fellow pacing over Westminster-bridge.—Fly, and every one bring in his hand, something towards the good cheer of the night. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE III.

A Saloon illuminated.

Enter COCKLETOP in a Storm-cap, Roquelare, &c.

Coc. All my doors open! this blowy night! reminds me of the Lisbon earthquake; but my storm-cap has protected me.—Odd my not finding Belinda at Southampton.—I wish I had come into town over London bridge, that now, is a sort of young ruin—I love to pass the Tabbard in Southwark, from whence Chaucer's pilgrims went to the shrine of Thomas-a-Becket—Then the monument's growing a pretty rumble-come-tumble, ha, ha, ha! But then over Westminster bridge, to see Hearty mounted like a great equestrian statue! And my man Joey holding his bridle like the Emperor of Morocco's blackamoor—I'm not sorry Napkin left me; nobody knows now I have been at my sweet Belinda's; how glad my wife will be, when she finds I'm come home, and well. *(throws back the storm-cap, and looks about the room)* Eh! my dear has company, this do'nt speak much feeling for my illness.

Enter

Enter TOM with a cloth, not perceiving COCKLETOP.

Tom. While Napkin is uncorking the wine, I'll see if I can't spread a table as well as a hammer-cloth. (*takes out a large table and begins to lay it—whistles*) I wonder who drives my old master now in t'other world, does he go up or down hill?

Coc. Now, who has put Thomas my coachman into mourning—As I left you a pied zebra, why find you a black bear (*strikes him with his cane*)

Tom. Gee up! (*suddenly turning, surprised and terrified*) [Exit.

Coc. What's this about?

Enter NAN with fallad, which she places on the table then picks a bit out)

Nan. I loves beet-root. (*puts it to her mouth*)

Coc. Yes, and so do I. (*she looks at him frighten'd*) Some of my family must be dead, that they're all so suddenly got dipp'd. Tell me young woman, for whom are you in mourning? (*Nan shakes her head, puts her apron to her eyes and Exit.*)

I hav'nt mistook my house, sure I believe I'm at next door.

Enter NAPKIN, FLOUNCE, and two maid servants in mourning.

Nap. Ha, ha, ha! Flounce, if you had seen how capitally doleful I play'd my part.

Flounce.

Flounce. None of your dolefuls now. Master away, Mistress safe at Mrs. Camomile's; the house to ourselves, and the young pair, since Mr. Frank will treat us to a little hop.

Nap. Ay, Flounce, for music you know I'm no bad scraper.

Flounce. No, Napkin. Nothing gives spirit to a dance as a pipe and tabor, so send out and see if one can't be hired.

Enter two Maids, and Footman with a violin.

Nap. My fiddle, John, thanky. (*takes it*) Now listen, Flounce, for our country dance, only mind the violin; why, I'll lilt up Jackey Bull, sprightly enough to move the dead, ay, even to make our old master caper about. (*Napkin plays*)

Coc. "Here, Jacky's return'd from Dover." (*joins in the dance, then seizes Napkin, the rest run off shrieking*) So, my good friend, I bring you into the country, you leave me sick, sneak away, and here I find you like Nero at Rome, rasping your cremona. Explain, what brings you all in black, if any body's deceased, why do you celebrate the funeral rites with feasting and fiddling, and if nobody's dead, why change my dove-house into a rookery? (*Napkin puts his handkerchief to his eyes*) Oh then there is somebody—who is it—Eh! who? tell me—Vexation! an't I to know?—S'blood! are people to die in my house, and I the master, and not be told.

Nap. What, or who shall I say? (*aside*)

Coc. What am I to think of all this?

Nap. Why, Sir, from seeing us all in black—you're to—think—that—

Coc. What?

Nap. That we're in mourning.—

Coc. But for whom? It can't be my friend Mrs. Camomile—My nephew Frank?—Oh Lord! if it should be Miss Belinda—No, no; they wouldn't fiddle and dance for them.—It must be for somebody, for whom ceremony demands the outward shews of sorrow; but nobody cares whether they liv'd or died.—Now, there is one beloved person—that I don't care a farthing for. (*aside*) Yet I left her so well—I see they're afraid to shock me—Napkin, is it—is it.—(*Napkin shakes his head*) It is my—my—wi—wi—wife! [*Exit Napkin slowly*] 'Tis so! His silence is a funeral oration—Oh, my dear wife!—

Enter JOEY, shivering as if cold.

Joey. Oh, oh! It be a bitter sharp night, my hands are stone.

Coc. Are you petrified? I wish you were. I'd put you on a bracket in my museum.

Joey. But, Sir, here we come home, find all our sarvants in mourning, and when I asks for whom, they shakes their heads, and walk away.

Coc. Joey, it's for—your—mistress.

Joey. My lady dead! Lawk how sudden.—I believe now I ought to cry. (*aside, lifts up the skirt of his coat, and watches Cockletop.*)

Coc. The gentle friend, and companion of my youth. (*weeps*)

Joey. Yes, I shou'd cry. (*aside*) Oh!

Coc. The best of wives. (*sorrowful*)

Joey.

Joey. The kindest mistress. (*imitating*)

Coc. (*recovering.*) Yet my servants rejoicing, shews how ill she was belov'd.

Joey. Yes, Sir, I said to myself when I com'd—Joey, said I, you have got a good master, but a bad mistress.

Coc. Stay, now I'm released from her extravagant vagaries—Why, she'd give as much for a little toilet patch box, ay, as would purchase the black letter palace of pleasure, her week's hair dressing would buy me Colly Cibber's Foppington wig—Then her temper.

Joey. She was a wixen devil.

Coc. Yet such a pretty face,

Joey. She was an angel for beauty, that's the truth on't—Oh! (*cries*)

Coc. Yet she was getting in years.

Joey. Old enough to be my grandmother.

Coc. With her lace-caps, and her fripperies; her private plays, her Denouément, and Catastrophe.

Joey. If I didn't suspect she play'd in private with that Mr. Denemong behind the tapestry.

Coc. I've no right to be so sad.

Joey. Yes, Sir, we mun be glad—Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he!

Coc. The funeral over, I'll do what I've long wish'd—Convert her dressing-room into my museum.

Joey. Her dressing-room would make me a snug bed-chamber.

Coc. What?

Joey. I say, Sir, 'twou'd make you a nice bedroom.

Coc. No, a choice repository for my antiquities.

Joey. Yes, Sir; but indeed they have now got old

old and rusty, you should bespeak an entire new sett.

Coc. The room has an East aspect; the windows face Athens, tho disgraced now by Cockspur perfumery, and Fleet-street Japanery—I'll remove her things out of it.

Joey. Certainly, Sir; kick them down stairs—
an't you man of the house?

Coc. I am. You're but a boy; but I see you've spirit, follow me to her dressing-room.

Joey. Yes, sir, Hem! [Exeunt.]

Enter Mrs. COCKLETOP and NAN, in mourning.

Mrs. Coc. Every room, every article of furniture only reminds me of my dear man—My beloved Frank's ill timed mirth does not correspond with his haste in getting every body into mourning; but indeed, my poor husband was never an Uncle to him.

Nan. Oh, Ma'm, you look so well in your weeds.

Mrs. Coc. Do I?

Nan. Why, your Ladyship's arm from the black sleeve looks like the white leg of a fine fowl.

Mrs. Coc. Tho' I revere the memory of my late husband, yet his ridiculous passion for shells, fossils and antique nonsense was got to such an intollerable height, I was determined that on the first opportunity I'd fling his rubbish out of the house, and now I'll do it—it's a good large room, and I think tastily fitted, 'twill make me a most beautiful little Theatre, the thought charms—but, alas! my charmer is no more!---I'll instantly go up, and throw all his old Coppers and Crocodiles

diles out of the window---his Museum, (as he calls it) is a most horrid place; but I will have it clear'd out.—Come.

Nan. Yes, an't please you Ma'am. [Exeunt.

Enter JOEY, with Band Boxes, Toilet Furniture, &c.

Joey. Ho, ho, ho! Now if our Mistress coul'd but pop her head out of her coffin and see what a fine rummage we have made among her *fa la la* trinketies, and ginglebobs (*Takes a small Phial out of a dressing box and reads label*) "C--o--s--cos—M--e--t--met—i--c--ic Lotion for the face". (*Tastes it*) Feace! Eh! this is a good notion for the stomach—choice Cordial—the very thing that I wanted this cold night to warm my gay little heart, (*puts it into his pocket*) My mistress was fond of silken geer, I wonder now how she's contented with a shroud—they say what people set their hearts upon in this world runs so much in their heads, that, even in to'ther, they can't rest if such things shou'd be disturb'd.—Measter says he'll give these to the flames, I'll ask him to give them to my flame, pretty Nan.--- If she gets this here cap upon her pate, and our lady mistress was to come stalking in with a candle in her dead hand

Re-enter Mrs. COCLETOP, with a candle.

And then says Nan, with a trembling voice---
"Who's there." (*Not perceiving her*)

Mrs. Coc. Don't be afraid, Joey, it's only me.

Joey. Marcy on us! (*trembling*)

Mrs. Coc. Heavens! who has pull'd my things about in this way. (*seeing them*)

Joey.

Joey. Now the Devil was in our Master that he could not let'n bide (*aside*) I thought we should have her up.

Mrs. Coc. Who did it?

Joey. Will it quiet your poor soul? (*solemnly and frightened*)

Mrs. Coc. Bid Nan make haste down to me.

Joey. Then she's, (*points down*) Ah, those ladies lead such rory tory lives. (*aside*)

Mrs. Coc. Nan! (*calling*)

Joey. Don't hurt Nan, I'll go for the parson.

[*Exit terrified.*]

Mrs. Coc. Parson! then my intentions to marry Frank are already known among the servants.

Enter NAN, with various Antiquities, which she lays on the table.

Nan. Here, ma'am I've got a rare bundle of Antiqui-quackities—Lord Lord Ma'am, what could bewitch our master to heap up such a stock of lumber?

Mrs. Coc. Rubbish indeed! A nest of moths and spiders---Ah! let them be all thrown out; but I'll see how Flounce dare to let my room be ransack'd in this manner. [*Exit in a passion.*]

Nan. The skin of some foreign beast I suppose---Something rich here---(*looks in a box*) Nothing but filthy old rags, he, he, he! If our dead measter's picture don't seem as if it was looking down directly at me. (*Looking at a portrait over the chimney*) Tho' grand, this is a very dismal room.

Enter

Enter COCKLETOP.

Coc. Belinda here in the house!—Iv'e told Hearty to inform her of my intentions to marry her, and I'll compliment my deceased wife with a Cedar Coffin.—Now must I promote her dressing room to the honor of being the Treasury of my Antiques, I wish Hearty wou'd come to help me to remove my precious—Eh! they are removed. *(Seeing them)*

Nan. How Master's mind when he was alive did run upon these shabby Gimcracks.—Oh! he cou'd not have priz'd it so much for nothing.—No, no, he had something good.—Your odd old people are fond of hiding money in holes and corners; lud! if here isn't—*(rattling a small box)* Ay, don't you look down so sharp at me, for I will have a peep thou I get a dead man's pinch. *(As she's opening the box Cockletop pinches her ear; she turns, sees Cockletop, shrieks and runs off)*

Coc. A most sacriligious petticoat thief!

[Exit after her.]

SCENE IV; and last.

Another Apartment, a Table covered with a Green Cloth.

Enter JOEY, with a Candle, (terrified)

Joey. I've left the parson in the room—*(starts frightened)* who's here?—But he insists it be auld master that's dead, the good gentleman that just now with me for madam's death cried so fine,
all

all alive and merry ; but this stupid minister won't believe it, so, if he meets her there, and her spirit's still disturb'd about her rumplified caps, she'll claw him for certain. I know nought where master's got, and the servants seem all run to hide—can't find Nan, I wou'd we were both safe again in the country.—Well, I've sav'd this drop of cordial.—Who's you? Heaven defend us! Oh, she is come again! I have no hope now but my bottle and this table. (*Puts out the light, gets behind, and then under the table.*)

Enter MRS. COCKLETOP.

Mrs. Coc. Frank! this is the room I desired Mrs. Camomile to bid him meet me in, and here he comes—this way Frank. (*calling off in a low voice*) I'm glad there's no light tho', to discover my blushes, at the open declaration I must make him.

Enter COCKLETOP.

Coc. As dark as an Egyptian Catacomb—Belinda venturing to town must be on the report of her aunts death, and if Hearty has told her I'll speak to her, here—

Mrs. Coc. Are you there? (*in an under tone*)

Coc. Yes, 'tis she, I wish we had a light, where are you? (*in a low voice*)

Mrs. Coc. Eh! When I bury Mr. Cockletop---

Coc. Bury me! (*aside*) No my dear it's for you I'm to make a mummy of Mrs. Cockletop—

Mrs. Coc.

Mrs. Coc. Make mummy of me!—is it Frank?

Coc. No, my love, I'm your own Cosy Cockletop.

Mrs. Coc. Angels and ministers! it's the ghost of my husband come to upbraid me.—Oh, much wrong'd spouse!

Coc. Spouse! it's the spirit of my wife—Oh, Lord!—oh, great—injured goblin! (*they fall on their knees opposite sides*)

Joey. (*From under the table*) Here's the parson striving to lay my mistress, but she'll surely tear his head off.—Eh! why! it's my poor dear master! Help! Murder!

Enter MRS. CAMOMILE, BELINDA, FRANK, and HEARTY.

Mrs. Cam. Eh! what's the matter here?

Joey. My Lady's ghost tearing auld Master to pieces. (*rising hastily, oversets the table and runs off*)

Mrs. Coc. Mr. Cockletop alive!

Coc. My wife not dead!

Frank. Uncle, you promised that when proved to be deceived in antiquities, Belinda should be mine. (*speaks in his feigned voice*) Now, Zur, besides the fifty pounds, give her to poor Taunton Dean.

Coc. Was't you?—Take her.—I was a wise man, till my brain got love coddled; so, my dear, let's forgive Frank and Belinda, and forget our own follies.

Hearty. Ay, Sir, and transfer our passion for ancient virtue, to the encouragement of modern genius.—Had not Rome and Athens cherish'd the arts of their times, they'd have left no antiquities now for us to admire.

Bel. Why rake for Gems the ashes of the
dead,
And see the living Artift pine for bread.

Frank. Give,
While you live :
Heirs who find cash in corners,
Will at your funeral make right Mer-
ry Mourners.

THE END.

SPRIGS OF LAUREL.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,
IN 1793.

THE MUSIC BY MR. SHIELD.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF LINCOLN'S INN

ESQ.

LONDON

Printed by

J. B.

1681

DEDICATION.

To Her Most Excellent Majesty the QUEEN.

AS a small tribute of congratulation on the patriotic ardour displayed by her Majesty's Illustrious Son, His Royal Highness Frederick Duke of York, the early and brilliant example he has set to the British Troops of Military skill, bravery and Humanity, evincing that he will prove the Defender of his Country;

This Opera is with all possible humility laid at her feet, by her Majesty's faithful servant, and

Dutiful Subject,

The AUTHOR.

Brompton,

April the 6th 1793.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Captain Cruizer, Mr. POWELL.
Major Tactic, Mr. DAVIS.
Lenox, Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Sinclair, Mr. INCLEDON,
George Streamer, Mrs. MARTYR.
Corporal Squib, Mr. DARLEY.
Nipperkin, Mr. MUNDEN.
Mary, Mrs. CLENDINING.

SCENE, London and Greenwich.

SPRIGS OF LAUREL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Chamber at an Inn.

Enter CAPTAIN CRUIZER, and NIPPERKIN.

CAPTAIN.

LEAVE my infant in a basket at a gentleman's door, you villain! when I ordered that your wife shou'd bring it up with care and tenderness.

Nip. Why, Sir, when my wife said it was my infant, and wou'dn't take charge of it what was a poor honest peace-loving husband to do?

Capt. Well; come, your intelligence?

Nip. The babe was taken in, and christen'd Tommy Jones—the gentleman of the house intended to do well by it; but being given to play, died insolvent; his family went to ruin, and
poor

poor Tommy to the parish—the lazy overseers farm'd the workhouse to the village butcher, who, to feed his calves, starved the children; here, like a young negro, he got hard work, many blows, and no learning.

Capt. And from this misery, a charitable tradesman took him 'prentice.

Nip. Yes, Sir; served out his time with honor; but his spirit too noble for a mechanic, he lifted, and is this moment a gentleman common soldier in the foot-guards.

Capt. But how to find him out—?

Nip. In my search I got acquainted with two honest soldier lads—Ned Lenox and Jack Sinclair, and they're to bring me among the rest—the serjeant-major Tactic, that has got the pretty daughter, may know.—I'll run a hum upon him. (*aside*)

Capt. Nipperkin, you were my servant twenty years back; but since that, you've been such a variety of rascal, there's no trusting you now.

Nip. I want no trust—give me a ready guinea.

Capt. To get drunk and neglect this business!—no, discover my poor lost son, and you shall have a hundred, to settle you in a farm, firrah.—John! (*calls*)

Enter a Servant with cane, hat and sword.

I must get off to Greenwich, ready to receive the Duke. (*going*)

Nip. But, Sir, I intend this evening visiting my old father at Chelsea—A little comfort for the honest soul.—(*holds out his hand*)

Capt. Chelsea, oh, your father's a pensioner! well,

well, there. (*gives money*) But use every endeavour to find the boy, mind. [*Exit.*

Nip. You shall settle on me one hundred a year or find the boy yourself. Lucky, that still keeping an eye to the lad's progress through life, I've this pull upon my old master—Till he bids more I'll not bring father and son together—now got loose from my wife, I'll make a good use of my time—since I'm come to London, I'll drink like a soul, and divert myself with the girls;—if not, I'd be a man in a thousand!

AIR.—*Nipperkin.*

Shew me a Lawyer refusing a good fee,
Or pious Dean not thinking of a Bishop's fee,
A Doctor who won't squeeze sick Ladies by the hand,
'Potticary whom his scrawl can well understand,
Dancing-master object to dancing off with Miss,
A Methodist Preacher not in a corner kiss.
Young Ensign not proud of his flashy large cockade,
Or true British Tar, who of Dutchman is afraid---
Parliament Elector, who never sold his vote,
Parliament Orator, who will not turn his coat,
And that is a man of a thousand.

II.

Shew me a Right Honorable keeping to his word,
Or a poor poet patroniz'd by a Lord,
An impudent Sharper cloathed all in rags,
Or modest Genius counting o'er his money-bags,
A Church-warden who scorns to feast upon the poor,
Fat Alderman who cannot calipash endure,
A Groom too honest to rob horses of their corn,
Wife Cuckold who blushes to wear a gilded horn,
Sportsman mind galloping over wheat or stubble,
Or Secretary of State take nothing for his trouble,
And that is a man in a thousand.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

*The Green Park.**Enter SINCLAIR.*

Sin. Pleasant enough, on our march from Windsor, Lenox slipping a note into my hand, the instant I gave him one; but what says his. (*reads*) "Dear Sinclair, as soon as off guard, walk into the park, I want to speak with you on particular business."—Almost the very words of mine to him; he's my friend; I'll ask his advice before I determine to marry Marry. Determine! oh, my heart!

AIR.—Sinclair.

When night, and left upon my guard,
Nor whisp'ring breeze, nor leaf is heard,
And stars between close branches peep,
And birds are hush'd in downy sleep,
My soul to softest thoughts resign'd,
And lovely Mary, fills my mind.
At every noise, for bluff "Who's there!"
I gently sigh, "is't thou, my fair?
Thy dying soldier haste and see,
Oh come, sweet Mary, come to me."

As on my post, thro' blaze of day,
The wretched, happy, sad and gay
In quick succession move along,
I see, nor hear the passing throng;
My soul so wrapt in Mary's charms,
I hug my musket in my arms.
So, all of passion, joy and grief,
When comrades bring the glad relief,
I cry thy soldier, haste and see,
Oh come, sweet Mary, come to me!

Enter

Enter LENOX.

Len. (*reading a note*) "I've a great deal to say to you"—and I've a great deal to say to him—
Oh! he's here—Well, Sinclair, what's this affair?

Sin. Nay, what's your's with me.

Len. Come, you tell first.

Sin. No, no; you, let's hear.

Len. Not a word from me till you——

Sin. I'm determin'd that you shall—come I'll not speak——

Len. Now I beg you'll——

Both. Then you must know, ha, ha, ha!

Len. Why, we're like people in the street giving each other the way; but here I stop, and now you pass on.

Sin. Then, Ned, "of all the girls in our town," to me there's none like Mary Tactic.

Len. Why, I think she's a most charming pretty soul,

Sin. Ay, and I love her.

Len. I know *I* love her.

Sin. Oh, you must mistake; it's *I* that adore her.

Len. Upon my word you're wrong; for I'm the man that wou'd die for her.

Sin. That's as much as to say you'd fight for her.

Len. Any man but you.

Sin. Why, Lenox, I shou'dn't like to fight you.

Len. But any other, I didn't mind how great, Aye, even the corporal.

Sin. Any fellow that dar'd to think of Mary.

Len. Do you call me fellow, Jack?

Sin. Yes, you're a good fellow.

Len. Was it to tell me that you loved Mary
Tactic, that you desired me to meet you?

Sin. Was your only business but to let me
know you lov'd her?

Both. It was.

DUET.—*Sinclair and Lennox.*

Len. I like each girl that I come near,
Tho' none I love but Mary;
Oh, she's my darling, only dear
Bewitching little fairy.
I ask a kiss, and she looks down,
Her cheeks are spread with blushes,
By Jove, says I, I'll take the town,
Me back she gently pushes—

I like each girl, &c.

Sin. When off 'twas blown, and 'twas my place
To fly for Mary's bonnet,
So charming look'd her lovely face,
There I stood gazing on it.
Dress'd all in white she tripp'd from home,
And set my blood a thrilling,
O, zounds! says I, the French are come,
Sweet Mary look'd so killing.

I like each girl, &c.

Len. When to our Colonel at review
A Dutcheß cried, so airy!
"How does your Royal Highness do?"
Says I, "I thank you, Mary."

Sin. To quick time, marching t'other day,
Our fifes play'd Andrew Cary,
To every girl I gave the way,
In compliment to Mary.

I like each girl, &c.

Sin. I've a greater regard for you than for all
the men in our regiment put together.

Len.

Len. I always thought you my friend, and I'm certain I'm your's—Let us leave it to Mary's own choice.

Sin. Why, true; it's a pity to teize a young woman that can never love one.

Len. And it's foolish and ill-natured to stand in the way of another man's happiness, when we can't forward our own by it.

Sin. Here she comes; let's ask her in downright English.

Len. Done.

[*They retire.*]

Enter MARY.

AIR.—*Mary.*

Oh, come away,
Come, my soldier bonny;
I am smart and gay,
But for handsome Johnny.

Ensign pretty doll,
Crimson fash so wrapt in;
Minces, "charming Poll,
"Can you love a Captain?"

Oh, come away, &c.

To his fine marque,
At the camp, last summer,
He sent for me to tea,
By the little drummer.

Oh, come away, &c.

As I cross parade,
Officers stand blinking;
Under each cockade,
Sly, an eye cocks winking.

Oh, come away, &c.

Johnny steps in time,
Sweetly plays the hautboy;
Hearts all merry chime,
March, and beat the foe, boy.

Oh, come away, &c.

Oh,

Oh, Sinclair, did you see my father?—Is that Lenox?

Len. (*apart to Sinclair*) Ask her.

Sin. No, do you? (*apart*)

Len. Mary, you know very well, that I think you a most charming girl.

Mary. Well, that's no fault of mine:

Len. No, its no fault—for to be sure you can't help being the sweetest soul—you're sure Mary, I love you; but here's Jack Sinclair says he does.

Mary. Oh yes; he told me so.

Len. Well; but didn't I tell you I lov'd you?

Mary. Well, and if you do, you can't help that, you know.

Len. We don't want to quarrel, because that woudn't be friendly.

Sin. No; twoudn't be like brother soldiers; so yourself confess which of us you love.

Len. Ay, do, Mary, your word shall decide it.

Mary. Which of you I love! Upon my honour that's very vain of you both—a pretty decent sort of a confession too for a girl to make; but certainly was I to marry, I must chuse only one.

Len. Ah, but, Mary, wou'd you chuse one of us?

Mary. Indeed I wou'd.

Len. Sweet girl, but which?

Sin. Ay, which, Mary?

Mary. Well, I will own it, if you'll both promise not go fight sword and pistol up in Hyde Park, as the officers do.

Sin. If you chuse Ned Lenox, may I be whip'd if I wish him the least ill-will.

Len. And, my lovely Mary, if you prefer Jack Sinclair to me, if I ever bear him a grudge for it, may I be drum'd out of the regiment.

Mary.

Mary. Heigho ! it's a severe task, but—

AIR.—*Mary.*

When in a garden sweet I walk,
The charming flowers admiring,
Each nods upon its tender stalk,
And seems my touch desiring,
Tho' all of beauties are possess'd,
Too much to be rejected,
Yet only one, for Mary's breast,
By fancy is selected.

Full conscious of thy faith and truth, *(to Lenox)*
No wrong to thee intended,
Ah ! should I chuse some other youth,
(giving her hand to Sinclair)
Be not fond youth, offended. *(to Lenox)*
The starting tear, the heaving sigh,
True signs, not disregarded ;
But, by a maid more fair than I.
Oh, be thy love rewarded.

Len. (cordially shakes hands with Sinclair) My dear fellow, I give you joy. *(turns and wipes his eyes)*

Sin. Was it any thing else but Mary, I cou'd —poor Lenox !

Enter NIPPERKIN, singing.

Nip. Ah, boys ! Jack Sinclair, Ned Lenox, come from duty at Windsor ?—Rare changes since you were last on the parade !

(Drum without.)

Len. The roll-call, *(looking out)*

TRIO.

TRIO.—*Lenox, Sinclair, and Mary.*

Len. Tap beats the dub upon my aching heart,

Sin. Sad strikes the sound that bids me hence depart ;

Len. Ah! can I from you stay ?

Sin. One kiss and then away.

Mary. Go to your duty, go.

[*Exeunt Sinclair and Lenox.*]

Mary. Is that to muster the men? For what?

Nip. For what! Why, to draught out a detachment for Holland.

Mary. And do Sinclair and Lenox go?

Nip. To be sure, if so their lot be.

Mary. Oh heavens! [*Exit hastily.*]

Enter Serjeant Major Tactic.

Tac. (*calling off*) *Mary!* Ay, off to the parade! I see my daughter will have a soldier—you, Sir, run after that girl.

Nip. I'm a married man; and mus'nt run after the girls.

Tac. What, then you're married?

Nip. Yes, Sir, and so is my wife, a poor woman, Sir—I'm not worth quite a plumb, might have made my fortune by marriage, I have had my opportunities among the dear creatures. I'll see if his majorship won't stand a glass of stout punch (*aside*) Sir, I want to go abroad.

Tac. Why?

Nip. Because, I don't want to stay at home—I've left my wife there.

Tac. Where?

Nip. Why death and wounds! at Dorking in Surry.

Tac. What do you swear so, you rascal!

Nip.

Nip. To shew you I'm fit for a soldier.

Tac. But what are you now?

Nip. Nothing; tho' I was every thing—an Auction-porter, Watchman, Town-crier, Monmouth-street Pluck-em-in, Playhouse Constable, Dog-stealer—High and low Life; Sir, from Guard of a Stage-coach, to Waiter in a Cyder-cellar,—my days have been a round of “past ten o'clock”—“just a going”—“nobody bid more”—“oh yes,” “this is to give notice”—“pray walk in”—handsome suit of clothes, fit you nicely”—“take care of your pockets”—(*whistles*) “here, boy!—poor fellow! Ponto, Ponto”—“your pint, Sir—champaign, cackagay!”

[*imitates blowing a horn.*]

Tac. So then, friend, you've come off from your wife to turn soldier?

Nip. Why, Sir, she vex'd me into such a passion, that I must beat somebody; so I thought it more honourable to flog the enemies of my country, than the wife of my bosom.

Tac. But how did she vex you?

Nip. Sir, I love a drop of ale—t'other day, we had a mug—she puts it to her head; “my dear,” says I, “stop, the devil is painted at the bottom, and 'twill frighten you if you look on't”—says she “I defy the devil and all his works,” and up she puts it—“hold, my love,” says I, “you're a bit of a democrat, and it's his Majesty that's painted at the bottom”—“no,” says she, “I'm a loyal subject, and I long to see the King's jolly face”—So again up went the jug, and the devil a drop she left in it for me.

Tac. Ha, ha, ha! what's your name.

Nip. Nipperkin.—Mr. Nipperkin, Sir.

Tac. Then Mr. Nipperkin we'll see if we can't make a soldier of you.

Nip. Oh, Sir, that's as easy as making an attorney a rogue, or make this a strong arm, when its already at hand—make a soldier! hem! Sir, you do the exercise capital I suppose, he, he, he! shew us a bit—wheel! to the right! stop, Sir, till I chalk your arm.

Tac. Why do you think I don't know my right from my left?

Nip. Do you? (*gravely*) huzza! the serjeant major, knows his right hand from his left—(*capers, halloes and waves his bat.*)

Tac. Why, you dog, are you humming me?

Nip. Yes, Sir.

DUET.—*Tactic and Nipperkin.*

Tac. March! before great Justice Laro.

Nip. Death and ounds! am I arrested?

Tac. Sblood! don't fear, my little hero,

'Tis only to be attested.

Nip. Oh! what then I must take an oath?

Here goes; I swear by Jingo,

I'll not turn soldier, till we both

Together tippie stingo.

Tac. With all my heart,

We'll take a quart.

Nip. Or bowl of punch.

Both. That's better.

Nip. But first a slice

Of ham so nice,

For I approve a whetter.

Both. For I approve a whetter.

Tac. You have but to sail o'er to Holland d'ye see,

And the French kick back to their nation;

Then the Emperor, Stadtholder, Pope, you and me,

Will sit down to a jolly-fication;

Nip. I'm tir'd of kissing old Judy, my wife,

I must have a pair of new lips,

So, when I'm in Holland, upon my life,

I'll be at their fine Dutch tulips.

Both.

Both. Then we have but to fail, o'er to Holland d'ye see,
And the French kick back to their nation;
Then the Emperor, Stadtholder, Pope, you and me,
Will sit down to a jolly-fication.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Parade in St. James's Park.

Enter MARY.

Mary. No, I can't see any one to give me a true account how they go on.

Enter LENOX, (much agitated.)

Oh, well, Lenox, and how? ay, tell us.

Len. My unlucky fate! cursed chance.

Mary. Oh! then you are one of them that's drafted to go abroad in all these dangers.

Len. And, Mary, do you think its that, that could have vex'd me so? I see what a mean opinion you have of me—I now don't wonder at your preferring Jack Sinclair to me—you think I'm a cowardly poltroon.

Mary. No, indeed, Lenox: I know you've a very good spirit—I didn't mean to disparage you; but I tremble to think of the dreadful slaughter those poor fellows may be exposed to.

Len. Dreadful! Isn't it glory?

AIR.—*Lenox.*

Aspiring thoughts my breast expand,
 Ah! why to me is given a soul,
 Proudly impatient of command,
 Yet doom'd by fate to bear controul;
 Oft at the haughty serjeant's will,
 A poor recruit at chilling morn,
 I've stood for hours the tedious drill,
 Sad object of his blows and scorn.

II.

Nor sunk my youthful spirits then.
 Tho' fierce he poiz'd the dread rattan,
 I thus, when taught to conquer men,
 Suppress'd the feelings of a man;
 And now the harvest's warring pride,
 When English triumph, Frenchmen yield,
 A useless tool I'm thrown aside,
 Whilst others reap the glorious field.

Enter SINCLAIR.

Sin. Oh, my Polly! we must part.

Mary. How!

Sin. The lot is cast, and I'm call'd away—I must leave you.

Mary. And can you? Oh my love!

Len. What then, you go? you have the upper hand of me in every thing. I must sneak about here in the park, like a watchman—my marches from Story's gate to the stable yard, and all my war's with the old women to take off their pattens; whilst you, led on by your Prince—I shall go distracted!

Sin. You've little cause to envy me—reflect, I leave Mary, I leave her with you too—my rival
 —with

—with you, that love, that deserve her so much better than myself.

Enter NIPPERKIN and TACTIC.

Tac. Not 'list you rascal ! after swallowing a bowl of punch ?

Nip. My dear Sir, don't be in a passion—I have my reasons for both.

Tac. Your reasons, you rascal——

Nip. Death and ounds, Sir, don't swear—but my reason that I wou'dn't turn soldier, is because I hate fighting ; and I drank up the punch because I love drinking, that shews that I'm both a safe and a good companion.

Tac. You're an arch rascal, and I don't know what to make of you ?

Nip. Then I'll tell you what you'd best do, Sir.

Tac. What !

Nip. Give me another bowl, Sir, and let me alone.

Tac. Come, Sinclair, quick—you've but little time to prepare your knapsack.

Mary. (*with emotion*) Dear father must he go ?

Tac. To be sure.

Nip. Oh, certainly : he must go and protect us all. Egad, I'm like a minister of state ; whilst I sit at peace at home over my bottle, I send other men out to fight that I may enjoy it in comfort.

Tac. Mary, Sinclair and Lenox are honest lads—I know they both love you ; but as the misery or happiness of marriage will chiefly affect you, I leave the choice of a husband entirely to yourself,

yourself, my girl. If Lenox is the man, love favours him; but if Sinclair, what he loses in love, he must make up in honor—give him a kiss, and a few of my best ruffled shirts; drop a tear, and that affair's settled.

Sin. Farewell (*to Lenox*) adieu! (*to Mary.*)

Mary. Oh! my heart will break! dearest father, can't you get him off?

Tac. Child, I wish him too well even to attempt it.

Len. Jack, don't think me a worthless fellow, tho' I am shov'd aside, and you chosen for the post of honor—'tis only blind fortune has done it; for had she fix'd on me,—

Sin. My love, besides your constancy, I rely on the generosity of Lenox; in my absence, don't avoid him; it will be my only comfort to reflect, that I have in England a faithful sweetheart, and a true friend.

Nip. Hem; (*sings*) "My Poll and my Partner Joe." (*looks archly and significantly at Lenox and Mary.*)

Mary. I don't know who you are; but you are a very impudent fellow.

Nip. Dont know who I am and yet know I'm a very impudent fellow. [*Drum without.*
Rub-a-dub, boys, hey, for Holland!

DUET.—*Sinclair and Mary.*

Mary. Dear youth, keep this for Mary's sake;
Sin. Sweet maid this poor remembrance take;

When rivals tender things shall say,
(*They exchange Tokens*)

Mary. Oh, look on that and turn away!
Should rivals win thy 'witching smile,
Think what thy Mary feels the while.

Sin.

Sin. When bullets whistle in the wind,
 My only fear,
 My only dear,
 Is for my treasure left behind.

Mary. Midst warring fields may angels come,
 And o'er thy head
 Their pinions spread,
 Then bring my love in safety home.

*Enter Officers, Soldiers, &c. as prepared for the
 March—A Variety of other Characters taking
 Leave.*

GRAND CHORUS.

Our Gracious George, and Charlotte's Son,
 'Tis Royal Frederic leads us on.

AIR.—*Women.*

Britannia fell a shower of piteous tears
 To see, (alas!) an hapless Monarch bleed;
 The Royal Widow's mournful plaint she hears,
 And bids her gen'rous sons revenge the cruel deed.

CHORUS.

To arms, she cries, to save, is now the word,
 And 'tis the hand of Mercy draws the sword.

Our Gracious George, and Charlotte's Son,
 'Tis Royal Frederic leads us on.

END OF THE FIRST ACT,

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Night.—The Park near Buckingham House.

LENOX discovered as Centinel.

LENOX.

EVERY circumstance turns out so contrary to what might have made my friend Sinclair happy, and perhaps banish for a time the thoughts of Mary from my mind. Since I've no place in Mary's affections, what's in England worth a thought?—I burn, I'm mad with desire to follow the Duke.—To be left stuck up here like a lamp-post, with an useless musket in my hand—I've a mind to put it to use—(*placing it to his head*)—but my life's not my own.—For all Sinclair bid me see Mary, what now must he feel, on the reflection that he's left her behind with me?—Tho' I scorn to take advantage of his absence—I'll avoid the sight of her.

AIR.

AIR.—*Lenox.*

The Lamp of Hope by rays of Light,
From thy dear eyes was fed Mary;
Sad hours are come, and shades of night;
And even hope is fled Mary.
The Sun to all the world but me,
Will give another dawn Mary;
My only light kind looks from thee,
For ever they're withdrawn Mary.

I lov'd thee much and for thy sake,
I ne'er will love again Mary;
If ever yet a heart did break,
Thou'lt rent this heart in t'wain Mary.
In wild despair I'll fly to fame,
And death for thee defy Mary;
When I'm no more, thy true love's name,
May draw from thee a sigh Mary.

Enter NIPPERKIN, (drunk,) with a small Keg.

Nip. Tol, lol, lol!—Now, if I can get out thro' this same Buckingham Gate——

Len. Who goes there?

Nip. Brandy—(*holding up the keg*)

Len. You'd better give an answer.

Nip. To what?

Len. To me.

Nip. Your question?

Len. I ask'd who went there.

Nip. Then you ask'd a very silly question, when you might see it was a brave boy—Huzza! —the town's our own!

Len. Damn your trifling! Give, this instant, a proper answer, or I'll fire. (*presenting*)

Nip. (*drops on his knees*) Hold! be quiet. Is that your politeness? Just under the very eye of

the Court? Fire! and wake the maids of honour—sweet creatures!—that may now be dreaming of the lords in waiting, and white rod, and gold stick, and such other grand affairs.

Len. I'm in no jesting humour—Quick, speak!

Nip. S'blood! are you deaf? I'm speaking as quick as I can. Stop! your firing will be petty treason—Her Majesty may be at this moment in a sweet dream; that one of her beloved sons, her gallant Frederic, is returning crown'd with Laurels.

Len. And I no hand in placing them on his brow! By heavens I'll not stay—I'll follow the detachment, tho' they shoot me for a deserter. Hold! this fellow may—why, it's Nipperkin!

Nip. Didn't I tell you it was a brave boy; yet you wou'dn't believe me—after getting so nobly drunk, to frighten me back into sobriety! and so I've now all to do over again. Why, you don't mind what trouble you give a poor man. (*knocks with his knuckles against the keg*) Are you within? Very well—I'll be with you, or you shall be with me.

Len. Where were you going?

Nip. To the college. My father is a Chelsea pensioner; and about once a quarter, like a dutiful son, I bring the honest gentleman, a little brandy and tobacco, and such other dainties, to comfort his old soul.

Len. You're right to be kind to your father—Give me your coat.

Nip. "Kind to my father!"—Give me your coat!"—That's very odd talk at this time of night.

Len.

Len. You take this—Quick!—(*they change cloaths*)

Nip. I fancy I look better in the King's coat than the King wou'd look in mine.

Len. Give me your hat.

Nip. Sir, take your's off the block. (*pointing to Lenox's head, and bowing*)

Len. (*gives him his musket*) There; now stand you in my place.

Nip. Did ever I think I shou'd have a place at Court?—"Who goes there?" (*presents at Lenox*) Speak, or dam'me, I'll fire! I'm in no jesting humour—talk! or I'll blow your brains over the canal, thro' the Horse-Guards, cross the way to Whitehall, into the lottery-wheels.

Len. Silence! (*aside*) The royal and affectionate parents send a darling son to face the perils of war, to assert his country's honour! What Soldier wou'dn't follow the illustrious example.—Hush! not a word.

[*Exit with caution.*]

Nip. Now that fellow's gone to commit a robbery in my coat, and I shall get hang'd for it: The gate's shut, and I can't get out to give my poor father his drop—Then I must give it to his poor son. (*takes up the keg and drinks*) I'll smoke a pipe too. (*sits on the keg*) Well, he didn't take my match, and my bottle of phosphorus. (*takes a pipe, fills, lights, sits on the keg and smokes*) If my wife was here now, I shou'dn't have all this sport to myself. (*rises, takes up the keg and drinks*) My chair produces good table drink.

AIR.—*Nipperkin.*

A glass is good, and a lass is good,
 And a pipe to smoke in cold weather;
 The world is good, and the people are good,
 And we're all good fellows together.

A bottle it is a very good thing,
 With a good deal of good wine in it;
 A song is good, when a body can sing,
 And to finish, we must begin it,

A table is good, when spread with good cheer,
 And good company fitting round it;
 When a good way off, we're not very near,
 And for sorrow the devil confound it.

A glass is good, &c.

A friend is good, when you're out of good luck
 For that's a good time to try him
 For a Justice good, the haunch of a buck,
 With such a good present you buy him.

A fine old woman is good when she's dead,
 A rogue very good for good hanging,
 A fool is good, by the nose to be led,
 My good song deserves a good banging.

A glass is good, &c.

But it's getting cool here, il fresco. I'll step in-
 to my parlour. (*takes up the keg, and goes into the
 centry-box, sits and falls asleep*)

Enter MARY.

Mary. As my dear lover said, there can't be
 the least danger in paying some attention to poor
 Lenox whilst he's away. He took on so at my
 refusing him, and the loss of his comrade, that
 I know he hasn't eat a morsel this blessed day.
 He

He has a tender and an honest heart, and sure no harm for me to try if I can comfort him.—
The Park's got so full, he may eat and drink some'at, as I'm sure he won't come to me when he's reliev'd.—Lenox! (*goes towards the box, calling softly*) Oh, my heavens! if he hasn't fallen asleep, and here's the corporal coming! (*looking down the walk*) If he's caught so—Lenox!—
(*calls*)

Nip. (*speaking in his sleep*) Take care of your pockets.

Mary. Get up.

Nip. Past four o'clock!

Mary. Sure he's been drinking to drive away his sorrows. Rise! Here's the guard!

Nip. Pray walk in, Sir—I've a pretty coat will just fit you.

Enter CORPORAL, and Guards.

Cor. Eh! Sleep on your post! Holloa! Centry! here'll be rare flogging work; take his arms! drag him up!

Nip. Fine cloudy morning!

Cor. Ay, dam'me, it will be a fine, cloudy morning with you, peeping through the iron bars of the Savoy.

Mary. Dear Mr. Corporal—

Cor. Is that Miss Mary Tactic?

Mary. You know Lenox is a good soldier, and should be excused if he's a bit over taken, consider, taking leave of his comrades; you know he's so well belov'd, and such a temptation—then his spirits in such a state, a very little liquor might have intoxicated—

Nip.

Nip. (asleep)—That dogskin will make a pair of pumps.

Cor. My skin!—You'll see what the drummer will make of your dogskin.

Mary. Pray, don't inform the commanding officer.

Cor. Why, Miss Mary, you know it's not in my power to save him, if, as you say, he's brought to court-martial for this.

Mary. His Royal Highness is good and merciful;—I'm sure he'd consider so excellent a soldier as Lenox—Now do let the poor fellow come to his senses, and say nothing of it.

Cor. But then I shou'd be punished myself, Miss—Must give him up---take him to the Savoy.

Mary. Unhappy creature! and yet I'm ashamed of Lenox.---However, I'll make my father use all his interest for his pardon. How have I been deceived in him! and how fortunate that my heart wasn't caught by his kind and obliging manners.---He lov'd me---he is Sinclair's friend, and therefore has a right to my assistance.

[*Exit.*

Cor. Why, he wou'd stand a better chance of mercy from his Royal Highness---his sentence here might be death.---I'll pretend not to know but he's one of the drafts that has staid behind; and to colour it, I'll neither see nor talk to him; but at day-break, a guard shall take him to Greenwich time enough before the men embark.

CATCH.

CATCH.—CORPORAL, NIPPERKIN, and Soldiers.

Corp. Rare rattling boys, don't let your pris'ner go
I defire,

For fudling souls, the Savoy---ho!

Nip. I'm Captain Muz.---(*All*) Are you so?

Corp. Hark, ye, 'squire!

I'm Corporal Squib,

1. I'm Fifer Bob,

2. I'm Drummer Dob,

3. I'm Natty Jack,

4. I'm Paddy Whack,

5. I'm Darby Drill,

6. I'm Roving Will,

7. I'm Nimble Nick,

8. I'm a Good stick,

9. I'm Devil Dick.---Zounds! what's your name?

Nip. Past four o'clock!---(*All*) We'll make you tame!

S'blood and fire!

Corp. Drink, soldiers, drink, and bear no blame.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Greenwich.

Enter LENOX in NIPPERKIN's Cloaths, and Capt. CRUIZER.

Capt. No such thing friend.

Len. Do, dear, good, worthy sir, let me go on board your tender.

Capt. But for what?

Len. To partake of the glorious expedition of my comrades.

Capt.

Capt. Your comrades!--Ay, what, are you a soldier?

Len. (confused)---Yes---fir---no---I am---

Capt. If a soldier, and not one of the drafted men, what brings you to Greenwich? and if you belong to the detachment, why out of your regimentals, and not with your corps?

Len. Sir, I am as yet, only in with a soldier--- I said "my comrades," because I'm acquainted with a number of the men; and I've conceived such a friendship for some of the honest fellows, that I can't turn my head to any business, with the grief of being separated from them---only let me go, and you'll see how I'll fight.

Cap. But do you know the cause?

Len. Humanity.---To stop the ravages of war abroad, secure the blessings of peace, commerce, plenty and happiness at home to Old England, where a good King is the common parent---every man is captain of his castle, and the laws protect his property, wife and children. Frenchmen give Britons freedom!---But huzza!---we'll pluck Sprigs of Laurel from their Tree of Liberty.

AIR.--*Lenox.*

The goddess of mountains, blythe, rosy and free,
As the airs that flew round her, had once a fair tree;
'Twas Liberty call'd, and a fav'rite of Jove,
And sweet was the fruit to the bright queen of Love;
In Albion 'twas planted, its branches spread wide,
Of her sons and her daughters the glory and pride.

Tranquil pleasures,

Softest measures,

Then led the dance, and gave Britons to sing,

Loving, loyal,

Good and royal,

People happy, honour'd their king,

Out

Our fly gallic neighbours peep'd into our grounds,
And fain would have scal'd the white wall that surrounds,
They long'd for our tree, when it's beauties were
known,
But missing their aim, would have one of their own;
For this, in poor France, a vile bramble takes root,
Each leaf is a poniard, and bitter the fruit.

Pity sleeping,
Angels weeping,
Saw the savage triumph o'er men;
Justice firing,
All inspiring!
Drive the tiger into his den,

Capt. Well, my lad, I must say I admire your spirit, and am sorry we can't take you; but undisciplin'd recruits won't do.—The nature of the service we're order'd on, requires pick'd men.

Len. There's a boat now going off—by heavens I will get aboard. *[Exit hastily.]*

Capt. By heavens you shall not tho'—Holloa!
—Stop that fellow—keep him out of the boat.

Enter SERJEANT.

Ser. Sir, his Royal Highness's aid-du-camp wou'd speak with you.

Capt. I come.—

[Exit Serjeant.]

Something in this young fellow that strikes me exceedingly — *(looks out)* — No—the boat's gone without him, and there he walks melancholy away; and intimate with the soldiers!—Might perhaps have given me some clue to discover my son.—I begin now to despair; for if my boy is still in any of those regiments, he must have chang'd his name.

Re-enter SERJEANT.*Ser.* Sir——*Capt.* Oh, true.[*Exeunt.*]*Enter* MARY.

Mary. The coming spring begins to make the country look delightful. The sweetest season approaching, even the birds join in love—and my love to leave me!

AIR.—*Mary.*

Sing, charming warblers! voice of love!

The dulcet song

Now pours along,

For love can harmonize the grove,

Bid balmy zephyrs gently bear

The liquid notes thro' yielding air.

Re-enter CAPT. CRUIZER.

Capt. Those men loiter along the road—(*looks out*)

Mary. Oh, your Honor, I hope his Highness isn't yet gone over to the ship!——

Capt. Eh! What, my lass, do you, too, want to go and pull Sprigs of Laurel?

Mary. No, sir: but it's about a young man, a soldier——

Capt. The devil's in the soldiers for bringing the women after them. You're a modest, pretty looking thing--you foolish jade, what business have you with the young men? Take your snivelling good-bye on shore—no petticoats come on

on board my ship. I advise you, child, to modesty and discretion; for your own forwardness and folly contribute as often to the ruin of innocence, as the base arts of villainous seduction.

[*Exit.*]

Mary. I believe that gentleman means well; but he shou'd have known who he was talking to—and even then, sweet and welcome is the gentle monitor! for what we listen to with pleasure, we follow with delight. I may chance to see my Sinclair again before he goes—I know he'll conquer; and when he returns—Oh! such a garland as I'll make him!—Aye, and he shall wear it too.

AIR.—*Mary.*

Fragrant chaplets quaintly twining,
Thro' the fingers of the fair;
Ev'ry grace and sweet combining,
For the soldier's brow prepare.

Gift of Venus, blushing, glowing,
Let the lovely rose be seen;
And the Laurel, Mars bestowing,
Make the wreath an evergreen.

Oh, if here isn't Sinclair and my father.

Enter MAJOR TACTIC and SINCLAIR.

Tac. Zounds! how often will they halt?—
Sinclair! Why do you run before the rank?

Sin. Don't you see my attraction?—Oh! my love! (*embraces Mary*)

Tac. Mary!—Now, girl, what has bewitched you to follow us?

Sin. My lovely, faithful soul! don't be angry with her.

AIR.---*Sinclair.*

Parted from thee, my ev'ry blifs,
My only joy, the parting kifs;
So sweet! and yet so scant a store,
I languish'd to return for more.

And art thou come, and dost thou bring
The source whence thousand raptures spring?
Oh! let me press those lips again,
Thus parting, ever thus remain.

Mary. Oh! I've something to tell you about
Lenox---he is---(*music, and shouts without*)

Tac. The men on their march. Get you out
of their way, child--you'll see us at Greenwich.
(*shouts without*) [Exit *Mary*]

Enter Officers, Soldiers, &c. accompanied and followed by a number of people. All cross, with shouting, drums, and martial music.

AIR.—*Sinclair.*

Sound trumpets! hard tasks to the soldier belong,
'Midst dreadful alarms,
The man to destroy who has done him no wrong.
Thus sounding to arms,
Hoarse echo now brawls to the loud double drum,
With, come to fate come;
Let justice the soldier's bold quarrel ordain,
'Tho' dyed all in blood he's yet free from a stain,
Then the battle not cease,
'Tis for glory for peace.

[*Exeunt all but Sinclair and Tacite.*

Sin.

Sin. Oh, sir, I've a dreadful boding of Mary's business.

Tac. Something about Lenox.

Sin. I see it---he's been base and treacherous; and, for all that he seemingly resigned her, no sooner was my back turned, than he has dared to renew his addresses.

Tac. Plague of your nonsensical love and jealousy---mind your duty---run on and fall into your rank (*pushes him off*) with their sweethearts and friends, and stuff! I wish we had them all safe on board---some reasons tho' in Sinclair's suspicions! I had a good opinion of Lenox---but this violent friendship of your young folks, all a feather---give me an old friend.

AIR—Major Tactic.

Midst flaunting shrubs in vernal' green,
Each finer than his fellow,
A venerable oak I've seen,
All clad in sober yellow.

Whilst wintry winds could blow around,
Their leaves all helter-skelter,
Poor birds within his branches found,
An hospitable shelter.

In life's gay spring too oft' we find,
The buds of soft affection,
Scarce knit, when blown by ev'ry wind,
In this and that direction.

Oh, come, thou friend, that can't endure,
The shocks of roughest weather,
Frank, chearful, honest and mature,
We'll live and die together.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

*Before Greenwich Hospital—View of the Thames—
A Tender at anchor, and boats with Soldiers crossing
to it.*

*Enter GEORGE STREAMER, attended by Seamen
with their oars.*

Officers and Soldiers, &c.

Stream. Chearly my boys, clear the gangway
there! here's another boatfull—we'll bring you
gentlemen of the red cloth along side of the
Frenchmen; I hope 'twill soon be our turn to
take a spell at that work. We have a Prince too
to lead us on—oh dam'me! how I long to pow-
der their toupees.

AIR—*George Streamer.*

I'm here or there a jolly dog,
At land or sea, I'm all a-gog,
To fight or kiss or touch the grog,
For I'm a jovial midshipman,
A smart young midshipman,
A little midshipman,
To fight or kiss or touch the grog,
Oh I'm a jovial midshipman.

My honour's free from stain or speck,
The foremast-men are at my beck,
With pride I walk the quarter-deck,
For I'm a smart young midshipman, &c.

I mix the pudding for our mess,
In uniform then neatly dress;
The captain asks, (no need to press,)
Come, dine with me, young midshipman, &c.

When

When Royal CLARENCE comes on board,
By England's Navy, all, ador'd,
From him, I sometimes pass the word,
Tho' I'm an humble midshipman,
A smart young midshipman,
A little midshipman,
For Royal WILL was once like me,
A merry little midshipman.

[Exeunt with sailors &c. into the boat,

Enter MAJOR TACTIC and MARY.

Tac. Lenox in this cursed hobble?—An ugly job, faith!

Mary. Father, won't you make the Duke forgive him?

Tac. I make Dukes forgive People! what does the girl take me for?

Enter SINCLAIR, (greatly agitated.)

Sin. My beloved Mary, tell me this affair that brought you? ay, well, as I was gone, Lenox—

Mary. Oh! he is—

Sin. A villain!

Mary. How?

Tac. Be quiet—you wronged him in the love business—egad, poor Lenox has something else now to think of! Oh, yes, he'll be shot.

Sin. Who! Sir! Mary, what has he done?

Mary. Is it possible! I had no idea that his life was in danger.

Sin. What's his crime, and where is he now?

Tac.

Tac. He has slept on his guard, and he is now in irons at the Savoy.

Enter CAPT. CRUIZER.

Capt. Bring him along, an obstinate young Scoundrel!

Tac. What's the matter, Sir?

Cap. A blockhead that I refused to take on board, jumps into the river, swims over to the ship; and there he was found hiding behind a hen-coop. A brave fellow—but we should frighten him a little.

Enter LENOX, in custody of soldiers and sailors.

So, you wouldn't take my word for it; but now you shall give an account of yourself before his highness.

Sin. Why, it's Lenox?

Tac. One of the guards, Sir.

Capt. Indeed! hold him in custody! *[Exit,*

Mary. Ah! Sinclair, doesn't your heart bleed for your unhappy friend?

Tac. Why, how the devil did you shake off your irons and escape from the Savoy?

Len. Major, I never was disgrac'd with irons, or in a jail.

Tac. Zounds! Mary, what story's this you've been telling us? Oh! I see it's all a sham, an excuse for her coming after us to Greenwich, and taking another parting kifs with your sweet-heart.

Mary. (*cries.*) Indeed, father, I don't know what you mean; Lenox now, has got other cloaths

cloaths on—but I'm sure I saw him taken into custody, by the Corporal—Think me—so—artful—as—to—invent stories—only—to—compass—my—own—pleasure!

(sobs.)

Sin. Nay, my love, don't weep—your father cannot suppose—

Enter CORPORAL:

Corp. Well, Miss Mary, to oblige you, I've ordered Lenox to be brought before the Duke himself—oh! yonder they bring him.

Tac. Why, corporal, you're drunk too;—here they've brought him already.

Corp. I drunk! let me tell you, Major, I can be as sober on my duty, as any man.

Tac. Why, did you pull him from behind the hen-coop?

Corp. Hen-coop! I say, I found Lenox on his guard most damnably disguised.

Tac. Well, you may find him there, disguis'd.
(points to Lenox.)

Len. You found me drunk! why, corporal, what's the matter with you?

Corp. (staring at Lenox.) 'Tis Lenox! then who the devil have we got prisoner yonder!

Nipperkin (without.)

"Past four o'clock!"

Enter NIPPERKIN, (guarded.)

Tac. Why, it's the joking rascal, that cajol'd me out of the bowl of punch.

Len. Nipperkin! Oh! I see how this has been.

Nip. I'll have justice—they took my keg. (*looks at Lenox.*) What, then you have been doing it? I thought so—and taken—I desire he mayn't be hang'd in my coat.

Enter CAPT. CRUIZER.

Nipperkin talks apart to the Soldiers.

Capt. (to Lenox.) Young man, I've laid your case before his Royal Highness—the' your quitting your post was a crime, that demands from military discipline, a severe punishment, yet in consideration of your motive, a brilliant example of noble ardour for your country's honor, he not only pardons you, but from your high character as an excellent soldier, presents you with this purse.

Nip. A purse for only swimming to—by the lord, I once swam from Chelsea-reach to Batter-sea-bridge—give me——

Capt. Nipperkin! why, who made a soldier of you? here, my lad! (*offering the purse to Lenox.*)

Nip. A hen-coop! to smuggle myself into a fight I'd hide behind a mouse-trap.

Len. I humbly thank his Highness—pardon is the utmost grace I could hope for; my friend (*to Sinclair*) you have never disobeyed orders—a more finished soldier, on the eve of being married too—and the Duke's bounty will be applied to a better purpose in contributing additional comforts to an amiable woman. (*gives the purse to Sinclair.*)

Nip. They won't let me be generous—nobody will

will give me purses to give away to poor families.

Len. Sir, if I am only suffered but to go with the Duke, some future event may offer an occasion, really to signalize myself, and by merit win a reward, of which I am now totally unworthy.

Capt. A liberal minded fellow, faith! so, my lass, this is your soldier laddie!

Mary. Oh, no, Sir,—I grant he deserves—ay, the most beautiful lady—but here's my humble choice.

Sin. Humble, indeed! yet I have reason to be proud with the friendship of Lenox, and the love of Mary.

Nip. Captain, lend me a guinea, and I'll tell you a secret.

Capt. You drunken scoundrel, I'll break your head.

Nip. (*Aside*) This boy's generosity has so wrought upon my heart, that I can't bear he should longer remain in obscure wretchedness—hearky (*to Lenox.*) down on your knees to the codger. (*points to the Captain.*)

Len. What do you mean?

Nip. Oh! what is this world come to! I bid a son ask his father's blessing, and he says holloa! death and ouns, what do you mean?

Capt. Son! this——

Len. How!

Nip. I tell you, that's the boy in the basket, the child of charity, the prentice to—Mr. Dalrumple, the fiddle case maker; the private soldier, that for glory prefers a French bullet to an English plumb-pudding.

Len.

Len. Sir, my birth has been a mystery—and is it thus explained?

Capt. It must be the deserted son——

Nip. Of an abandoned father.

Capt. Nipperkin, you're now privileged—The service you've rendered me by this discovery—my boy a brave soldier!—must make a good officer.

Len. Sir, my highest ambition is now to join in glorious enterprize as a private, for if I am to be honoured with promotion I'll first, with heart and hand, endeavour to deserve it.

Enter GEORGE STREAMER, Officers, Sailors, Soldiers, and a variety of other Characters.

FINALE.

Sinclair.

Till to your cliffs we turn our face,
Old England be a merry place;
To pipe and fiddle, jig a-pace,
Whilst we take hence our drumming;

But when we finish the campaign,
With wooden leg, or golden chain,
We'll march, or hop to you again,
You, sing, our boys are coming.

CHORUS.

Till to your cliffs, &c.

Mary,

Ye warriors, from my soldier fly,
The lightnings flash his beaming eye;
Beneath his conqu'ring sword ye die,
If to the fight ye dare him.

When

When you my love to battle go [*To Sinclair.*
 Your foot upon the vanquished foe,
 Your arm raised high, to give the blow,
 For his love sweetheart, spare him.
 Till to your cliffs, &c.

Nipperkin.

I'm given much to knock and kill,
 This war was made against my will;
 Some like to fight, but I'll sit still,
 And talk in Coffee houses:

Yet if I took it in my head,
 By cutting throats to get my bread,
 In most newspapers might be read,
 My mighty kicks and douces.
 Till to your cliffs, &c.

Lenox.

But grateful hearts we hence must bear,
 For all those noble British Fair,
 Who take into their gen'rous care,
 Dear pledges left behind us.

You to protect, the pow'rful charm,
 That fires the soul and nerves the arm,
 Whilst patriot zeal our bosoms warm,
 Such duties ever bind us,
 Till to your cliffs, &c.

Major Tactic.

We go brave lads at honour's call,
 To check the proud, the ruthless Gaul,
 Let Britain's thunder now appall,
 And bid him think on Cressy.

George Streamer.

I'll weigh for Holland, with a cheer,
 And when I've help'd my friend Mynheer,
 I'll round for bonny Plymouth steer,
 And kiss Poll, Sall, and Bessy.
 Till to your cliffs, &c.

1st. Ensign.

Ye Wolfs and Elliots all repair,
Great Britain's standard, lo ! I bear ;
My colours flapping in the air,
His Majesty was donor.

2d. Ensign.

And, ladies, do not think I jest,
My courage when put to the test,
For your dear sakes I'll fight my best,
I will, upon my honor.

CHORUS.

Till to your cliffs we turn our face,
Old England be a merry place ;
To pipe and fiddle, jig-a-pace,
Whilst we take hence our drumming.

F I N I S.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

